INDICATIONS.

PROBABLY SHOWERS TONIGHT OR SUNDAY.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

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A SUGGESTION.

THE ONLY WAY TO EXTIRPATE A VICE FROM THE HEART OF A CHILD IS TO CAUSE A VIRTUE TO GROW IN ITS PLACE.
—MADAME GUIZOT.

FIRST WORDS OF PRAISE FOR TAFT

Colonel Roosevelt at Sioux City, Iowa, Tells Insurgents Administration Has Some Good Points.

TARIFF COMMISSION IDEA IS ENDORSED

Sioux City, Ia., Sept. 3.—Colonel Roosevelt in the presence of Senator Dolliver and Representative Hubbard made his first utterance regarding the administration of President Taft. He endorsed the president's suggestions for a tariff commission and complimented him upon his negotiations with foreign countries to bring about tariff agreements.

It was made known that this commendation of the president was purposely given within "insurgent" territory, and that both Senator Dolliver and Mr. Hubbard knew in advance what Colonel Roosevelt was to say and approved it, although they were not consulted by the colonel about his reference to themselves.

The Colonel's Speech.

The colonel's speech follows:

"I was particularly pleased with what the president said in his last letter on the subject of the tariff commission. A number of senators and congressmen have for some years advocated this as the proper method of dealing with the tariff, and I am glad that the country seems now to have definitely awakened to the idea that a tariff commission offers the only solution of the problem which is both rational and insures the absence of jobbery. The president from the beginning advocated this commission.

Praise for Progressives.

"I call your attention to the fact that the amendment to provide for such a commission in the original bill when the tariff bill was under consideration in the senate was introduced by your own senator here present—Senator Dolliver.

"It was a characteristic act of service to the people on the senator's part and I wish to take this opportunity of saying that throughout my term as president on every important question it was my privilege to stand shoulder to shoulder with Senator Dolliver. Let me add, my friends, that what I have said of Senator Dolliver I can also say of your congressman, Mr. Hubbard.

Passes It Around.

"I add a word here for my friend Congressman Martin, although he is not from Iowa, but from South Dakota. He also was a man who absolutely stood by me on every point throughout my term and with whom I was able to work in hearty sympathy for every progressive policy. Three of these men I found after trying them out stood without hitching—perhaps that simile suits South Dakota better than Iowa, where I should say that they never kicked over the pail.

Fought for Commission Idea.

"It was only by a bitter fight that the friends of the commission idea in congress got through the provision. It is not yet in satisfactory shape. The committee itself should be enlarged and its powers greatly enlarged and defined, and any necessary changes made that will make its work more effective from the standpoint both of the executive and congress. But the establishment makes an excellent beginning in the right direction. Moreover, the value of the commission as provided has been made real by the action of the administration in construing in broad fashion the law that provided for it.

"There is another feature of the tariff law which is admirable and points our course in the right direction, the maximum and minimum provision.

More Praise for Taft.

"Here again I wish to point out the value of the provision has depended largely upon excellent work done by the administration in the negotiations with the Dominion of Canada, which were the most difficult of all. And yet in my eyes the most important because I esteem it of vital consequence that ew should always be on relations of the highest friendship and good will with our great and growing neighbor on the north.

"In addition it was of very real importance to provide, as the present tariff does provide, for proper treatment of the Philippines."

The Basis of Protection.

"I believe in such a tariff measure of protection as will equalize the cost of production here and abroad, that will equalize the labor cost," said Colonel Roosevelt.

"I believe in such supervision, in the working of the law, as to make certain that the protected industry gives that difference to the men and if I find that is not given I would take off the tariff duty on the particular thing.

"I believe in protection on that basis as a principle, but if it is a mere jumble of preferences and privileges then I am against it."

Continued calls for Senator Dolliver brough him to his feet. Declaring that he would hold as the greatest heritage he would leave to his children the fact that he had stood with Colonel Roosevelt when president of the nited States. He paid a tribute to the work being carried on by the colonel. Representative Hubbard also declaring that he had voted against the last tariff bill because he did not think it fulfilled the pledges of the republican party, praised the colonel for his present course in advocating what he termed policies for the good of the people.

Mayor Smith was present to introduce the colonel to the people of Iowa. There was a great demonstration as Mr. Roosevelt proceeded with his remarks.

"Perfectly Delicious."

Col. Roosevelt read with interest today the statement issued by Wm. Barnes, jr., of Albany, criticising him for his western speches, which Mr. Barnes said "have startled all thoughtful men and impressed them with the danger which lies in his political ascendency."

"I think there is something perfectly delicious," said the colonel, "in the idea of Mr. Barnes flying to the defense of the supreme court and righteousness."

On the way from Omada to Sioux City Col. Roosevelt made a brief speech at Onawa, Iowa, telling the crowd th' he believed in a square deal.

Suspended Business.

Colonel Roosevelt arrived in Sioux City from Omaha at 11 o'clock this morning. The distinguished visitor was met at the entrance to the baseball park by a reception commitee which escorted him to a stand erected on the grounds. After talking to the great crowd Mr. Roosevelt at 11:45 resumed his journey to Sioux Falls. During the visit of Colonel Roosevelt business in Sioux City was practically at a standstill and many thousands of citizens of this city and the surrounding country turned out to welcome the ex-president.

The Roosevelt train will reach Sioux Falls this afternoon and that city has put on a gala display in his honor. Early this evening there will be a fireworks display and at 9 o'clock Colonel Roosevelt will be the guest of honor at a big banquet at the Cataract hotel at which will be gathered several hundred prominent men of South Dakota.

HAS A SEASON OF HILARITY.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 3.—The colonel had breakfast at the Omaha club this morning with the Roosevelt reception committee, and then went to his train.

Colonel Roosevelt was made a member of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben last night and attended a smoker at the Den, the home of the knights. Two initiates, dressed to resemble Speaker Cannon and Senator LaFollette, were placed on trial before the court of Ak-Sar-Ben for some crime, the nature of which was not set forth. Their counsel defended them so eloquently that they were acquitted. He wrung the hearts of the jury by depicting "Cannon" as a man who "stood pat on the burning deck whence pretty nearly all but him had fled."

"LaFollette" was represented as the friend of corporations, "because when they were sorely burdened with the task of counting all their money, he fixed things so that they wouldn't have so much money to count." The jury was unanimous for acquittal after "Cannon" had passed a roll of stage money into the jury box.

Culprits Are Banished.

The court said the defendants having been acquitted it was his painful duty to enter sentence. He banished "Cannon to Kansas and "LaFollette" to Rhode Island. The stage was set to resemble the Omaha conception of the main street of Oyster Bay. There were songs and jokes about Roosevelt which the colonel took with a smile. After he had been declared a full-fledged knight he made a speech and told about meeting in the jungles of Africa six millionaires who were all progressives. Senator Dolliver, who had left his dress suit at home and had borrowed one which was too small for him, got up to explain why the suit he was wearing didn't fit. He said that he was having a great deal of fun at dinners and entertainments arranged in honor of another man. After the senator had finished his remarks and a final cheer had been given for the new knight, Colonel Roosevelt went to the Omaha club, where he spent the night.

U. T. C. HOLDING PICNIC.

Traveling Men Hold Annual Outing at Robison Park.

The members of the Fort Wayne council of the United Commercial Travelers, with their families and friends, are enjoying the annual outing of that fraternity at Robison park today. The crowd is a large one, and an interesting program of amusement features was provided for the occasion.

MANY HURT IN TROLLEY CRASH.

Danville, Ill., Sept. 3.—Fifteen persons were injured this morning when two interurban cars collided in a steep grade near Ellsworth park, in the city limits. Mrs. O. Kolb, of Urbana, Ill., was probably fatally injured. Most of the other injuries consist of broken arms, legs and internal injuries. An investigation as to the cause of the collision is being made.

WHITE SLAVES FOR PANAMA.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 3.—Charges that certain keepers of disorderly houses in New Orleans are making a business of engaging in the white slave traffic, sending girls to Panama, Cuba and Mexico, are being investigated by the United States immigration service here. It is intimated that the United States district attorney will institute an investigation.

BANKER'S WIFE IS CAUGHT AS SMUGGLER

SHOWING WHERE PEARLS WERE SECRETED IN HAT.
SILVER AND GOLD HANDBAGS SEIZED BY CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.
MRS. I. REYNOLDS ADRIANCE.

New York, Sept. 3.—Not satisfied with the declaration made by Mrs. J. Reynolds Adriance, wife of a Poughkeepsie, N. Y., banker, who arrived here from Europe aboard the Baltic, customs officers had her searched by two women in her cabin. In Mrs. Adriance's hat, cleverly concealed in the wire supports, was found a pearl necklace worth $6,000. The gems are now in the possession of the government representatives.

TRAIN BANDITS DO A CAREFUL JOB ON LIGHT ENGINE

Planned for a Big Haul on L. & N. Road Near Mobile and Fell Down.

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 3.—Melting away into the midnight darkness, five disgusted train robbers who had planned the holding up and robbing of the New York and New Orleans limited train on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, made their escape in a boat on the Bayou Sara, twelve miles north of here at 12:45 o'clock this morning after having held up by mistake a light engine which was making its way northward. The engine had just come to a stop preparatory to crossing the bridge which spans the bayou. A more ideal spot for a hold up could not have been selected. But for the mistake in taking the light engine for the limited, which is a solid vestibuled train, and carrying mail and express matter, the thieves would have made a rich haul.

That the hold up was well planned was evidenced by the fact that the robbers first captured the two bridgemen, chained them securely, took possession of their magazine rifles and then awaited the coming of the vestibule limited.

PERRINE HAD HAND ON GUN AFTER ARREST

Officer Warned Him and He Didn't Pull the Weapon Out.

When Van B. Perrine was arrested at Main and Calhoun streets last night by Patrolmen Junk and Madden for operating his automobile carelessly he reached into a carrier on his machine and gripped what the officers say was the butt of a revolver, but Madden told him the best thing he could do was to let loose and he did not get any weapon out.

An affidavit was filed this afternoon against him on the charge of running his machine in a careless manner and when he returns from a visit to one of the northern lakes he will be taken into court to answer the charge.

Patrolman Junk stated that as the machine came around the corner about 5:45 o'clock, the busiest time of the day, Mr. Perrine had only one hand on the wheel and came near running several people down. The officer climbed on his machine and told him who he was and warned him. Mr. Perrine took umbrage at this, told the officer he would get his job in less than two weeks and was then ordered to drive to police headquarters, where he said he did not know the men, who were in plain clothes, were policemen.

Mrs. Perrine and Mr. and Mrs. Max Blitz were in the machine at the time and the party was on its way to the lake. Chief Elliott allowed Mr. Perrine to go on his own recognizance after he had promised to appear in court when he is wanted.

Mrs. Stoll, of Carey, O., is the guest of Mrs. Knight, of Randolph street.

PENROSE BROTHERS WERE PENNED IN BY FLAMES

Pennsylvania Senator With His Brothers Hunting in Montana.

Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 3.—That Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and his two brothers, Dr. B. Penrose, of Philadelphia, and Spencer Penrose, of this city, were hemmed in by forest fires in Montana, where they had gone on a hunting trip and were compelled to spend several days cut off entirely from communication with the outside world before they won their way through the flames by a system of "backfiring," was the news brought here yesterday by Spencer Penrose, on his return from Montana.

According to Mr. Penrose several men were killed in the fires near the Penrose camp.

So dense was the smoke that for two weeks the sun was completely obscured and at times it was impossible to see more than 100 feet in any direction. The hunting expeditions of the Penrose brothers seem marked by narrow escapes from death. A few years ago Dr. Penrose was badly mangled by a bear whose cubs he had shot.

PAYNE-ALDRICH LAW IS PRODUCING A BIG REVENUE

First Twelvemonth of Its Operation Record-Breaking Year of Trade.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Uncle Sam's import trade under the Payne-Aldrich tariff law during the past year was a record breaker, according to the government's statistical exports. Under this law during the twelve months ending, July 31 last, imports aggregating $1,562,600,000 came into the United States. Of this vast total $794,600,000 was listed as dutiable while $768,000,000 entered free of duty. Although it was the first year of the Payne-Aldrich law, it eclipsed all of the former records under the Dingley, Wilson and McKinley laws.

Until the Payne-Aldrich law became effective August 1, 1909, the banner year of the previous 18 years had been 1907, when under the Dingley act, an aggregate of $1,456,500,000 of imports was recorded. Customs receipts during the past year amounted to $327,500,000 which was more than $17,000,000 in excess of the previous year under the Dingley act.

The customs receipts during each of the 18 years preceding 1910 showed a much less encouraging record, except in 1904 and 1907, when the customs receipts exceeded last year's total. During the past year March showed the largest customs receipts of any month during that period, with a total of $33,700,000.

BOY'S TOE AMPUTATED.

The 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Druit, 622 Lafayette street, had his right foot stepped upon by a trucking horse this morning and the member was so badly injured that the second toe had to be amputated. Several other bones in the foot were broken, but the boy will recover from his injury.

WOMAN SAYS MRS. TRESSELT RAN SLOWLY

Mrs. Brehm States She Had Emergency Brake on at the Time.

Coincident with the filing today of a $10,000 damage suit against Mrs. Rosalie Tresselt came the filing of the report of the coroner in which Mrs. J. Fred Brehm, who was in the Tresselt automobile two weeks ago when little Irene Cox was run down and fatally injured, says that the auto was being driven slowly at the time.

Her statement, however, is contradictory. She alleges that she saw the child come out of a door in a meat shop and start diagonally across the street and that as the child emerged the machine was opposite the door. If this were the case the little girl would have been compelled to have traveled as rapidly as the automobile to have intercepted it and been run down.

Mrs. Brehm alleges that she can not tell how fast the machine was going, as she is not a good judge of speed and that she does not know how far the little body was thrown after it was struck. She says she put her hands over her face after the killing of the child and did not take them off until she had gone some distance.

The testimony filed with the finding of the coroner is voluminous and contains the statements of about twenty-five witnesses, all of whom say that the machine was traveling twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour. There were no lamps lighted on it, although persons who saw the machine pass say it was too dark to distinguish who was in it.

The suit was filed by John A. Cox, father of the child that was killed, and is directed against Rosalie Tresselt. It sets out at some length that the automobile was being carelessly driven at a great rate of speed and that these are the causes that led up to the killing. The father says he has sustained a great loss and asks for $10,000. Judge S. M. Hench represents him.

ESTRADA'S LAW AGENT.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 3.—With orders, it is said, retaining him as consul general of the ruling forces in Nicaragua, Gen. Richard Sussman issued a statement last night declaring that only the consular invoices issued by representatives of Estrada would be honored at ports of entry in Nicaragua.

SIXTEEN RESCUED AT SEA.

Boston, Sept. 3.—Sixteen members of the crew of the British steamer Westpoint have been rescued at sea by the steamer Devonian, due here from Liverpool on Monday. The Westpoint which was bound from Glasgow for Charleston, S. C., caught fire at sea and afterward foundered.

HOBBLE SKIRT MAY PROVE FATAL.

New York, Sept. 3.—Suffering with concussion of the brain as a result of a fall while wearing a hobble skirt, Marion Stone, a girl in her teens, is in a critical condition today in the Lincoln hospital. Miss Stone, who is a member of a theatrical company, stumbled while descending a flight of stairs leading from her dressing room in the theater last night. She fell nearly the entire length of the stairs, striking on her head. Her recovery is doubtful.

BIG CITIES BOOST COST OF LIVING

Expert Sees in Congestion of Centers Additions to the Burden.

CENSUS THROWS LIGHT ON MATTER

No Additions Made to the Forces of Production by Immigration.

New York, Sept. 3.—That the remarkable increase in the population of the big cities of the country, shown by the thirteenth census is one of the leading causes of the prevailing high cost of living, is the declaration of Prof. Benjamin Clarke Marsh, secretary of the committee on congestion of population in New York.

"We will have to stop land speculation and eliminate the cost of transit," says Mr. Marsh in a statement on the subject. "If we wish to reduce the high cost of living, for they are two fundamental matters which make life expensive for urban dwellers. The phenomenal increase in cities has increased the cost of living, because we have concentrated here, particularly in large cities, when many could and should provide for themselves on a farm.

"Then again our cities of production are enormous distances from our centers of consumption. We have in New York city, roughly speaking, one-eighteenth of the total population of the country. The raw material for the goods we produce is shipped here from all parts of the country and then shipped back again. Somebody pays the freight, and it is the consumer in the long run.

Another point is that we are housing the poor uneconomically. Land used for tenement dwelling houses in certain parts of New York is worth from $13 a square foot upward. If we could distribute factories and population so that toilers could walk to their work, New York could cut out $10,000,000 a year in car fares and still provide better houses than is provided today and also save billions of hours time."

WARDEN REID FALLS STRICKEN AND EXPIRES

Governor of Michigan City Prison Overcome by Excitement at Fire.

Michigan City, Ind., Sept. 3.—James D. Reid, for nearly ten years warden of the Indiana state prison, died suddenly at 9:30 o'clock last night of heart trouble, brought on by excitement incident to a small, but threatening fire in the store room of the prison, which started, it is believed, among a pile of rags from spontaneous combustion.

When the fire was discovered the warden and other prison officials hastened into the building to direct the operation of the prison fire brigade and of the city fire department, which had been called into assist. Five minutes after the warden had directed a man to get another reel of hose, S. M. Hugart stumbled against the warden's dead body lying on the cement floor. The room was somewhat dark at the time and the warden's movements had not been observed after he had spoken to an officer concerning the additional hose.

Physicians were immediately summoned by telephone. They expressed the belief that the warden's death must have been almost instantaneous. His body was conveyed to the home of his family near the prison.

NO STEPS TO NAME SUCCESSOR.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 3.—It was said today that no steps toward selecting a successor to Warden Reid would be taken until after the funeral. Under the law the selection is wholly in the hands of the board of control, composed of two republicans and two democrats, who are expected to select a man according to his fitness for the place, and not according to his abilities or record as a politician.

MR. WATROUS ARRIVES.

Expert to Talk on City Beautification This Evening.

Richard B. Watrous, of Washington, D. C., secretary of the American Civic association, arrived in the city at noon, and is a guest at the Anthony hotel.

Mr. Watrous will deliver an illustrated lecture on civic beautification at the Commercial club house this evening, to which the general public is invited. His talk will be along the lines of river bank improvement especially.

This afternoon in company with C. H. Worden, president of the Civic Improvement association, Mr. Watrous made an inspection of some of the conditions along the river front in Fort Wayne.

GOVERNOR MAY COME.

Accepts Invitation to Speak in Fort Wayne Tentatively.

Dispatches from Indianapolis say that Governor Marshall has tentatively accepted an invitation to speak at the meeting of the state association of county commissioners, which will be held in Fort Wayne September 28. The governor is deluged by a flood of invitations to deliver addresses, and he will attend the Fort Wayne meeting if it is possible for him to do so.

TAFT HASTENS TO ENTER A DENIAL

Repudiates Statement That He Had Commented on the "New Nationalism"

HAS SAID NOTHING ABOUT ROOSEVELT

President Starts on Journey Into West to Talk on Conservation.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The white house today issued the following statement received by wire from Secretary Norton at Beverly.

"The president sharply repudiated this morning the story which appeared in certain Boston and New York newspapers to the effect that he had made any comment whatever expressing either pleasure or displeasure in the "new nationalism."

TAFT OFF ON LONG TRIP.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 3.—President Taft is off this afternoon on a 3,000 mile journey, to deliver an address before the national conservation congress at St. Paul Monday morning. No stops are scheduled either going or returning, and Mr. Taft will be back in Beverly late Wednesday afternoon. The president has prepared his St. Paul speech with much care. He has devoted more pains and study to it than to any of his recent speeches and it will stand as defining accurately and finally his position on the great subject of conservation. Mr. Taft recently cancelled all of his speaking engagements in the west save this one. Col. Roosevelt is to be in St. Paul on Tuesday. The president will visit the state fair at St. Paul Monday afternoon and leave for Beverly Monday evening.

The president will journey into Boston this afternoon by automobile and will leave on a regular train for the west at 5:05 p. m. He goes by way of Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago and returns the same way.

STATE MEETS POINT IN THE MILLER HEARING

Attacks Theory of Defense That No Tracks Were in Alley.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

Auburn, Ind., Sept. 3.—During the testimony given by Harley Wearly in the Herman Miller murder trial here today Prosecutor Albert E. Thomas began an attack upon the contention of the defense that four men could not have run through the alley back of the Faulkner saloon immediately after the shots were fired and left only one set of tracks in the mud.

Wearly had been to a party that night and he came in about the time of the killing. He stated that he and a companion hitched a horse to a buggy in the same alley that night, passed through it to Faulkner's saloon and bought some beer and made a second trip to get some cigars and did not get their shoes muddy. He also gave the details of his arrival in town and the conditions that he found.

Court adjourned at 12:30 o'clock until Monday morning as this is the last day of the term and there is a lot of business to be finished up that can not be carried over.

William Gernhardt testified during the forenoon that he talked to Miller about the murder a short time after it was committed and that Miller told him he thought Ted Moler was the guilty man. He also said that he did not think Croy was a very good marshal.

Sylvanus Roberts said that Miller called him into his blacksmith shop on the Thursday following the murder and asked him if he had heard the story that Dr. Betts was telling to the effect that he heard a door shut the night of the killing. He also said that Miller told him Dr. Betts had better be careful or he would tell something about his connection with some woman of the town.

Roberts also told of the finding of the Eby cigars in the Miller stove and said he was a member of the town board when the prisoner was marshal and was told repeatedly of the dangerous characters that infested Woodburn.

Milton Augsburger gave some testimony in line with the other witnesses about the cigar episode and added that he had heard Mrs. Miller say the people were trying to put the murder on her husband. The state has made good progress in the last few days.

THE WEATHER.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Indiana—Unsettled weather, probably showers tonight or Sunday; light variable winds.

Ohio—Unsettled weather, with showers tonight or Sunday; cooler near the lake tonight; moderate southwest winds, becoming variable.

Lower Michigan—Partly cloudy tonight, with showers and cooler in southeast portion; Sunday generally fair; moderate variable winds.

Illinois—Unsettled, with probably thundershowers tonight or Sunday.

DEATH HAS CLAIMED MISS. CECILIA HORSTMAN

Passes Away at St. Joseph's Hospital—Deaths and Funerals.

Miss Cecelia T. Horstman, only daughter of Henry Horstman, residing at 1156 Hanna street, died at 12:15 o'clock Saturday afternoon at St. Joseph's hospital at the age of 40 years. Death was due to a complication of diseases.

Miss Horstman was born in this city, October 30, 1870, was educated at St. Mary's schools and was a member of the Young Ladies' sodality and the Sacred Heart League of the St. Mary's church. Surviving relatives in clude the father and four brothers—Rev. George H. Horstman, pastor of the new St. Andrews' Catholic church in this city; Henry and John Horstman, of this city, and Frank Horstman, of Toledo, in addition to a very large circle of riends.

The remains were removed to the home of a brother, Henry Horstman. Funeral services Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the residence and at 9 o'clock from St. Mary's church. Rev. George Horstman, brother of the deceased, will sing the requiem mass.

NAHRWALD.

Ernst F. Nahrwald, 48 years of age, died at 1 o'clock this morning at the Lutheran hospital from dropsy after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Nahrwald was a carpenter by occupation, but since the loss of one hand in an accident nine years ago, had followed other avocations.

Surviving are three children—Helen, Edward and Hilda Nahrwald, as well as the aged mother, a brother and two sisters. Funeral services Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Scheumann & Ulmer undertaking rooms; interment at Concordia cemetery.

CULLERS.

Mrs. Sarah Cullers, of Auburn, died Friday afternoon at St. Joseph's hospital in this city, where she had undergone two surgical operations. Mrs. Cullers was the widow of Joseph Cullers, and had been a patient at the institution four weeks.

Surviving relatives include a daughter, Mrs. Nettie Marvin, of South Bend, and three sisters- Mrs. Nettie Wilsey and Mrs. Lulu Dysert, of this city, and Miss Emma Miller, of South Bend. The remains were taken to Auburn for funeral services and interment.

FRANCIS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Francis, 78 years of age, died Friday evening at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Sarber, 1420 East Creighton avenue, from paralysis.

Mrs. Francis was born in Fayette county, O., coming with her parents to Fort Wayne in 1842. She was twice married. Her first husband, Samuel Tilbury, died in 1888, andd five years ago she was married to Nathaniel Francis, who survives with three daughters—Mrs. Mary Arney, Mrs. H. B. Sarber and Mrs. Williams. There are four grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. Mrs. Martha Biegler, residing in Michigan, is a sister.

HARTMAN.

John Hartman, a pioneer resident of Allen county, died at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon at his home, 1022 Pape avenue, after an illness of some weeks at the age of 80 years. Death was due to senility.

Mr. Hartman was a native of Pennsylvania, who came to Allen county in 1836. During the civil war he served as a soldier in Company A, 26th Ohio Volunteer infantry, and in Company A, 179th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Surviving relatives include the widow and five children—George Hartman, S. S. Hartman, J. R. Hartman, Mrs. Max Witzigrueter and D. S. Hartman. There are thirteen grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, as well as a sister, Mrs. Amanda J. Brooks, at Westfield, N. Y.

Funeral services Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the residence, Rev. King officiating; interment at Prairie Grove cemetery.

DENNIE.

Harley Dennie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dennie, 1829 Winter street, died at 5:45 o'clock Friday afternoon at the family home from tuberculosis after an illness of nine months. The young man was 27 years of age.

Mr. Dennie was born in Lafayette township, coming with his parents to Fort Wayne in October last, and for a time was employed by the Western Gas Construction company. Surviving are the parents, five sisters and a brother—Mrs. Oscar Lew and Mrs. Larry Lichtenwalter, of Chicago; Mrs. Austin Farrell, of Lafayette township; the Misses Millie and Mary Dennie and Harold Dennie, of this city.

Funeral services Monday morning at 8 o'clock from the residence and at 11 o'clock from the Radical Brethren church at Zanesville, Rev. C. W. Jeffras, of St. Paul M. E. church, officiating.

FUNERAL NOTICES.

Gollmer.—Funeral services for Theodore Louis Gollmer will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the residence, 1846 Lindley avenue, Rev. H. P. Dannecker officiating.

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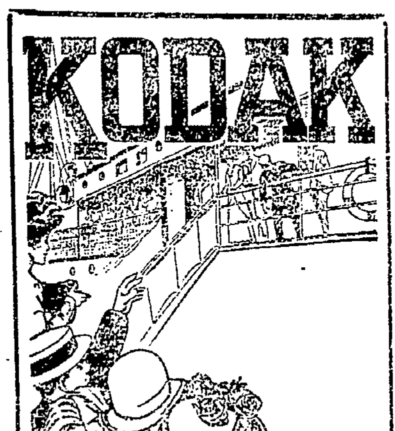

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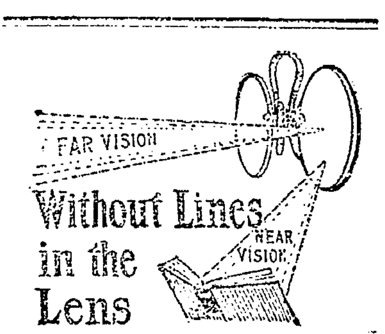
Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

Keep your eyes on Everybody's Column. There's Bargains there. 6-19-tf

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.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NEAR VISION
Without Lines in the Lens

You read and look afar with equal facility, but no one observes that you are wearing bifocals because the usual "lines" are absent.

You can tell the genuine ROGERS BIFOCAL by feeling the lens which is perfectly smooth (no raised or depressed portion for reading).

They are Ground in Our Own Factory at a reasonable expense.

No charge for examination.

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EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
ANTHONY HOTEL

BOARD HAS WRESTLE WITH BIDS ON BRIDGES

No Decision Reached on the Spy Run Questions—Courts.

In their court today the county commissioners had a long wrestle with the question of two new bridges that are to be built and there was no probability late this afternoon that they would be able to reach a decision before night.

Property owners from Spy Run were on hand to urge that no center pier be placed in the stream to increase the danger of floods and C. H. Worden and Frank Rahe, of the Civic Improvement association were on hand to argue for an ornamental concrete structure.

Four bids were submitted to the board and after they had heard the representatives of the companies the members went into executive session with Bridge Superintendent O. B. Wiley and County Attorney Hoffman. The Lafayette Engineering company bid $39,000 with the stipulation that the county assume the responsibility for all infringements on patents if any are discovered. The National Concrete company, of Indianapolis, bid $29,999, the Herman Tapp Construction company $31,903, and George Jaap $31,363.

There were two bids on steel. The Attica Bridge company bid $22,425 for the steel work and a bid of $6,800 was put in for the abuttments. The Lafayette Engineering company bid $29,700 complete.

Bender Seeking Damages.

In a damage suit against the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company in which he demands $3,000, Henry Bender alleges that on May 27, of this year, he was run down in a rig on Taylor street.

He alleges that his horse became unmanageable on the tracks and that the motorman had plenty of time to stop his car, but approached carelessly and struck his buggy. He was knocked out of the rig, had one of his ankles sprained and alleges that he sustained other injuries that kept him confined to the house for seven weeks. Sommers and Kennerk are attorneys.

Accuses Helen Michaels.

Emma Elx wants a divorce from Walter Elx and has filed suit asking in addition that his wages on the Grand Rapids road be tied up until some action can be taken by the judge. They live at 1319 Hayden street and she says he has been intimate with Helen Michaels and that he has stayed away from home for a week at a time. They have one child three years old.

George W. Bowser has entered suit for a divorce from Mary E. Bowser. The husband, says his wife has been cruel and has called him a fool and a liar and attacked him with clenched fists. Harper & Eggeman are his attorneys.

POSTPONED ONE WEEK.

Retail 'Merchants' Association to Elect September 12.

On account of the Labor day holiday, the regular meeting of the Retail Merchants' association, which was to have been held Monday evening, has been postponed one week. At the meeting on September 12, the annual election of officers will be held.

CLEARING HOUSE FIGURES.

Bank clearings in Fort Wayne this week made a total of $921,098.01, as against $778,947.14 for last week and $875,013.84 for the corresponding week last year. Balances were $117,346.93, and by days the clearings were:

Monday	$135,115.81
Tuesday	141,029.70
Wednesday	176,171.77
Thursday	143,265.72
Friday	161,545.68
Saturday	163,969.33

THE BIRTH RECORD.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. William Springer, of Sheldon, a son.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. James C. Thatcher, of New Haven, twins, a son and a daughter.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. Blaising, of New Haven, a daughter.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. McKinney, of New Haven, a son.

DEMENTED WOMAN'S DEED.

Leaps From Window of Moving Train and is Killed.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3.—Upon arrival here today of a Pennsylvania railroad train from Pittsburg, it was learned that Miss Louis Ella Hoffman, 25 years of age, of Painesville, Ohio, jumped from a window of a sleeping car on the train last night and was killed. The body was found today near Hillside, Pa., about fifty miles east of Pittsburg. Miss Hoffman was about to sail for Europe and had intended to visit friends in Philadelphia. Friends of the young woman say that a long illness had made her melancholy.

UPRISING ENDS IN FIASCO.

Leader of Philippine Revolt Falls Into Hands of Constabulary.

Manila, Sept. 3.—The uprising in Neva Viscaya led by Simeon Mandac, the former governor of Ilocos Norte, came to an inglorious end today when Mandac fell into the hands of the constabulary having been seized and surrounded by the people of the province among whom he had sought to stir up trouble.

A fe wof Mandac's righthand men also were atrested and his other followers dispersed. It is estimated that e band of outlaws originnym etaoine the band of outlaws originally numbered 500 but it dwindled soon to 200 and these had but few arms.

ROB PAYMASTER OF $15,000.

Hudson, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Ambushed robbers attacked Paymaster Dent Fowler, of the Atlas Brick company, just north of this city, this afternoon, shot and killed his negro driver, George Ragsdale, beat Fowler into insensibility and escaped with $15,000. Fowler may die.

Chile has eight hundred miles of telephones, worked by an English company.

Our Great Sale

Will close tonight at eleven o'clock. Don't miss our closing bargains.

Store Closed All Day Monday---Labor Day

How about a new hat, shirt and tie for the occcasion? Our "STETSON EXCLUSIVE" Stiff hat costs you $4.75 tonight. Eight different blocks for Fall. Our "PATTERSON-FLETCHER SPECIAL" costs you $2.85. Over forty styles for you to choose from.

Patterson - Fletcher Co.

GIRL GETS FIFTEEN DAYS FOR BEING VAGRANT

Technically No Case Against Her But Police Want to Investigate.

Although there was technically no case of vagrancy against Jeanette Steiner, who with her two brothers made a trip from Leipsic here in a coal car in a freight train, she was fined $15 and costs in the city court today and went to jail because she had only a dollar loft.

She had been in town less than an hour when she was arrested and had money enough to protect her against the charge of vagrancy, but the police want her held so that some investigations can be made. An incriminating letter written to George Steiner, the older of the two brothers, from Dayton was the principal cause for detaining her. She speaks in this letter of being with a man from whom she expects to "make a big haul" and whom she will "sting" for a new dress. She asked her brother to be hanging around the interurban station at Lima to meet her in case she had to get out of Dayton in a hurry. There were a lot of letters among her effects that indicated she is pretty wise for a girl of nineteen.

Their father is a laborer living at Brookville, Ind., and they have evidently been beating board bills all over the country. George Steiner was fined $15 and costs and the younger brother, Walter, was let go and told to get out of town.

It was shown that the older brother knew what his sister was doing and winked at her method of making a living. He had $5 and the younger brother will take this and try to raise money at home to get the rest of the family out of the county jail. The girl didn't care much as she said from the way the officers went after her she expected to get four years.

The Other Cases.

Sherman Cox, who was in court at one time before because he got drunk on some money his wife had given him to rent a house so they could move here from Auburn and who left his family destitute when he got drunk, was in for the same old offense to which Patrolman Spillner added that he stole two watermelons from a Columbia street commission house. He was let go as he has a wife and five children. He does something toward their support, although she is compelled to wash to feed and clothe the little family.

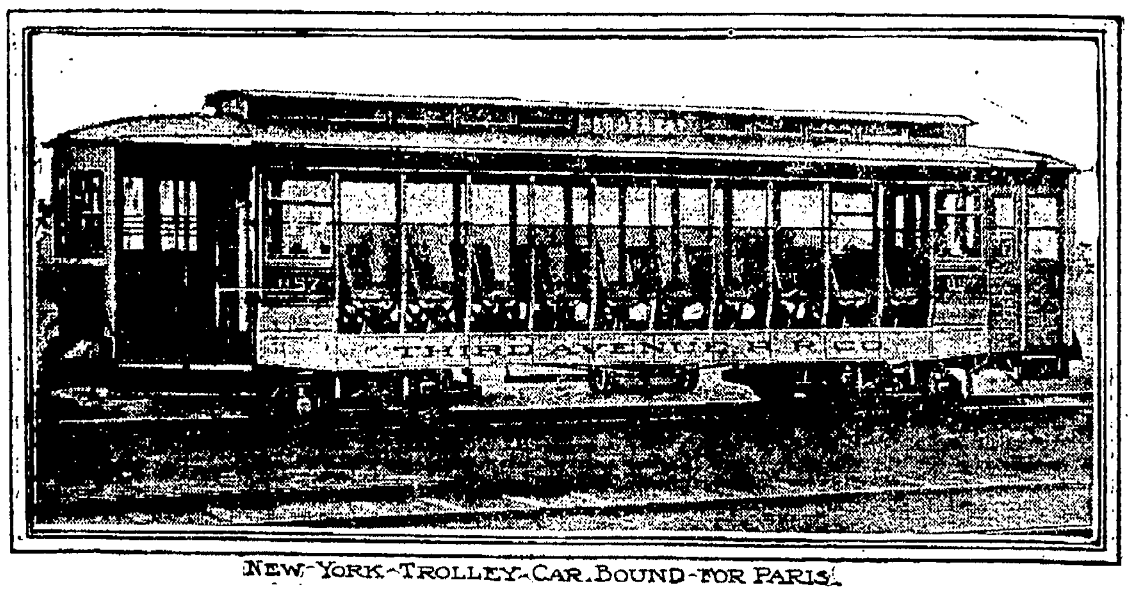
C. S. Bash in an automobile at the head of fourteen men chased John Harris into town from Homestead and got a room in a hotel here to watch for him and kill him. This is the story told by Harris on the witness stand this morning before he was stopped and sent back to a cell. He is unbalanced and the chase is simply a hallucination.

Harry Hansen for keeping $7 he collected for the Fitzgerald employment agency was given $5 and costs and sixty days and Stella Krantz, the girl he was living with, was let go and sent to the Cooper mission. He asked if he could have plenty to do in jail to keep him busy and the judge told him he thought he would get all to do he wanted.

OUR STORE
Will be closed all day Monday, in observance of Labor Day. Rosenthal's Ready-to-Wear Store.

Sol D. Bayless lodge, No. 359, will confer the entered apprentice degree next Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

STREET CAR THAT IS EXPECTED TO REVOLUTIONIZE THINGS ABROAD.



NEW-YORK-TROLLEY-CAR-BOUND-FOR PARIS.

New York, Sept. 3.—Here is the street car that, according to Duncan McDonald, who introduced the pay-as-you-enter cars in New York, will revolutionize the street car service of Europe. The car is bound for Brussels, where it will be exhibited at the European tramway congress. Mr. McDonald believes the Paris railway will introduce the car in the French capital.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

Miss Tillie Jeffries, of Madisonville, O., and Miss Zelma Sarbier, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jeffries.

* * *

J. Schmittgen and Miss Julia Schmittgen, of Elyria, Ohio, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stone, of 133 West DeWald street, have returned to their home.

Mrs. C. R. Colmey and son, Howard, and daughter, Margaret, went to Dunkirk, O., this morning to be the guests of Mrs. Colmey's parents for a week.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Poyser and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bowen will leave Sunday evening for a ten day trip to Pittsburg, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Eggeman, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ritcher, have gone to Lafayette to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Goldsberry at their home there.

Mrs. William Klett entertained a company of friends at dinner at her home last Wednesday evening in honor of her father, August Balls, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday anniversary then.

Mrs. A. P. Gaskill, Miss Viola Gaskill, and Mrs. Laura Herman, who have been visiting with friends in Wabash and Marion, returned to their home at 1112 Nelson street today.

Meyer-Mohn.

Miss Maud Mohn and Mr. Louis J. Meyer were united in marriage in Chicago on Monday, and for the past few days Mr. and Mrs. Meyer have been visiting Mrs. Meyers' mother, on Superior street. Mr. Meyer is a musician and has gone to Dallas, Tex., for a professional engagement of two weeks. On his return Mr. and Mrs. Meyer will make their home in Chicago, where the husband holds a responsible position with a leading theater. Friends of the young couple will extend congratulations.

NO CHOLERA ABOARD.

Tokio, Sept. 3.—The steamship Manchuria, bound from Shanghai for San Francisco, which was held up here because of a suspected case of the plague discovered on board, proceeded for America today. Among the passengers are Prince Tsai-Hsun, Admiral Sah, imperial naval commissioner and ten other persons composing the Chinese naval mission which will study the United States navy.

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

POST STARTS FIGHT IN BUCK STOVE MUDDLE

Seeks to Prevent Carrying Out Agreement Wtih Union Labor.

St. Louis, Sept. 3.—C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., today filed suit in the United States circuit court for the eastern district of Missouri against the American Federation of Labor and the Bucks Stove and Range company, of St. Louis, to restrain the officers of the latter from carrying out an alleged tentative agreement with officers of the former to make the St. Louis institution a closed shop.

Because of the absence of Judge D. P. Dyer from the city, the injunction feature of the suit will be taken up early next week.

Is Hostile to Peace Pact.

The action grows out of the meeting held in Cincinnati July 19, at which arrangements were perfected between Gompers and his associates and the officers of the stove company to have lifted the boycott which had been in force during the life of J. W. Van Cleave, who died May 15 of this year. A claim for damages in the suit of $750,000 alleged suffered as the result of the boycott is set up under the Sherman act, making the case identical in many respects with the famous Danbury hat suit in which the hatters recovered $224,000 as the result of a boycott by the labor unions.

The petition charges that the present directorate of the Bucks company is about to enter a deal to thwart any efforts on the part of the company to collect damages sustained through the boycott.

Violation of Contrast Alleged.

It is further alleged that it is proposed by the defendant company's present directorate to violate a contract with the American Anti-boycott association, which is prosecuting the cases against Gompers and his associates now pending in the supreme court. This contract was entered into during the life of Van Cleave."

Among the defendants in the suit aside from the American Federation of Labor and the Bucks company are: Samuel Gompers, president; Frank Morrison, secretary, Washington, D. C.; John B. Lennon, Bloomington, Ill.; John Mitchell, New York city; H. D. Huber, Indianapolis; J. F. Valentine, Cincinnati; H. B. Peerham, St. Louis, present members of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor.

NEW FACTORY PROJECT.

New York Man May Establish Horseshoe Machinery Plant Here.

Zenas Burns, president of the International Mechanical company, New York, is in the city on a business trip, and incidentally is investigating the opportunity for the establishing of a plant in Fort Wayne for the manufacture of machinery for the production of horseshoes.

Mr. Burns said today that he regarded the opening in Fort Wayne as an unusually good one, and expressed the confident opinion that the new factory would be located here.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Henry Stoppenhagen, 30, farmer, and Mane Korte, 20.

James D. Shifferly, 22, tinner, and Katherine Ireland, 20.

Walter Stewart, 30, fireman, and Lizzie Springman, 30.

CITY BREVITIES.

Master Marion Thompson, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Thompson, who was operated upon two weeks ago at St. Joseph's hospital, for appendicitis, has been removed to the family home, at 617 West Superior street.

The British government has surveyed a railroad line into the great Bauchi tin fields of northern Nigeria.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

YOU NEED MONEY
WE LEND IT IN ANY AMOUNT UP TO $100

You can borrow what money you need on your household goods, pianos, horses, wagons, fixtures, etc. You can have from one to twelve months time in which to pay it back.

Our contracts are simple and all transactions are clean cut and private.

$1.20 per week for 50 weeks pays a $50.00 loan.

All amounts in proportion.

Reliable Private

Fort Wayne Loan Co.
Established 1896.
Room 2, 2d Floor, 705 Calhoun St.
Home Phone 833.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

Robison Park
MONDAY
(Labor Day)
Afternoon and Evening

ELECTRO TECHNIC BAND
26 MEN
See Daily Papers for Program.

Robison Park
MONDAY
(Labor Day)
Afternoon and Evening

Week with the Players

AT THE MAJESTIC

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* This Evening—"The Secret Marriage." *

* Monday Matinee and Night—"My Wife's Family." *

* Wednesday Evening—Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp." *

* Thursday, Friday and Saturday—"As the Sun Went Down." *

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"AS THE SUN WENT DOWN."

Western Play of Approved Merit Coming Next Week.

"As the Sun Went Down" is announced for its appearance here at the Majestic the last three days next week.

"As the Sun Went Down" has received praise in every city it has visited. The company is one of merit and is again headed by Estha Williams, who has the support of such excellent people as Edwin Walter, Courtney White, Judson Langill, Ezra Grahme, Allen Lee, Joseph Holland, Fred Kelly, Ida Werner, Flora Byam, Margaret Miller and other eually well known.

While the play is one of western atmosphere, it is not of the wild melodramatic type, but one which tells a decidedly Bret Harte story which combines great heart interest, intense situations and is full of bright and taking comedy lines.

The production is complete in every detail. The first tour last season when it was seen from coast to coast was a very successful one both artistically and financially and this year's tour promises at least equally gratifying results.

HAL REID COMING.

The Playwright to Be Seen in His Best Play "The Kentuckian."

Hal Reid, the playwright, who will appear at the Majestic soon in his latest and best play, "The Kentuckian," under the management of Ed. W. Rowland and Edwin Clifford (Inc.), has written more plays than any man who ever lived, and in not one of them has there ever been a suggestive line, scene or situation.

Mr. Reid believes that a playwright can do a vast amount of harm and evil by what he puts into his plays. There are many young people who attend the theater who perhaps do not go to church, and who are at that formative age when all impressions sink deeply; therefore, remembering the teachings of his mother, the playwright has been most careful to eliminate absolutely anything evil or suggestive, and to point a good moral in each and every one of his plays. This, perhaps, explains why Mr. Reid has never had a failure.

"The Kentuckian" is a play as pure and wholesome as the cold, clear waters of a mountain spring. It is a play to which one may take his daughter, knowing that there will be nothing said or done that will mantle the cheek with shame.

"MY WIFE'S FAMILY."

Lively Musical Farce Monday Matinee and Night.

At the Majestic Monday matinee and night will be presented the musical farce comedy success, "My Wife's Family," by Hal Stephens and Harry Linton. The comedy has played to enormous business since its initial production.

There is a real live plot in "My Wife's Family," and it deals with that old story of the hen-pecked husband, the more than usually obnoxous mother-in-law and a family of brothers and sisters, cousins and aunts, and so on, all served up in a new dressing, so bright and breezy that one almost forgets that he ever heard the term "mother-in-law" before. The story is that of a young man making a determined effort to dispose himself of the bondage of many relatives by marriage. He has one ally, and only one, and the two encounter a combination of funny experiences and hair-breadth escapes, which is framed up into one of the most delightfully ludicrous stage productions of the season. "Jack Gay," the husband, interpreted by Giles W. Harrington, and "Doc Knott," his fake physician friend, played by John Mylie, are the leading comedy roles, and they have plenty of witty dialogue, in addition to catchy songs and an excruciatingly funny automobile. The company is a strong one throughout, and includes besides Messrs. Mylie and Harrington, Myrtle Bigden, the laugh provoking comedienne. Numerous high-class specialties are introduced during the progress of the play.

"THE SECRET MARRIAGE."

Nancy Boyer Company Close Engagement Tonight With Clever Play.

The great comedy drama, "The Secret Marriage" will be the play presented by Nancy Boyer and her company all day Saturday, the closing engagement of this clever little star.

"The Secret Marriage" tells the story of a young man who has married against his rich father's wishes, and in turn is cut off without a shilling. Hard luck assails him, and many times he scarcely knows which way to turn in order to keep the proverbial wolf from the door. Finally a baby is born to the unhappy pair and it is through this little half pint, that the father is finally won over and grants forgivenness.

Miss Boyer will be seen in the pleasing role of Johnny, the parson's daughter, a typical soubrette part, one of Miss Boyer's strong impersonations. Mr. Chatterson assumes the role of a young farmer, Hickson by name, and keeps the audience in a convulsion of laughter at every appearance, especially in the postoffice scene, which is said to be one continual round of merriment. Mr. Testa, Mr. Barton and Mr. Hyde as well as Miss Tarr, Miss LeRoy and in fact the entire company are well cast, and no doubt "Her Secret Marriage" will prove a splendid finisher for the good work done by the Nancy Boyer company during their week's engagement at the Majestic.

MRS. FISKE, ARTIST AND WOMAN: AN APPRECIATION.

Foremost of the Great Women Who Shed Luster on the American Stage Will Present "Becky Sharp" at the Majestic Wednesday Night, Sept. 7—Mrs. Fiske's Contribution to American Dramatic Art and Her Activities, Social and Humane.

Mrs. Fiske, who holds an undisputed, pre-eminence among the great women who give luster to the American stage, returns to Fort Wayne next Wednesday night and will present one of her greatest successes in name part of "Becky Sharp," the superb dramatic creation which Langdon Mitchell has created from Thackeray's masterpiece of humor.

Mrs. Fiske, whose heart pulsates so warmly for the great empire of the west, in which her early successes as the frail little Minnie Maddern were won, is now returning from her second consecutive all season tour, which has embraced the Pacific coast and northwest, and which upon its conclusion will have entailed an almost continual term of service of over twenty-four months.

One of the most observant of women, as well as one of the most prodigous of workers, Mrs. Fiske has at her finger tips the history of the stage in the west and the country in general in which her early struggles took place, for Minnie Maddern was a product of the west and south. The art which since has made her pre-eminent in American stage affairs, was born and cradled in those sections from which so much of the real inspiration of the American nation has sprung.

Minnie Maddern was known and loved as few women of the stage ever have been throughout the country walled off from that section comprehensively referred to as "the east," long before the ripeness and perfection of her art had brought those fields in homage to her feet. It was not until after her marriage to Harrison Grey Fiske and her coincidental retirement from the stage, covering a period of several years, which she spent in playwriting and other literary work, that her genius flowered in New York, and then at a matinee performance of Ibsen's "A Doll House," given for one of the many charities in which Mrs. Fiske is so deeply interested.

Her success on this occasion was astounding and led to a widespread and insistent demand for her permanent return to the stage, some of the most erudite and forceful of the metropolitan critics voicing the opinion that it would be high treason to American art for her not to assume the position so rightfully hers, that of the most commanding figure in the dramatic art of the country.

Mrs. Fiske did return and what a heritage her return has been. During the years that have passed since then she has written the most brilliant pages in American stage history and as her artistic zeal is never flagging, the future is as rich in promise as the past has been in fulfillment.

One who has been intimately associated with this gifted woman was asked a few days since, "What do you think of Mrs. Fiske?" The question came with evidence of a preconceived belief that Mrs. Fiske must have many of the temperamental idiosyncrasies usually associated with the elect of the gods, but the answer, given in a burst of enthusiasm, whose spirit proved its utter and complete sincerity, was surely an epitome of appreciation, for the words were, "Mrs. Fiske is as wonderful a woman as she is an artist. She is a woman whom it is a benediction to know."

And so it would seem, for the spell of her personality across the footlights is so persuasive and indubitable that one may easily imagine what it must be in personal contact.

The life of the stage is to many a life of comparative ease, but it is far from it to Mrs. Fiske. Her professional labors are never ending, but they make up only a part of her share in the world's work. As already mentioned, she is deeply interested in charitable work, particularly as regards humanitarian affairs. Next to her stage work the comfort of the dumb creation lies nearest to her heart. She is vice president of the International Humane society, a member of and an officer in American societies the country over, and a frequent contirbutor to magazines and periodicals upon subjects connected with humane affairs. Her correspondence upon these and other subjects is one that would stagger a bank president, and she dictates with such extraordinary rapidity that she is the despair of all ordinary stenographers. Her memory is remarkable and after a lengthy session of dictation she can "read back" her letters without the change of a phrase or word.

Mrs. Fiske's artistic generosity is one of the greatest blessings enjoyed by the American stage, and to it are due the superlative casts and wonderful productions, that have grown to be synonymous with whatever she undertakes. In this she is greatly aided by Harrison Grey Fiske, her husband, who is mentally and artistically without a peer in the field of American play production.

Mrs. Fiske's facility of imagination and intellect are reinforced by a wonderfully keen sense of humor, which is a saving grace in woman and a quality not always associated with the sex. She tells with great glee of a little incident which occurred in a Nashville hotel during her engagement there in "Salvation Nell." Having ordered dinner in her room, as is her usual custom, she called to the waiter just as he was leaving the door, saying, "Oh, waiter, have you any marmalade?" The face of the dusky waiter appeared in the doorway and in the most apologetic and deferential tone imaginable, he replied, "No ma'am, I'se mighty sorry, but we don't serve no drinks in this hotel at all."

It is the delight of her friends to repeat humorous incidents to Mrs. Fiske, for she is the best "audience" in the world, and besides being a good listener to a well-pointed joke, she possesses also the somewhat uncommon ability to tell one fully as well.

Mrs. Fiske as "Becky Sharp," Majestic Wednesday Night.

The Temple Theatre

Sixth Season of Vaudeville Opens Monday Matinee With All Star Bill Headed by Happy Jack Gardner and Company in a Big Comedy Sketch.

The Temple vaudeville season opens Monday matinee. It is doubtful if the management could have secured a better opening bill, which is headed by the king of all comedians, Happy Jack Gardner and Company, in a roaring farce entitled "A Close Call." The eastern critics declare this is the funniest sketch ever written. Mr. Gardner has appeared in this city several times and always was a big hit, but in his new sketch he is scoring the greatest success of his career.

An old-time favorite will appear in the person of Frank E. McNish, he of "Silence and Fun" fame, also the founder of the McNish, Johnson and Slavin minstrels, remembered as the greatest minstrel in that time. He is now of the team of McNish and McNish. They come direct from Boston, making Fort Wayne their first stop on the way west, where they are booked for one year solid. The eastern press unite in saying they have the fastest and cleanest comedy act in vaudeville and that it is all good original comedy. Frank J. McNish, who is the straight of the act, has been for the past five seasons stage manager and understudy for Geo. M. Cohan in all his big productions. He will be remembered as that lightning Bell Hop in "George Washington, Jr.," one of the big hits of the play of that name. Between the two McNishes there should be something doing all the time, for to remember the name of McNish is to smile.

Ed C. Jordan and Company will keep you laughing for twenty minutes in Mr. Jordon's latest comedy success, "Tom Katz Night Out." The act was an immense hit in New York this summer.

Louis Granat, "the whistling virtuoso," will be another of next week's list of features. Mr. Granat's act consists of the rendering of both popular and classical airs with a wonderful variety of sweet tones in his whistling, using no other instrument except his lips and fingers.

Adair and Dahn, novelty tight wire artists, have one of the most sensational acts on the vaudeville stage and will be big favorites with the audience.

Houston and Kirby will appear in their refined singing and dancing which comes very highly recommended.

Fielding and Carlos, who are known the world over as the "world's champion roller skaters," will add much lustre to the program.

The Temple orchestra will again be under the personal direction of Edwin Dicey and the motion picture man will unreel an interesting film entitled "Eugenie Grandet," which completes the big bill.

Frank J. McNish,

Of the Jolly Two, McNish and McNish, at the Temple Next Week.

Scene from "As the Sun Went Down," Majestic Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and Saturday Matinee, Sept. 8, 9, 10.

Mexico is being invaded by American breakfast-food manufacturers.

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—it's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body. 911

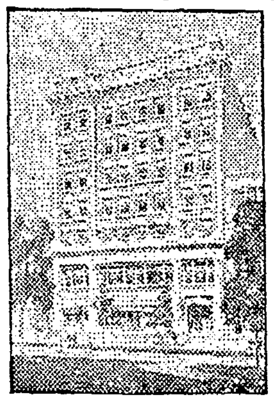
CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.

CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT

USE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

At no time of the year are the bowels put to a severer test than during the hot weather. Thousands become afflicted with "summer complaint," or running off of the bowels. The cause very often lies in the drinking of impure water, the eating of unripe fruit or tainted food. But whatever the cause it is useless to try to cure the trouble with an astringent remedy, an opiate, or salts and such things. The bowels need not only a thorough cleaning out, but the stomach needs strengthening and toning, so that they may have a new start. All this is best obtained by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is a great stomach, liver and bowel cleanser. It will quickly stop the unnatural passages, which are so weakening and give rise to vertigo. Thousands of families are using it steadily and thereby avoid all digestive troubles summer and winter. Buy a 50 cent or $1.00 bottle today of your druggist and you will be surprised at the quick and lasting effects. You will find it a mild, gentle laxative, agreeable to young and old. Those who have never tried it can obtain a SAMPLE FOR A TEST FREE OF CHARGE by sending their address to

DR. W. B. CALDWELL, 400 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.



CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE

Now In Its New Home Facing the Lake Front Park

The finest building of its kind in existence. Housing the largest and most thoroughly equipped of all institutions of Musical Learning. Containing Music Hall and Theatre, offering students unsurpassed facilities for practical training and public appearances.

The Strongest Faculty Ever Assembled in any Musical College.

School of ACTING OPERA — All Branches of MUSIC — School of EXPRESSION MODERN LANGUAGES

A Significant Recognition by The Metropolitan Grand Opera Co. of New York

To DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President: It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in recognition of the services rendered by the pupils of the Chicago Musical College to us during our last season's stay in Chicago in connection with our "Parsifal" performances, have awarded the opera school of the Chicago Musical College two free scholarships, for which I beg to enclose check for $1,000.

I am very glad to add my personal acknowledgment of the good work you have done towards the development of music in your city, and assure you of our good wishes.

Yours very truly,

ANDREAS DIPPEL, Administrative Director.

New Chicago Musical College Building
246-7-8-9 Michigan Boulevard
Chicago

Founded 1867 — 45th Season Begins Sept. 12th.

DR. F. ZIEGFELD, Pres.

NOTE—Applications for all (47 free and 150 partial) Scholarships will be received until Sept. 1st.

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The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

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Entered at the Postoffice, Fort Wayne, Ind., as second-class mail matter.

VOL. LXXII..........................NO. 30

OUR TELEPHONES

Editorial Rooms........................ 620
Counting Rooms..........................173

SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1910.

TONIGHT.

Amusements—Nancy Boyer company in "The Secret Marriage" at the Majestic.

Union Labor—Letter Carriers, No. 116; Iron, Tin and Steel Workers, No. 14.

Fraternal—Rathbone Temple, No. 31, Pythian Sisters; Queen Esther lodge, No. 324, Degree of Rebekah; Fort Wayne council, No. 837, National Union; Old Fort Lodge of Carmen.

IT ISN'T ALL NEW.

The Springfield Republican, in its comment upon the letter President Taft contributed to the republican congressional campaign text-book makes an observation that may be considered at this time specially pertinent:

> **"Why, then, this continued insurgent bluster against the president, this appearance of a cabal to throw him down and this studied avoidance of giving him any recognition of the great work which he has done for 'my policies' by the man who borrowed most of them from William J. Bryan and made them *his very original own?***

Now, it not only cannot be denied, but it can readily be proved that most of the issues that make up what has been designated as the "progressive platform" have been formulated and put forward by William J. Bryan. Go back to the files of any of the daily newspapers that were printing Mr. Bryan's speeches as he trailed over the country in 1896. That was quite as much a campaign against the trusts and the iniquities of corporations engaged in the "governing business" as it was a campaign for the free coinage of silver. The "money power" that it is now sought to restrain was laughed at and ridiculed as a chimera of the "boy orator's" disordered brain. "Point it out to us," the orators and organs of the allied opposition challenged. Well, in due course the steel trust was organized and a glimpse of the money power was shown. A little later the insurance scandals in New York lifted the screen and gave us one horrific glimpse of a real money power. Mr. Morgan's allied interests representing some eight or nine billions of capital disclose to us today a money power hard to get away from. The late Mr. Harriman's railway coalitions and his ambitious dream of placing himself at the head of practically all the railways in the country showed the money power in another phase and as a splendid imgaination conceived it should be.

Mr. Bryan thundered against trusts, the activities of corporations in politics, the insidious and compelling influence the great industrial concerns, including railways, exerted upon the franchise of their employes, the corruption of legislatures, the immoralities in "big business," the debauchery of national manhood by the growing power of money. He was in favor of direct vote of the people for United States senators and for the nomination of other candidates by direct vote of the people. He wanted laws that would be efficacious against corrupt practices. He proclaimed that if he got in the white house the "big criminals" would not get away, but would "wear stripes." He protested against the inhumanity of our commercialized life and declared he was for "putting the man above the dollar." There is scarcely a progressive issue or idea that republican insurgent and progressive are urging that was not first urged and fought for by Mr. Bryan. It is na disparagement of Mr. Roosevelt that he is advocating what Mr. Bryan had before expounded and battled for. It does him credit to ally himself with whatever is of good report and of benefit to the people.

Another wealthy woman has been detected trying to smuggle a quantity of valuable jewels through the New York customs house. Instances of this sort have been numerous since the administration of Collector Loeb in the New York customs house began and it is painful to observe the outcry that some newspapers are making against the "annoyances and humiliation" to which eminently respectable ladies are subjected by the sharp-eyed and unfeeling minions of Uncle Sam. If eminently respectable ladies will smuggle they must take their chances. It is against the law quite as much as counterfeiting the coinage and notes of the country, with this difference, that the latter crimes are practiced by persons who make a profession of criminal acts, whereas smuggling of the sort in question is the offense of persons who are wholly without excuse for it. Morally and legally there can be no difference between a woman coming through the custom house with a hundred yards of rare lace sewed inside her ample skirts and a bearded smuggler running by night into a cove with a lugger freighted with whisky. The wealthy and eminently respectable women smugglers they are who make the custom house experience a horror to their innocent sisters.

An aggregate of $300,000,000 worth of widows is noted at Newport and an invasion of impecunious European noblemen is stated to be organizing for a predatory raid upon the assets and resources of this country. Here is a fine opportunity to fence with the conservation policy. Give Richard Achilles Ballinger a chance at this. Maybe he can conserve better there than in Alaska. The widows—grass or sod—may in some cases be spared, but the transfer of $300,000,000 in sound assets to Europe is standing for two much of a crimp.

Parts of Europe are in the grasp of the cholera and the whole continent is threatened with the scourge. For two years and more it has been ravaging different sections of Russia, but lately it has appeared in Germany and Italy. Germany will doubtless hold it under control and prevent an epidemic, but Italy may have more difficulty. Education and intelligence are two foes before which the Asiatic scourge cannot advance. Modern medical and sanitary science are equal to the cholera in any land where the populace has the intelligence to co-operate. The lands where there is want of education and twentieth century intelligence, where superstition rules and the people are bound by some fatalistic belief that the eastern plague will come every so often and that it will take toll of so many victims before the broken seals are again closed on the pestilence offer an unfenced field for the sweep of the scourge. Germany, France, Great Britain and America may feel comparatively safe always from the plague, though once they knew the woe of such visitations.

"There's a good time a-coming," avers a good old revival hymn and it might help some if Fort Wayne folks were to practice not only singing, but getting into the spirit of it. Don't know how long it will be, but the messiness into which this good town has been stirred will end some time. Most any brand of cheer-up poetry may be found worth trying.

Push it along, push it along. Public work in most respects is making headway now. There will not be grace of good weather throughout the whole season.

Will St. Paul become Phillippi and if so who is to be Brutus when the meeting takes place?

The "Little Corporal," the Strenuous Colonel"—will history repeat?

WAYNE TOWNSHIP TEACHERS.

Teachers for the schools of Wayne township have been appointed by Trustee Henry Branning as follows: District No. 1, Myrtle Lung; No. 2, Paul Wilkie; No. 3, A. A. Ringwalt; No. 4, Ruth E. Rittenhouse; No. 5, Mary Hockett; No. 6, A. Josephine Bennett; No. 6 B, Elsie Flaugh; No. 7, S. J. Brubaker; No. 8, Pearl Townsend; Allen County Orphans' Home school, Theresa Hammond.

The township schools will open September 12.

LOW RATES ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. AND RETURN, VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD—NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R.

Tickets on sale September 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19. Good returning September 29. Privilege of extension. Ask agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind.
aug 20,27,sep 3,10,13

Packard Band Concert, Robison Park Sunday. Electro-Technic Band, Labor Day, 4:30 P. M. 1-3t.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Dancing Labor Day, Robison Park, all day.

PIANO "CHECKS," "COUPONS," "CERTIFICATES."

Bring them to me and I will sell you a Piano of the same grade as these so-called Contest Piano Dealers do, and save you some money at that.

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Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

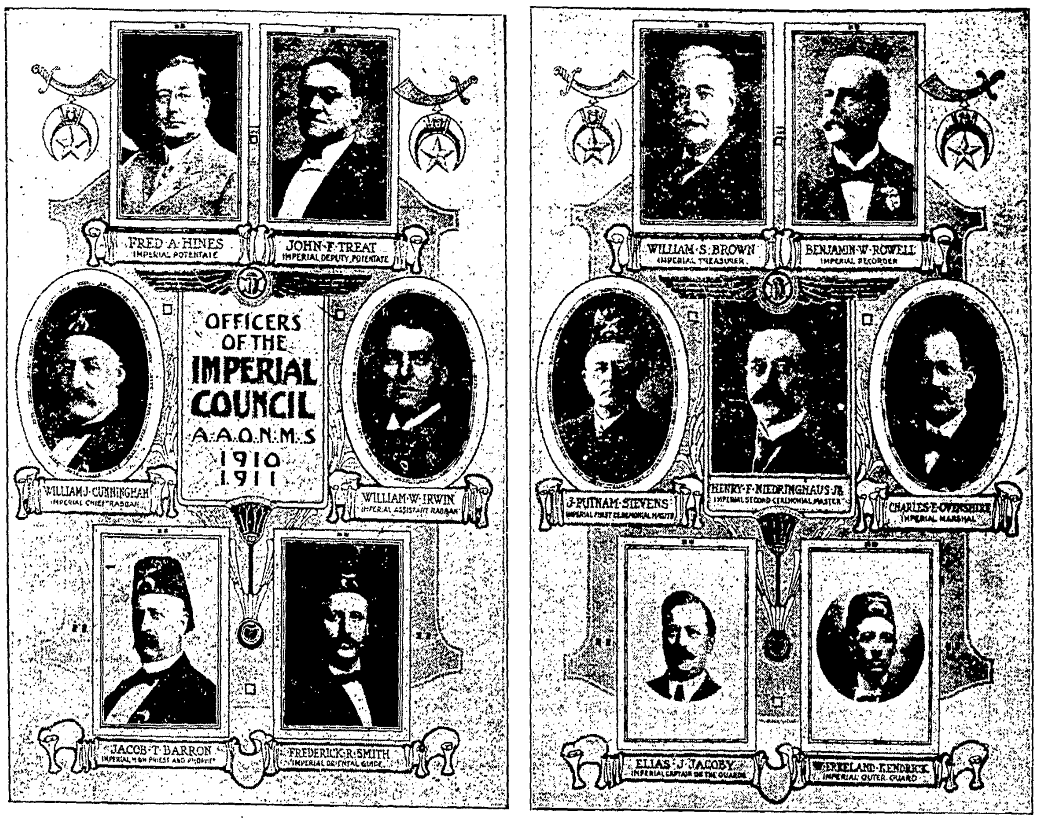
Why buy water, try a Modern Filter, $1.25. Jones' Kodak Store. 30-eod-3t

ELECTRIC TALK
NO. 11

I had rather expected that Talk No. 10 would end this series of communications to the public. But there appeared in one of our city papers Wednesday morning what I take to be an advertisement, paid for by the traction company, which ought not to pass unnoticed.

I have waited a day to see if the statements contained in that advertisement would not be disavowed by Mr. Barry, who is promoting what has been supposed to be an independent interurban

Shrine Parade During the Mardi Gras Will Be Grandest Spectacle Ever Seen in This City



Officers of the Imperial Council of the Order of Mystic Shrine, Who are Expected to Attend Mardi Gras, October 5 and 6.

A gorgeous and grand spectacle will be that which can be seen on the streets of Fort Wayne on the evening of Wednesday, October 5th, the big parade which the Mizpah temple of Shriners will give during its Mardi Gras. Present indications are that some twenty-five thousand Nobles from all parts of the country will honor this city with their presence for two days, October 5 and 6, and among these men will be many notables.

In the big parade will be some twenty handsome and awe-inspiring floats, the like of which have never been seen in this country, for Col. Pine, who is assembling the pieces, is one of the few men engaged in this sort of work and he is putting forth his most splendid efforts. The Mizpah temple purchased the floats from the temple at New Orleans, where the last Mardi Gras was given, but they are being re-arranged until they represent a highly polished work of art. Gallant nobles, arrayed in their various hued uniforms, will ride in these floats, and others will march in line.

Each float has been given the name of some character in ancient history or mythology and the decorations of the float are all significant of the name. "The King" is the title of the float which will bear the king of the carnival, to which position C. A. Dunkleberg has been chosen. The king will be arrayed in robes of surpassing richness and beauty, sitting in a throne of royal splendor. In the "Title Car," a strange fantastic creature will ride, representing a fable. Then there will be "The Griffin," who was a well-known guardian of treasures in Bactria: "The Dolphin," in which Bacchus will be shown upon the back of a dolphin, being carried to land after having been saved from the pirates: "The Hydra," noted for its hundred heads; "Pegasus and Chimera," showing Pegasus on a winged horse on way to do battle with Chimera, the triple-headed lion; "The Phoenix," which also contributed to the Grecian myths. There are more floats representing other famous features of history and mythology.

Really a Big Affair.

The Shrine Mardi Gras will be a remarkable affair. Only a little more than a year old, the local body of Shriners is attempting a most stupendous project and arrangements have now gone so far that nothing but success can be seen over the horizon. The railroads are all promising to give rates. Included in the guests here will be the members of the Imperial council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine of North American. This imperial council is comprised of thirteen members, whose homes are distributed through the whole country. These men will probably all be present at the Mardi Gras.

A complex system of committees from the Mizpah temple is in charge of all the features of the Mardi Gras and each committee has already done a large share of its work. The personnel of the committees follows:

Committee on Arrangements—E. W.

Committee on Badges and Souvenirs—C. A. Wilding, chairman; J. B. Harper, T. F. Thieme, W. Rastetter, A. E. Thomas and B. H. Somers.

Committee on Reception and Ball—F. E. Stouder, chairman; W. E. Doud, C. B. Fitch, O. N. Heaton, Fred Hoffman, J. J. Kline, A. E. Bulson and H. G. Keegan.

Entertainment Committee—Albert Bond, chairman; R. Dawson, R. S. Viburg, Guy Gilbert, E. W. Dodez, A. Heit, G. H. Van Arnam. (Automobiles, street cars, park, theater, club and hotel.)

Banquet Committee—Myron Downing, chairman; A. E. Carroll, E. Dailey, H. Moses, E. L. Craw, George Waldschmidt.

Committee on Hotels—O. N. Guldlin, chairman; C. E. Bond, O. W. Gandy, H. A. Keplinger, R. L. McGee.

Committee on Headquarters and Information—C. E. Read, chairman; Arthur Smith, T. J. Scott and N. R. Wenger.

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Shows that they appreciate the service which we render them. If you do not already carry an account with this bank we cordially invite you to open one with either a large or small amount, thus availing yourself of the advantages of paying for all your expenditures by check.

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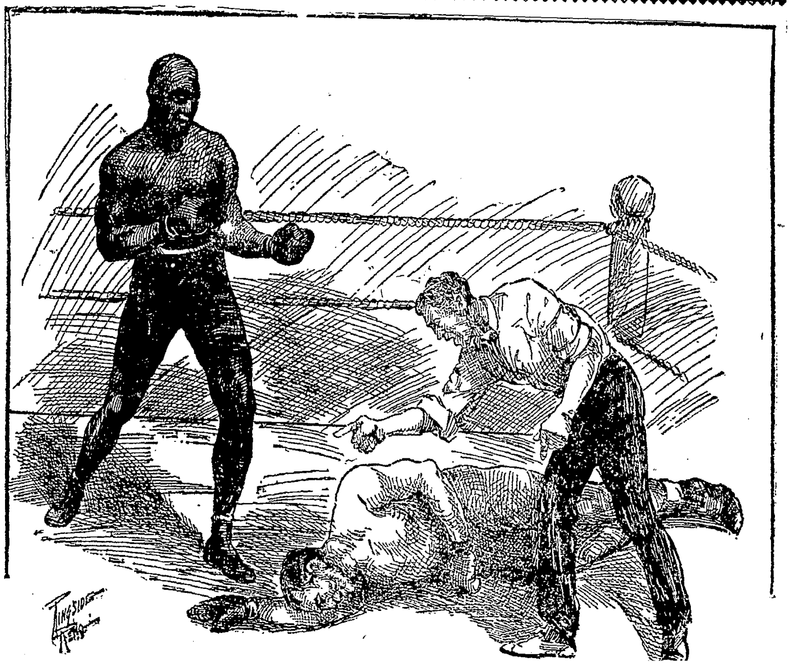
COUNTING JIM JEFFRIES OUT AT RENO



SOCIETY

A review of the social events for the past week or a forecast of the week to come, tells about the same story of conditions in society that have been so evident during the past month. The family gathering still has the lead with weddings equal in importance but not so largely attended. September brings several weddings and the leaving of young people for college and the opening of school days at home makes a little scurrying for one more good time before real work begins.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Henrietta Grimme, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Grimme, of Fairfield avenue, and Dr. John E. McArdle will take place on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock in St. Paul's church with Rev. H. J. F. Kroll celebrating the nuptial mass. The bride's sister, Miss Irene Grimme, and the bridegroom's brother, Charles McArdle, will be the attendants and Messrs. Gerry Unverfeith, of Dayton, Ohio, and Arthur Heine, of this city, will be the ushers. The wedding breakfast will be served at the bride's home to members of the two families. A number of parties have been given during the week in honor of Miss Grimme. Among them was one at the home of Miss Edith Nussbaum, a member of a club to which the bride-elect belongs. There were no other guests but the club with the exception of Miss Irene Grimme. Beautiful decorations in pink and white were characteristic of each party that members of the club have given.

* * *

Miss Edna Heit, of West Creighton avenue, is visiting friends in Goshen.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Bailey have gone to Chicago to spend Labor day.

Mrs. Charles Sovine and son, Walter, went to Detroit today to spend a few days.

Miss Pauline Leeser, of Parkview avenue, has returned from a fortnight's visit in Chicago.

Miss Dorothy Kilgore, of West Butler street, went to Clear lake today to spend a few days with friends.

Mrs. George B. Saylor, of Lincoln avenue, has as guests Mrs. Courtland Smith and son, Blaine, of Chicago.

Mrs. Charles Beebe and Miss Almana Beebe have returned from York Beach, Maine, where they spent several weeks.

Mrs. Minnie Graves Brown has returned from Toledo for a few days' visit here with friends.

Miss Carolyn Pressler, of Lakeside, has returned from a visit with her sister in Marshalltown, Ia.

Mrs. E. M. Beaver, of Columbia avenue, has gone to Ashley to visit friends for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Gauntt and daughter, Miss Olive, have returned from a visit in Petersburg, this state.

Mrs. Dallas F. Green has returned from a several weeks' visit in Grand Rapids and Ottawa Beach, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ash will motor to Benton Harbor, Mich., tomorrow for a visit there of a day or so.

Mrs. N. D. Doughman expects to spend the coming winter in this city and will be at home at the Hamilton house.

Mrs. George Potter, of West Wayne street, and her mother are at Rome City for a few days' outing. They are guests of friends among the cottagers.

Mrs. George W. Dodson and her sister, Miss Schrimpton, both of West Main street, went to Cincinnati today for a fortnight's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Mulford, of Washington, D. C., and son, Kenneth, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Beaber, of 1912 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson and daughter, Ella, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hemrick are at Lake James for a two weeks' outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Bohn have returned from their wedding trip and have gone to their own residence at 1203 West Berry street, where they will be at home after the first of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Phelps and daughter have returned from a two weeks' eastern trip which included a visit in Elmira, N. Y., and stops in Buffalo and at Niagara.

Mrs. Peter Pickard and children have returned from a two months' camping trip at Torch Lake, Mich. Mrs. Pickard's father, George Fowler, and Miss Hattie Fowler were also of the party.

Miss M. Flora Todd has returned from a several weeks' visit in New York and other eastern places. Rev. Earle M. Todd came home this week from a vacation spent in Chicago and other western points.

Mrs. Jay Moderwell and Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Jackson and Miss Grace Jackson, who have been in Europe touring the continent and British isles for three months, are expected home next week.

The Willing Workers' Aid society will meet on next Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Will H. Plogsterth, 315 West Taber street. Assisting hostesses will be Mesdames Sarver, Tuckey, Sid Throckmorton, Coch and Fox.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Urbahns and their guest, Miss McDermott, of Fond du Lac, Wis., went to Rome City today to be guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Urbahns at the Mohr cottage. Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Urbahns, celebrated her birthday anniversary today and the gathering of relatives is in her honor.

R. H. Nixon and Mr. and Mrs. Burnett Nixon, of Newport, Ind., and Mr. and Mrs. Ora Davis, of Terre Haute, will arrive early next week for a visit with Rev. and Mrs. C. Claud Travis. The Messrs. Nixon are father and brother, respectively, and Mrs. Davis is a sister of Mrs. Travis. They will make the trip to Fort Wayne by auto.

Miss Claudine Smitley has gone to Portland to spend Sunday with friends and from there will go to Clear lake to join Miss Irene Woebbeking's house party for the Alpha Pi Phi girls. Miss Marian Purcell will be another guest of Miss Woebbeking. The club girls are Misses Marguerite Wing, Dorothy Kilgore, Lena Piepenbrink, Marie Calkins and Miss Smitley.

Mrs. E. M. Swift, of Sioux City, Ia., was the honor guest at a party given by her sister, Mrs. H. C. Swift, on Thursday afternoon. The time was pleasantly passed playing cards and enjoying music. Mrs. Swift served a delicious lunch. There were present Mrs. Costa Shelton, Miss Elizabeth Rowley, Mrs. Lamborn, Mrs. James Sheridan, Mrs. Wachman, Mrs. Tom Kavanaugh, Mrs. Earl Henschen, Mrs. Charles Stanger and Mrs. Cady Swift.

Houck—Juergens.

Miss Clara Juergens and Mr. Adam B. Houck, both of this city, were married on Thursday morning, Sept. 1, at 11 o'clock by Rev. J. K. Cecil. A wedding breakfast was served the wedding party at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Wesley Bowser, 2104 South Clinton street, at noon. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Houck left for a lake trip and on their return they will go to housekeeping at 224 Mellta street. Mr. Houck is a patternmaker at the Bass foundry.

* * *

To Celebrate Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathias Laier, of 2526 Warsaw street, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, with appropriate religious and social service, on Monday, Sept. 5. At St. Peter's Catholic church will be celebrated the nuptial mass by Rev. Father Thiele, and following the church service Mr. and Mrs. Laier and their children, who are Adam, John and Joseph Laier, Mrs. Nick Hooch and Mrs. Otto Miller, together with the grandchildren, will have a big dinner and a good time at the Laier home. There are twenty-three grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren in the family and a happy and merry time is being planned for old and young alike. Both Mr. and Mrs. Laier enjoy excellent health. Mr. Laier is nearly eighty years old, seventy-seven in exact figures, and Mrs. Laier is six years his junior. Both Mr. and Mrs. Laier were born in Batan, Germany, and came to this country when young. They have lived in Fort Wayne for thirty years and are among the city's highly respected citizens.

* * *

THE HANKER OPENING.

Miss Hanker will open her newly decorated and much improved dancing hall on West Berry street to the public with a big reception next Tuesday evening. This will be one of the big social affairs of the week. Miss Hanker has gone to considerable trouble in having her hall very tastefully and prettily decorated during the summer. The dancing floor has also been thoroughly scraped and repolished until it has become one of the best in the state.

Right Way of Finishing Notes Shows Breeding

Use of Word "Yours" After Final Sentence Has Fallen Into Disuse.

Highly important, as indicating good breeding, is a knowledge of the correct way of finishing notes, either social or on business.

The use of the word "yours" after the final sentence has fallen into disuse, and, as a rule, "most" is substituted. For example, where formerly it was good form to write "Sincerely yours," one must now write "Most sincerely" or only "Sincerely." "Most" is optional and may be eliminated whenever one wishes.

The formal ending now for all communications to equals is "Cordially" or "Most cordially." This has entirely taken the place of "Yours truly," which at one time was employed in social notes. "Yours truly" may now be used, but only to social inferiors, or in communications which are strictly business to business persons.

One might be writing a note to a woman about a charity fair. One may never have seen the woman, but if she is in the same social set, or one ranking the same, one would finish by putting "Cordially." If the woman writing the note were married, and a stranger to her to whom it is addressed, the signature would be like this: "Anne Fisher Sturgis," and below it, in parentheses, her formal name, "Mrs. John Howard Sturgis." The parentheses must not be omitted in any circumstances. If a woman wishes to finish her note a trifle differently she may write, after the "cordially," "Anne Fisher Sturgis," and, instead of putting her formal name beneath, enclose her visiting card, which, of course, has her formal name engraved thereon.

But in writing to the butcher, business note would end: "Yours truly, Anne Fisher Sturgis," and below it, in parentheses "Mrs. John Howard Sturgis." No matter to whom the communication is written it should never be signed with the name beginning with the prefix "Miss" or "Mrs." When the prefix must be given, as not infrequently it is required to indicate who the woman is, and whether she is married or not, it may be put before the name, always, without exception, enclose in brackets, as (Miss) Anne Olivia Bronson.

"Respectfully" is no longer employed, save by subordinates.

To friends, to whom one writes informally, one finishes with "Faithfully" or "Affectionately," or in some instances, "Sincerely." "Cordially" is the formal phrase, and is not used otherwise. ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

When the girls leave school, many mothers make a great mistake in refusing to resign their position as housekeeper and supervisor, letting their daughters do what they can to fill up the time, which must necessarily hang heavily, when they have been accustomed to each hour being fully occupied, says Home Notes.

We hear a great deal about the domestic incompetence of many marriageable girls, and where such does occur I am perfectly convinced that the mother has only herself to blame, by a mistaken idea that "she objects to have her nose put out of joint," or that she "still prefers to be mistress in her own house," and therefore she will not permit her girls to become familiar with everyday household duties, but leaves them to find occupations for themselves, which, alas! rarely help them to qualify for the position of good wives and mothers.

On the other hand, there is no need to make drudges, or a sort of general servant of girls. I know some homes where the housemaid is discharged upon the arrival of the daughter of the house from school, and the girl is expected to do the lighter duties, the heavier being relegated to a cook-general. But the daughter receives no monetary compensation for such work. She is supposed to stick to it "just for the love of the thing." At the same time she is considered dissatisfied if she shows a predilection for hockey, tennis, rinking or some other form of amusement which takes her away from home two or three afternoons a week.

I hope, however, that such cases are becoming rarer every day; and, though I do not in any way deprecate the girl assuming the duties of a housemaid—such experience is decidedly good for her—I most assuredly think she is entitled to some regular remnueration for her services.

PRETTY MARABOUT SET.

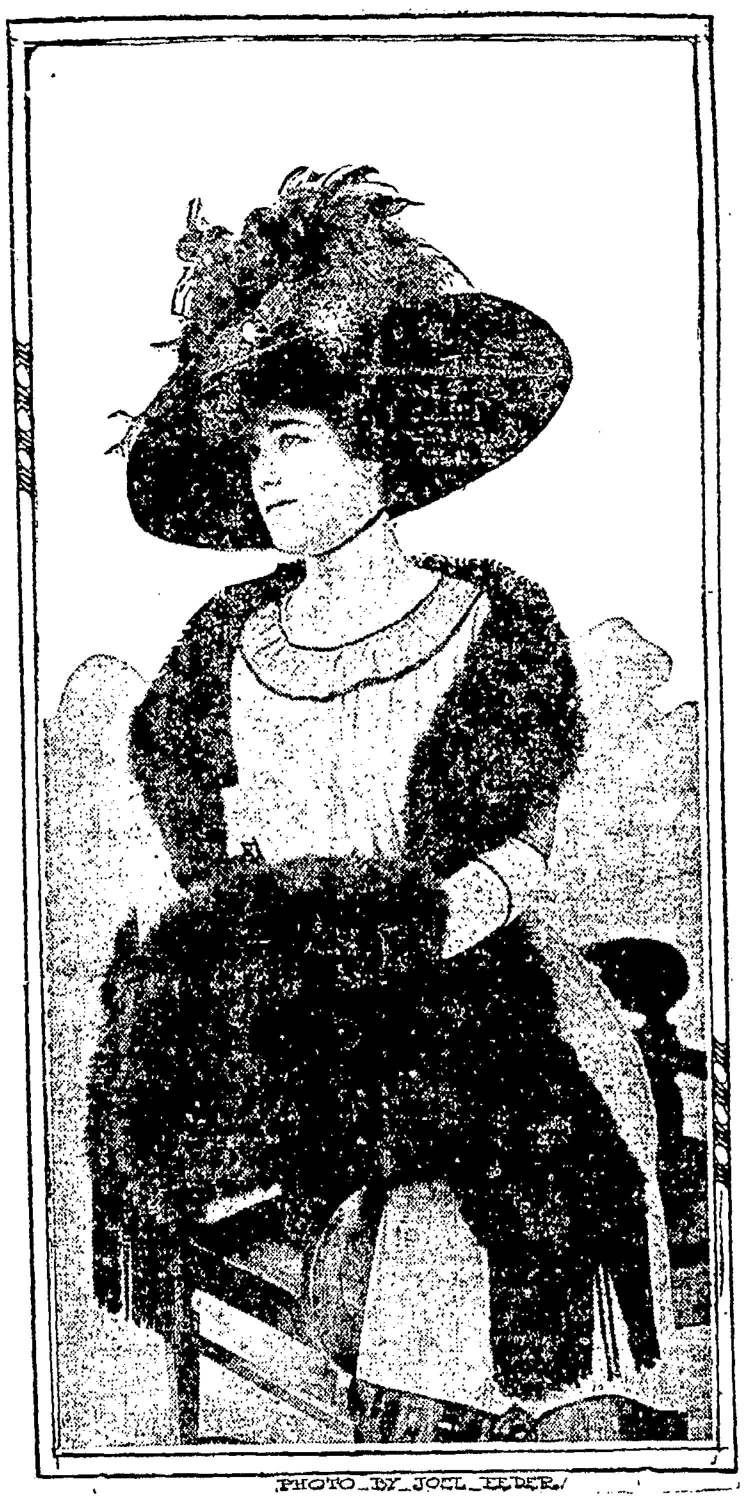


PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

Marabout in the natural brown shade harmonizes beautifully with almost any shade of gown, suit or hat. A particularly happy adaptation is seen in this set; the muff made in the newest shape, is large and round; the scarf, wider than last year, is finished at the ends with a heavy chenille fringe. Such a set has the double advantage of being sufficiently dressy for the company of a pretty gown and in good taste with a tailored suit.

LOGIC FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Many girls and young married women often are disappointed at the candid criticisms passed by their male belongings about their clothes. "You never seem to please a man," said a girl one day. "Something always seems wrong about a gown in his eyes." Doubtless she had reason for complaint in many ways, but the real secret of pleasing the average man is to avoid the usual extremes in dress—the outrageously flaring hats and the unwalkable skirts, says the Montreal Star.

Women ought to have a set of rules about the personal note in their gowns. They should study the colors that become them, as it is from the whole that the result, pleasing or otherwise, is taken.

Man's highest praise is usually "She was awfully well turned out," which means that the object of their admiration has refrained from the ultra eccentricities of fashion and was smart from the top of her well coiffured head to her trim footgear, and also that her gloves were neat and stylish.

OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, SEPT. 3.

Breakfast

Sliced Peaches
Cereal with Milk
Broiled Bacon Creamed Potatoes
Waffles Syrup
Coffee

Dinner

Forequarter of Lamb Mint Sauce
Lima Beans
Stuffed Sweet Potatoes
Pineapple Salad
Crackers Cheese
Frozen Fruit Coffee

Supper

Shrimp and Cucumber Salad
Egg Sandwiches
Peach Shortcakes Chocolate

RECIPES.

Hot Mint Sauce.

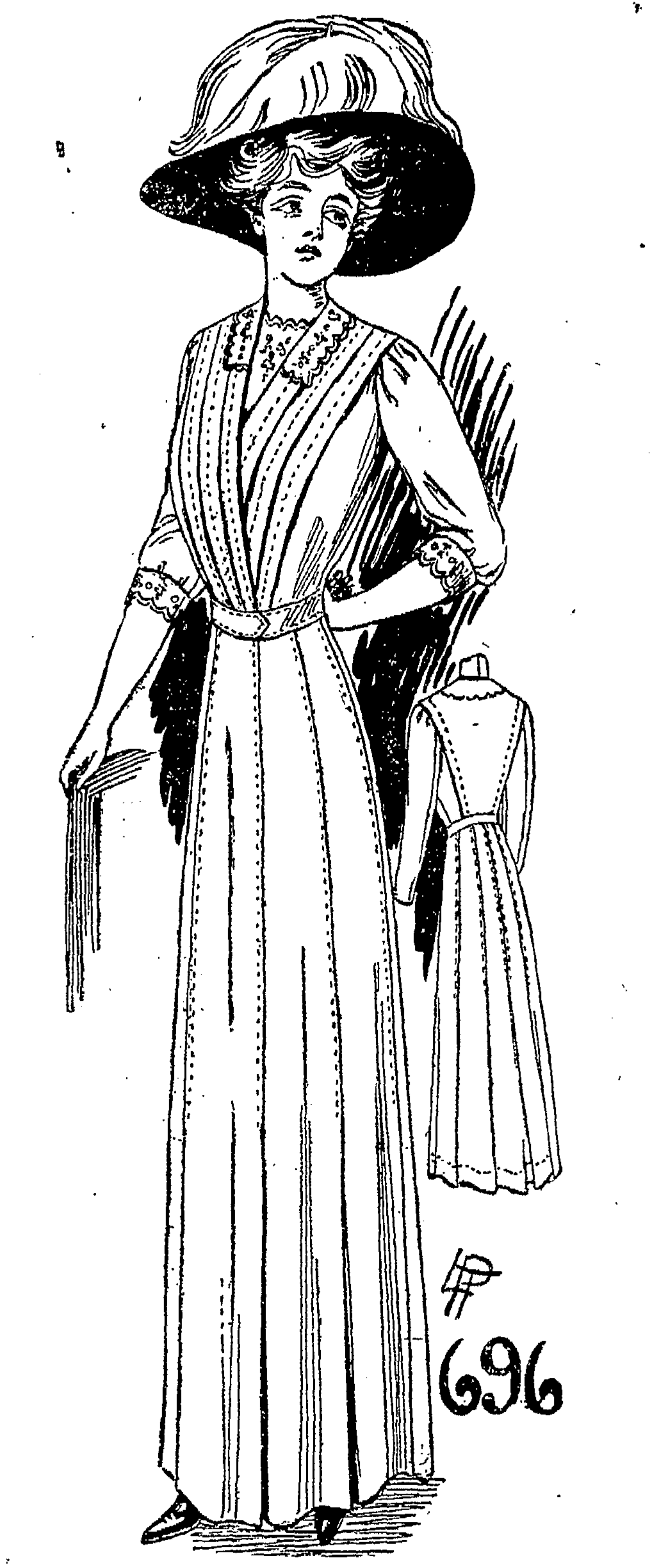
Mint sauce to go with lamb may be either hot or cold. To make the former, put into a saucepan five or six sprigs of fresh mint, a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of chopped onion, a teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of strained tomato, one cupful of stock and the beaten white of one egg. Bring to boiling point, then simmer gently for ten minutes. Thicken with a teaspoonful of cornstarch, add a few fresh chopped mint leaves and serve.

Cold Mint Sauce.

To make the cold mint sauce put three tablespoonfuls of freshly chopped mint into a basin, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, then drop in one dessertspoonful of olive oil; add one gill of vinegar. If too strong, a little water may be added.

SUITABLE FOR BUSINESS.

By MRS. JANE FORD.



SIZES 32 TO 44 BUST

Dresses intended for business wear should be smart in cut and in finish, but to be appropriate, frills and ruffles must be avoided. A charming model that will be becoming to most women is shown. It can be developed at home with very little work. The pattern is cut in seven sizes that will fit any woman whose bust measure is between thirty-two and forty-four inches. To copy it for the average person requires about ten yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide or eight and one-half yards thirty-six inches wide.

The body of this frock has "Gibson" tucks at the shoulders, and the additional tucks at the front are cleverly arranged and cross in surplice effect. The pattern provides for center full length coat sleeves or the fashionable three-quarter length, finished to correspond with the liedown collar at the neck. In addition to this collar is a standing collar that may be used when one prefers a high neck.

The skirt is gored with a backward turning plait at the lower part of each seam, and the upper part stiched in tailor fashion. It is joined to the body portion at the waist line under a belt, which may be of the material or of leather. The lower edge is finished with a hem, but this should not be turned up until the rest of the dress is finished.

For early autumn wear the model would be pretty developed in colored linen or rep. If the dress is to be worn in winter, serge, cashmere, henrietta, chiffon, broadcloth or some of the many novelty dress weaves that shops are showing will give satisfaction.

EVENING SENTINEL PATTERN COUPON.

NO. 696—SEPTEMBER 3.

Name ....
Street and Number....................
City ....
State ....
Size Desired.............................

[Size Must Be Put on Coupon.]

To obtain the pattern above, fill out the coupon and enclose ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Pattern Department, Fort Wayne Sentinel.

DAVENPORT & TRACY PIANO
Best German strings,
Best German hammer-felt.
Best workmanship.
Sweetest tone.
Lightest action.
Best value in America.
Sold By
S. A. KARN MUSIC CO.
719 Clinton Street.

Made with scrupulous cleanliness by shiningly bright machines—then kept clean by our own wrapper of clean, waxed paper. That is the secret of the wonderful success of

Perfection Bread

No better bread is made anywhere, at home or bakery, for the simple reason that no better bread can be made.

10c a double loaf.

At your own dealers.

MAJESTIC ONE NIGHT WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 7
HARRISON GREY FISKE PRESENTS
SEATS ON SALE
MRS. FISKE
PRICES 50 TO $2.00
AND THE MANHATTAN COMPANY IN
"BECKY SHARP"
By LANGDON MITCHELL
FOUNDED ON THACKERAY'S "VANITY FAIR."

SEPTEMBER 8, 9, 10—MATINEE SATURDAY.
ARTHUR C. BISTON
—Presents—
His New and Successful Play
As the Sun Went Down
First Time Here
With ESTHA WILLIAMS
And a fine company, including Edwin Walter. A story of California, full of heart interest and bright comedy.
Full scenic production with electrical effects carried by company.

MAJESTIC
TONIGHT
NANCY BOYER
AND COMPANY
Presenting
"Between Love and Duty"
Evening prices, 10, 20, 30 and 50 cents.

Monday, September 5th
Matinee, 15, 25, and 35.
THE MERRY MUSICAL MIXUP
"My Wife's Family"
Book by Hal Stephens
Music and Lyrics by H. B. Linton
A Merry Riot of Fun and Music
Headed by The Laugh Provoking Comedienne
Myrtle Bigden
The Real Laughing Show.
Prices, evening—15, 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

5c - AIRDOME - 5c
To-night
Moving Pictures

Temple Theatre
Grand Opening
Labor Day Matinee, Sept. 5
Happy Jack Gardner & Co.
In a One-Act Comedy Playlet
"A CLOSE CALL"
Those Two Jolly Fellows.
McNISH AND McNISH
In Their Hodge Podge of Nonsense
"Bone Head Frolics"
ED JORDAN AND COMPANY
In a Roaring Comedy Sketch
"Tom Katz Night Out"
LOUIS GRANAT
"The Whistling Virtuoso"
FIELDING AND CARLOS
World's Champion Roller Skaters.
ADAIR AND DAHN
Novelty Wire Artists
SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION—Late feature of Cohan & Harris Minstrels, Alexander and Scott, "From Virginia."
TEMPLE MOTION PICTURES
Comedy Subjects
Seat Sale Opens Saturday.

Prof. Webb Allowed a Hit to an Inning and Had Luck

Was Not the Puzzle to Local Batsmen That He Was His First Year With the Stag Outfit.

Prof. Cleon Webb, Ashtabula pedagogue, allowed an average of a hit to an inning in the opening tilt of the double bill staged for the fans and fanettes as the blow off with Manager Garnett William Midget Craven and his Gee Raps crew and although the Burkies got off in the lead the professor tightened a bit and stopped the run getting long enough for his pals to hook a victory by virtue of one little fielding bobble that beat Charlie Alberts, who did some most creditable flinging.

That opening flop was a good ball game. As a matter of fact Grand Rapids always plays good ball on the local plot. Men were on the bases in most of the innings and the Burkies went down in a desperate rally with Lee Lemon on third and Willie Robertson trying hard to pick off a pinch hit to tie up the proceedings. Webb had plenty of steam and pitched good ball, but he was not as much of a puzzle to local batsmen as he was to the team of last season.

Blount hit in the first inning and was sacrificed up, but McDermott breezed and Young hit an easy roller to the professor. Gainer hit in the second and scored on a ball that got through Eddie Coffey and gave Carl Manda a triple.

The second run was a peculiar affair. Franklin "Phillie" McDermott slashed a long hit to left center and pulled up at second, expecting only a double, but he saw George Tieman digging around under the fence and he took another bag and as the outfielder-catcher had not retrieved the ball the coacher sent him on home. There is a bit of a hole in the fence about big enough to admit a full grown base ball and Mac's hit found it and he got a homer.

Gee Raps did all the damage in the fifth. With two down Buzz Wetzel beat out an infield hit and Mike Millerick followed with a double that scored a run. Prof. Webb was disposed of and Craven rapped one at Alberts, who threw to first and Gainer missed the ball. Millerick scored on the foozle and Joe Raidy hit for two bags, scoring Craven after he had stolen second.

Larsen was badly pounded in the second game. With two down in the first McDermott got the first of three doubles, went up on a wild pitch and scored on Young's infield hit.

Gainer hit for two bags in the second, Lemon bunted and advanced him and Manda sent him in with a single. Joe Raidy made a bad throw of Gainer's grounder in the fourth and Lemon beat out a bunt. Manda popped a sacrifice fly to left and Gainer counted. With Bailey gone Miller hit for two bags and Curly Blount repeated, scoring two more runs.

George Tieman uncorked a wild heave that counted the final run. McDermott hit to left for two bags and Tieman made a wild throw to second on which the runner completed the circuit. A base on balls to Kahl and Millerick's double gave Grand Rapids its only run.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Alberts pitched better ball than Webb, but had bad luck with it.

Midge Craven saved the game in the eighth inning of the first battle when he went up the right field embankment and pulled down Young's fly.

Eddie Coffey tried to stop Manda at first with a trick and he might have succeeded if one of the other outfielders had backed him up. He let the ball get through him, but kept coming in with his arm raised to throw to second. Manda saw the ball and kept going until he was held up at third.

Kihm put on exhibition a grand piece of first basing when he stabbed Raidy's throw of Justice's grounder in the first inning of the second game.

McDermott made a record. He got four hits in the two games for ten bases.

Lee Lemon's speed got him a hit in the second game when he beat out a grounder in the ninth.

Miller was never in any serious trouble in his game. He worked steadily with men on bases.

Webb holds the runners pretty close to the bag when he is in the box and came near picking off several at second in his game.

THE BIG LEAGUES' FIGURES

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Cincinnati.

R.H.E.
Pittsburg ......0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—2 7 1
Cincinnati ......2 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 *—3 8 2

Batteries—Leever, White and Gibson; Rowan and McLean. Umpires—Rigler and Emslie.

At Boston.

R.H.E.
Brooklyn ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2—3 8 2
Boston ....0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 9 3

Batteries—Dessau, Rucker and A. Miller and Bergen; Mattern and Rariden. Umpires—Klem and Kane.

Score second game— R.H.E.
Brooklyn ....0 0 0 0 4 0 2 1 1—8 10 1
Boston ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 2

Batteries — Knetzer and A. Miller; Burke, Brown and Smith and Rariden. Umpires—Klem and Kane.

At Philadelphia.

R.H.E.
New York ......0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—2 6 2
Philadelphia ....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3 10 0

Batteries — Wiltse and Myers; Ewing and Moran. Umpires—O'Day and Brennan.

Second game—
New York .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 2 0—4 11 5
Philadelphia ...1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1—5 9 1

Batteries—Drucke and Schlei and Myers; Moran and Jacklitsch. Umpires—Brennan and O'Day.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Washington.

R.H.E.
Washington ....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 8 0
Philadelphia ....0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0—5 10 0

Batteries—Reisling, Walker and Ainsmith; Coombs and Lapp. Umpires—Colliflower and Connolly.

Score second game— R.H.E.
Washington ....0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 5 3
Philadelphia ....0 0 0 1 0 1 0—2 5 0

Batteries—Gray and Ainsmith; Morgan and Livingston. Umpires—Connolly and Colliflower.

At Detroit.

R.H.E.
Detroit ....2 0 0 0 1 1 3 0 *—7 11 0
Chicago ....0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0—3 11 4

Batteries—Mullin and Schmidt; Lange and Payne. Umpires — O'Loughlin and Egan.

At New York

R.H.E.
Boston ....0 1 0 0 0 3 0 0 1—5 6 2
New York ......1 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 *—6 7 1

Batteries — Hall, Wood, Cicotte and Kleinow; Quinn, Vaughn and Criger. Umpires—Perrine and Dineen.

At Cleveland.

R.H.E.
Cleveland ......1 0 3 0 0 0 1 1 *—6 11 2
St. Louis ....3 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—5 8 2

Batteries—Mitchell and Adams; Hall and Killifer and Crisp. Umpire—Evans.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Columbus.

R.H.E.
Columbus ......0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 5 1
Kansas City ...0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1 7 4

Batteries—Cook and Carisch; Rhoades and James. Umpires—Hayes and Cusack.

At Indianapolis.

R.H.E.
Milwaukee ....0 1 4 0 0 1 1 1 2—10 11 1
Indianapolis ...0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0— 2 4 4

Batteries—Gilligan and Breen; George and Bowerman and Kerns. Umpires—Chill and Ferguson.

BASEBALL LABOR DAY

Lagrange vs. Shamrocks at League Park. Play at 3 o'clock. Shamrock prices. 2-2t.

The Baseball Calender

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
South Bend	77	41	.653
Fort Wayne	68	51	.571
Dayton	64	54	.542
Evansville	60	57	.513
Terre Haute	55	63	.466
Grand Rapids	53	66	.445
Wheeling	48	69	.410
Zanesville	47	71	.398

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	80	37	.684
Pittsburg	69	48	.590
New York	67	50	.573
Cincinnati	62	59	.512
Philadelphia	61	59	.508
St. Louis	48	71	.403
Brooklyn	46	72	.385
Boston	43	80	.350

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	81	37	.694
Boston	72	50	.590
New York	70	51	.579
Detroit	68	54	.557
Washington	56	69	.448
Cleveland	52	68	.433
Chicago	46	72	.390
St. Louis	36	83	.303

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Minneapolis	92	49	.652
Toledo	71	65	.522
St. Paul	74	67	.525
Columbus	71	66	.518
Kansas City	71	68	.511
Milwaukee	64	75	.461
Indianapolis	57	82	.410
Louisville	53	84	.387

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Fort Wayne, 2-6; Grand Rapids, 3-1.
Dayton, 1; South Bend, 2.
Zanesville, 3; Evansville, 2.
Wheeling, 3; Terre Haute, 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Washington, 1-1; Philadelphia, 5-2 (second game called in the seventh; darkness).
Cleveland, 6; St. Louis, 5.
New York, 6; Boston, 5.
Detroit, 7; Chicago, 3.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Boston, 2-0; Brooklyn, 3-8.
Philadelphia, 3-5; New York, 2-4 (second game 11 innings).
Cincinnati, 3; Pittsburg, 2.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Columbus, 0; Kansas City, 1.
Indianapolis, 2; Milwaukee, 10.

GAMES TOMORROW.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Grand Rapids at Fort Wayne.
South Bend at Dayton.
Terre Haute at Wheeling.
Evansville at Zanesville.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Cleveland at St. Louis.
Chicago at Detroit.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pittsburg at Cincinnati.
St. Louis at Chicago.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Columbus at Indianapolis.
Louisville at Toledo.
Kansas City at Milwaukee.
St. Paul at Minneapolis.

AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT ASPIRANT.

"AL" KAUFMANN.

"Al" Kaufman, the California heavyweight, fights "Bill" Lang, the Australian, six rounds at the Philadelphia ball park on Monday evening, September 5. Kaufman has trained faithfully, and is confident of carrying off the honors.

DAYTON PLAYS GAME TO SEVEN PAID PATRONS

Rained Right Up to Time to Begin Game With Grand Rapids.

Dayton will hold one record at the end of the season unless some of the clubs pull off a championship battle to empty stands as there were just seven people who paid to see the last engagement at Fairview park with the Grand Rapids team on Thursday.

This is a matter of record and will probably stand for some time to come. It is not only vouched for by Owner Bert Annis, of the Stag outfit, but is duly recorded in the Central league accounts. Under ordinary circumstances the game would have been called off, but the Vets want second place in the standing and this prompted the management to insist upon play although it rained right up to time for play and only the faithful seven had enough confidence in the weather man to go to the park.

Aside from having to give up the guarantee of $50, the balls that were damaged, the pay of the park employes and the expense of putting on the games ate up three or four times as much as was taken in at the gates, but Manager Charles "Punch" Knoll had a hunch that he could trim Midge Craven's party and he insisted on playing so he could climb a bit on Fort Wayne.

The Grand Rapids players were certain that there would be no battle and they did not dress until they barely had time to reach the park. They had no practice and so close was the call that Eddie Coffey didn't even have time to change his shoes before he was called upon to bat and he went up with his "sneaks" on.

While the game was played at a loss the management will make money in the long run. Fort Wayne will go to Dayton on Labor day for two games and the battles will hold second place in the balance unless South Bend manages to trim up the Vets in the two remaining encounters of the present series. Even at that, unless the Burkies beat Grand Rapids the majority of the three games the fight will be on anyhow and the victory that was taken in the mud from Grand Rapids will probably prove a good investment for the Vet owners.

No matter what the outcome of the race between the two clubs happens to be the attendance figures will probably stand as the low water mark for the Central league.

Dancing Labor Day, Robison Park, all day.

The substance of the potatoes, properly prepared in Bread, makes a wholesome daily diet for workingmen and growing children. Contained only in "Haffner's 10c Potato Loaf." For sale at all dealers. 3-28-tf

BOYS ALWAYS READY TO HELP MART CLEARY

Never Has to Carry His Grip or Anything Else from Park.

Patrons of the Shamrock games have probably noticed that Mart Cleary never carries a baseball bat, a grip or anything else to or from the park to his office and that he is generally the center of a lot of small boys who are always anxious to carry whatever he may have for them.

If he has one grip he has one small boy carrying it and a half a dozen helping him. If he has two articles he has two chief carriers and as many assistants as each can conveniently muster. There is a reason.

At least once every year and some times twice Mart Cleary gives the boys a free show. He is some stickler for juvenile cleanliness and the only condition he will impose upon boys under sixteen years old on Monday at league park is that they come with their faces clean and their shoes shined. He will inspect them and pass them if they come up to specifications. The shoe-shining condition does not apply to boys who want to go barefooted.

Lagrange will probably be greeted by the most energetic bunch of young rooters at league park Monday afternoon that the club has ever gone against. Juvenile fandom has all faith in Mart Cleary and most of its population would wage bloody war to beat the opposition, so it's a cinch there will be some rooting.

Another thing about Lagrange is that, in the language of the small boy, it's "skeert." In order to beat the Shamrocks, or rather to increase the chances for beating them, the manager is loading up with the best talent he can find in Northern Indiana. Manager Cleary will call the game at 3 o'clock and will uncover his young pitcher, Mr. J. Vince Robbins. Withers will hurl for Lagrange and Henline, a Fort Wayne boy who has been playing great ball, will be behind the bat for the Shamrocks.

While on your vacation have The Sentinel mailed to you. Ten cents per week. Either phone 173. 6-21-tf

Played Game As Sullivan

Ever hear how Eddie Collins made his debut in baseball as a member of the Mackmen? Better hear the story from the sensational sacker himself:

"I was in my senior year at Columbia when a scout found me up at Rutland, Vt., playing shortstop for that team, in the Northern league. Davy Shean was at second. The scout asked me how I would like to join Connie, but I told him I did not want to lose playing for Columbia the senior year. He said that would be fixed up all right, and I could travel under an assumed name.

"So I came down to the club house, which was on the old grounds at Columbia avenue. Connie's office had two rooms, and he was in the inside office. Tim Murnane, the baseball writer, was in the inner office when I showed up.

"Connie could look out and spot anybody coming in. Tim and several of the local reporters were there, too, I remember. Connie saw me and he did not want Tim to get wise, so he got up out of his chair, ran to the door and pushed me into the outer office.

"As he bumped me out Connie stuck out his hand and said: 'How do you do, Mr. Sullivan. Come right along with me.' He took me down behind the grandstand and I practiced there for three days.

"The western trip opened at Chicago, and I played under the name of Sullivan. I made the whole trip and went back to college, got my degree and then came to the Athletics after commencement. I played under my own name then, of course, but it was funny in Chicago. One writer came out with a note and said: 'The young fellow now playing under the name of Collins has been in the league before and his right name is Sullivan.' And that's how I started in the big show."

KENWORTHY WINS A GAME BY WORK ON BASES

Zanesville Pitcher Left Out of Draft is Hard Worker.

Pitcher Kenworthy was left out of the drafts of the majors for some reason best known to the scouts that looked him over and, while he is not a great pitcher, he is one of the hardest workers in the league and aside from his ability in the box he generally goes out and gives the opposition a tussel on the base lines and with his willow.

He enjoys a distinction that few other players enjoy. He is not in reality the property of the Zanesville team, but of the Elks of that town who invested $500 in him and turned him over to Manager Roy Montgomery. If he is sold the Elks will get their money back. If he is retained the body will still own him.

His record in the game against Evansville yesterday was three times at bat, a double and a single, two stolen bases and two runs. Evansville hit him five times and Tommy Dugger did just as well in the matter of hits, but he didn't go out and make the showing that the opposing hurler finished with.

Even with the pennant practically stowed away that wonderful luck that has hung to South Bend all season does not seem to leave the club as it put over another victory on Dayton yesterday. Fort Wayne has no particular objection to that as Dayton is fighting hard for second place and every time the Benders put a victory across on the Vets is just that much help here.

Terre Haute scored two runs in the opening inning of the game against Wheeling and looked good for a victory until the ninth when the Stogies were enabled to break a long losing streak. The Vets crowded three errors into the inning and the Stogies picked off a couple of bingles and scored the three runs necessary to win.

UMPIRE TAKES POISON.

Story Sent Out From Wheeling About Barney Bricelin.

The following story was sent out of Wheeling by newspaper correspondents:

"Barney Bricelin, former Central league umpire, is dying at the city hospital here as the result of drinking half a pint of laudanum and papine at the home of his sister late today.

Bricelin phoned his sister Bessie Derrue, keeper of a questionable resort, that he was going to kill himself, and then went to the home of Minerva Martin, where he drank the poison. When found by his sister and a policeman half an hour later, Bricelin was unconscious and Dr. Fulton says there is little chances of his recovery. Bricelin was released by President Carson here on July 5 and has been loafing since."

Central League Base Ball Figures

AT FORT WAYNE.

First Game.

Fort Wayne.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Blount, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Justice, ss.	3	0	0	1	5	1
McDermott, 3b.	4	1	1	1	2	0
Young, rf.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Gainer, 1b.	4	1	2	16	0	1
Lemon, lf.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Manda, 3b.	3	0	2	5	3	0
Bailey, c.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Alberts, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
*Robertson	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	2	9	27	14	2

*Batted for Alberts in ninth.

Grand Rapids.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Craven, rf.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Raidy, ss.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Coffey, cf.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Kihm, 1b.	3	0	0	13	0	0
Kahl, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Tieman, lf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Wetzsel, 3b.	4	1	2	0	3	0
Millerick, c.	3	1	1	7	3	0
Webb, p.	4	0	1	0	5	0
Totals	33	3	6	27	13	0

By innings—
Fort Wayne ....0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Grand Rapids ....0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—3

Summary—

Sacrifice hits—Justice, Lemon, Manda. Stolen bases—Craven, Kihm, Wetsel. Two-base hits—Young, Millerick, Raidy. Three-base hit—Manda. Home run—McDermott. Struck out—By Alberts, 3; by Webb, 6. Bases on balls—Off Alberts, 3; off Webb, 1. Left on bases—Fort Wayne, 7; Grand Rapids, 5. Double play—Justice to Manda. Time of game—1:45. Umpire—Agur.

Second Game.

Fort Wayne.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Blount, cf.	4	0	1	3	1	0
Justice, ss.	4	0	0	2	1	0
McDermott, 3b.	3	2	3	2	2	0
Young, rf.	3	0	2	3	0	0
Gainer, 1b.	4	2	1	6	0	0
Lemon, lf.	3	1	1	4	0	0
Manda, 2b.	2	0	1	4	3	0
Bailey c.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Miller, p.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	27	6	11	24	7	0

Grand Rapids.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Craven, rf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Raidy, ss.	3	0	0	3	2	1
Coffey, cf.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Kihm, 1b.	3	0	1	4	0	0
Kahl, 2b.	3	1	0	3	2	0
Tieman, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	1
Wetsel, 3b.	4	1	2	0	3	0
Millerick, c.	3	0	1	3	3	0
Larsen, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	29	1	7	21	9	2

By innings—
Fort Wayne ....1 1 0 3 1 0 0 *—6
Grand Rapids ....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1

Summary—

Sacrifice hits—Lemon, Manda, Raidy. Two-base hits—McDermott (3), Blount, Gainer, Millerick, Kihm. Struck out—By Larsen, 3. Bases on balls—Off Miller, 3; off Larsen, 2. Hit by pitcher—McDermott, Young. Wild pitch—Larsen. Passed ball—Millerick. Double plays—Blount to McDermott; Raidy to Kahl to Kihm. Left on bases—Fort Wayne, 6; Grand Rapids, 6. Time of game—1:20. Umpire—Agur.

At Dayton.

R.H.E.
Dayton ....0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 9 1
South Bend ....0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—2 6 0

Batteries—Justice and Martin; Martin and Wells.

Summary—

Sacrifice hit—DeHaven. Sacrifice fly—Wheeler. Double plays—Welchonce to Wells; Martin to Nee. Stolen bases—Koehler (2), Carey, Dobart, Spencer, Ragan, H. Martin. Struck out—By Justus, 3; by Martin, 1. Wild pitch—Justus. Hit by pitcher—McCarthy. Time of game—1:55. Umpire—Jacobs.

At Terre Haute.

R.H.E.
Terre Haute ...2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 3 3
Wheeling ......0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 *—3 6 2

Batteries—Higgins and Brennan; Humphries and Stratton.

Summary—

Two-base hits — Courtney, Barkwell. Sacrifice hits—Maisel, Brennan. Sacrifice fly—Somerlott. Stolen bases — Maisel, Jewell. First on balls—Off Higgins, 1; off Humphries, 1. Struck out—By Higgins, 1; by Humphries, 4. Hit batsmen—Maisel, Courtney. Passed ball — Stratton. Double plays—Barkwell to Somerlott; Humphries to Carnes to Stratton. Left on bases—Terre Haute, 2; Wheeling, 6. Time of game—1:29. Umpire—Newhouse.

At Zanesville.

R.H.E.
Zanesville ......0 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 *—3 5 1
Evansville ......1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 6 4

Batteries—Kenworthy and Hargrove; Dugger and Grefe.

Summary—

Bases on balls—Off Dugger, 4; off Kenworthy, 5. Two-base hits—Hargrove, Kenworthy, Grefe. Three-base hit—Lejeune. Double plays—Hadley to Grant; Lejeune to Connors; Grant to Connors; Crowder to Prysock to O'Brien. Struck out—By Dugger, 2; by Kenworthy, 7. Sacrifice hits—Prysock, Crowder, Montgomery, Sager. Stolen bases—Kenworthy (2), Baggan, Connors, Grant, Snyder. Left on bases—Zanesville, 5; Evansville, 6. Umpire—Murray. Time of game—1:43.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Dixie Walker was routed by Philadelphia in the first game of a double-header that went to the Athletics. Gray pitched good ball in the second game, but errors beat him.

Jack Rowan had brilliant support in his game against the Pirates and won. Dick Hoblitzel, Egan and McMillan pulled off a triple play that helped him out.

Manager Charlie Dooin went in as a pinch hitter in the first game of a double-header and won for his Philadelphia team from New York. Knabe hit in the eleventh inning of the second game and scored the winning run.

Herzog made two errors in the first game between Boston and Brooklyn and lost. In the second game Brown was knocked off the rubber in the fifth.

Larringer, formerly a semi-professional in this vicinity, lost a game for Zeke Ferrias at Dubuque by making an error in the ninth.

Gilligan, recently released by Toledo to Milwaukee, held Indianapolis to four hits and the Brewers made a clean sweep of the series.

Fred Cook, formerly with Grand Rapids, pitched good ball for Columbus against Kansas City but his club lost the game for him with errors.

George Mullin was hit hard in his game against the White Sox, but the Tigers rallied behind him and won with plenty to spare.

Cleveland got eleven hits off Pitcher Hall, of the Browns, but St. Louis played good ball and won out.

Cree scored the winning run for New York on a wild pitch after a rally that took an apparently safe lead away from Boston.

COOLS OFF AND "COMES BACK."

"TY" COBB

"Ty" Cobb, the great hitting outfielder of the Detroit Americans, is back again on the Tiger line-up. He has cooled from his grouch and is hitting again as only a "Cobb" can. His loss would be a severe handicap to Jennings' tribe for the Georgia peach is surely one grand fielder and a sweet hitter. Of a highly excitable temperament, "Ty" occasionally goes in the air. These are only temporary flights however. When going right, Cobb is conceded by experts as the greatest ball player that ever lived.

Sporting News in Tablets

Bob Bescher stole a base Thursday and ties his record of 54 thefts which gave him the lead in the National league last season. He is on velvet now and is after Ty Cobb.

The trip proposed for two all-star combinations of players from the American and National leagues will not come off. The national commission ruled against it.

Harry Bemis, the veteran catcher of the Naps, is to be released. He has a sore finger and has been given permission to go to his home and may never be asked to report again, as Manager McGuire and Owner Somers have about decided on letting him out to make room for the young players that are to be drafted.

Marty Hogan's Lancaster club still hangs in second place in the Tri-State league and nearly 100 points behind the leading Altoona team. It is hardly likely that the former Zanesville manager will squeeze out a pennant this time.

Harry Howell, the Brown's pitcher who picked Ed Pfeffer for a draft, says that he will remain with the Browns as a scout if they want him instead of accepting a job as umpire on Ban Johnson's staff. Howell is regarded as one of the best judges of young players among the big leaguers.

Wheeling News: Abandoning the custom of former years, the Wheeling club will not do any barnstorming after the regular season is closed. In past seasons several post-season series have been held, both on the home grounds and away but from the present plans, all the players will return to their homes immediately after the close of the season.

Dayton News: Manager Knoll received a telegram from Infielder Dobart of the Carolina league in which the latter announced that he would reach this city Friday. This youngster is the one whom the Vets secured a few days ago but for several reasons the local management did not care to make his name known at that time. He is touted as a good hitter and fine infielder, all of which will be determined by Manager Punch before the close of the Central league season.

Zanesville Times-Recorder: The drafting of Thurman Veazey by the Naps means that $750 will "swell" the exchequer of the Zanesville baseball company. His work with the team has been carefully watched by the big league scouts, and while he has been having hard luck, yet there is a strong chance that he will make good in the big show. His home is at Manitoba, Miss. Year before last he played with Montgomery at Jackson, Miss., in the Cotton States league, but last year he did not sign with any team, being a free agent when picked up by Manager Montgomery.

HOW WAS THIS TAKEN?

Did Correspondent Take It On a Spoon or Shoot It in His Arm?

[Wheeling News.]

The statement is made from an authoritative source that Aggie Grant, present leader of the Evansville team, will be at the head of the Cincinnati organization next year. Aggie has made a reputation as a hard manager to beat out and with him at the head of the team, some fast going is assured. It is said that the fans and management at Redtown have become dissatisfied with the way Clark Griffith has been running the team. With a move-up for Aggie, all the followers of the Central league will wish him success.

NO LEAGUES ORGANIZED.

Metropolitan Proposes to Have Two in Season.

No attempt was made last night at the Metropolitan alleys to organize bowling leagues but the management announces that it will have two during the season, one to be known as a city league and the other as a manufacturers' league. There were a few bowlers present who put in applications for places on the team. The date for the election of officers has not been definitely set but is scheduled for some time next week.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Packard Band Concert, Robison Park Sunday. Electro-Technic Band, Labor Day, 4:30 P. M. 1-3t.

IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

LABOR PROBLEM TOPIC IN MANY PULPITS SUNDAY

Labor Sunday Will Be Widely Recognized in Fort Wayne Churches

Adopting the suggestion of the Fort Wayne Federation of Labor, the pastors of many Fort Wayne churches will at either the morning or evening services tomorrow deliver a sermon having an especial bearing upon some phase of the labor question.

The event is an innovation in this city, as elsewhere, and comes as a result of the effort of the central labor body to have the first Sunday in September recognized as Labor Sunday. The special services in recognition of labor will be found indicated in the church announcements, which follow in The Sentinel today.

BISHOP WILL BE SPEAKER.

First Meeting of Ministerial Association on September 12.

The Ministerial association will meet September 12, instead of September 5, for their first session of the season. The meeting will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. in the First Presbyterian church. Plans are being made to have Bishop S. C. Breyfogel, of Reading, Pa., give an address on that occasion.

WILL RESUME SERVICES.

Regular Program at Westminster After Month's Interval.

After having been closed for a month Westminster Presbyterian church, Rev. H. S. Morrison, pastor, will resume its regular services tomorrow.

Sunday school, 9:15 a. m., Charles S. Bash, superintendent; at 10:30 a. m. the pastor will deliver a sermon and administer the communion of the Lord's Supper. It is hoped that every member of the church will make an endeavor to be present on this occasion. Christian Endeavor devotional services will begin promptly at 6:30 p. m. At 7:30 p. m. the pastor will deliver a stereopticon lecture, which will be the first of a series of very great interest to the public. Mid-week prayer and bible study on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. The pastor and his wife will be at home, 1122 Columbia avenue, informally on Thursday evening, September 8.

* * *

EPWORTH LEAGUE INSTITUTE.

Meeting of Young People of Four M. E. Churches.

The young people comprising the Epworth Leagues of the four M. E. churches of the city will hold an institute on Sunday, September 11, at the Trinity M. E. church in Bloomingdale. Visitors are being invited from surrounding towns and a big attendance is expected. The invitation does not extend to Epworth League members only.

An afternoon session will be held at 2:30 o'clock and an evening session at 7 o'clock. Between these meetings the time will be spent socially and all those who spend the whole afternoon and evening at the church are invited to bring picnic lunches. Those who do not take their own lunches will be supplied at the church, however.

* * *

STATE MISSIONARY HERE.

Colored Baptist Church Will Have Its Rally Day.

Elder F. L. Davis, A. B., state missionary for the Indiana Negro Baptist State convention, is in the city assisting Elder Samuel Howard, pastor of the Mt. Olive Baptist church, which is holding services in the MacDougal block at Calhoun and Berry streets.

Elder Davis' subjects tomorrow will be: At 11 a. m., "What is the Greatest Joy?" At 8 p. m., revival. Members are requested to return their soliciting cards.

* * *

RALLY ON THE 25TH.

Sunday Schools Will All Join in One Big Celebration.

The annual rally day celebration by all the Sunday schools in the city will be held on the 25th of September, according to plans made by the executive committee of the City Sunday School association at a meeting held last night. The selection of the date was the only matter transacted at the meeting. Committees are to be appointed later to act with all the Sunday schools in preparing for the celebration. Prof. T. H. McCormick presided at the meeting.

* * *

PLANS FOR CHAPMAN MEETINGS

Laymen and Others From Churches Held Meeting Friday Night.

A meeting of laymen of the Fort Wayne churches and others interested in the J. Wilbur Chapman meetings, which will be held here for a month, beginning November 24th, was held at the First Presbyterian church last night. E. G. Chapman, of Minneapolis, and a brother of J. Wilbur Chapman, was present at the meeting. E. F. Yarnelle, of this city, was chosen the chairman.

The Chapman meetings are to be under the auspices of all the Fort Wayne churches and will be held in some large hall, centrally located.

* * *

Delegate Return Home.

Rev. H. P. Dannecker, pastor of the St. John's Lutheran church, and George Motz, of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, are home from Richmond, Ind., where they attended the annual conference of the Evangelical Lutheran joint synod of Ohio and other states. Rev. Dannecker was made a member of the board of publicity and Mr. Motz is a member of the board of aides.

* * *

Big Walther League Picnic.

The young men and women of the Zion Lutheran's Walther league will picnic on Sunday, the 11th of September, at the Schroeder farm, five miles south of the city on the Decatur interurban. This will be the last of a series of picnics given during the summer. The Walther league has held several meetings to discuss plans for building a new hall and some definite action is to be taken at a meeting on September 22nd.

A mass meeting of the Walther leagues of the city to form a city league will be held at Concordia on September 18th.

* * *

BEGINS SERIES OF SERMONS.

Rev. P. J. Alberthus to Preach on "The Decalogue."

Regular morning worship will be held at Christ's Lutheran church tomorrow at 10:45 o'clock when the pastor, Rev. P. J. Alberthus, will begin a series of sermons on "The Decalogue." The Sunday school begins at 9:30 o'clock promptly, and it is expected that the new song books will be used for the first time at this service. The Luther League will resume its meetings at 6:45 p. m. Howard Downey leads, and the subject is "The Temple and Its Worship." The evening worship begins at 7:30 o'clock, and as this is the first vespers after the vacation, a full attendance is especially requested.

* * *

HOME FROM HIS VACATION.

Rev. J. F. Vichert Begins Fifth Year at First Baptist Church.

Rev. J. F. Vichert has returned from his vacation and will occupy the pulpit of the First Baptist church both morning and evening. Sunday marks the beginning of the fifth year of his pastorate with the church. The morning service will be followed by the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. The evening service will have special reference to Labor day, and the subject of the sermon will be "The Worker and His Wage."

The Woman's Missionary society will meet on Friday afternoon in the parlors of the church.

Rev. F. A. Carlisle will preach in Beaver chapel at 10:15 Sunday morning.

The musical program for Sunday will be as follows:

Morning.

Prelude .... Guilmant
Quartet—"The Lord is Exalted"..West
Song Without Words..........Dethier
Quartet—"He Shall Feed His Flock" .... Hollister
Largo .... Spinney

Evening.

Allegro .... Thayer
Quartet—"Praise the Lord"......... .... Randegger
Ave Maria .... Barnard
Quartet—"Softly Falls the Light of Day" .... Schnecker
Marcia Encaristica.......... Andrews

* * *

PRAISE FOR REV. FOLSOM.

Rev. Arthur J. Folsom, who will deliver the sermon tomorrow morning in the Plymouth Congregational church, is the recipient of words of great praise from the Register-Leader, of Marietta, Ohio, where Rev. Folsom has been preaching during the summer. That paper says concerning him:

"Those who have been privileged to hear Rev. A. J. Folsom have been edified by the intense earnestness and spirituality of his sermons, logically constructed, with a wealth of vocabulary that gave fitting expression to every mood and thought of the speaker and which readily enlisted and held the attention of his hearers.

"Part of Mr. Folsom's preparation for the ministry consisted in learning a trade and working at it; he was thus enabled to come into close contact with the problems which confront and often discourage the great multitude of people. His ready wit, sympathetic nature and buoyancy of spirit make him a charming companion, and we congratulate the Plymouth Congregational church of Fort Wayne, Ind., to which he has been called, upon the pastoral relations into which they are so soon to enter."

* * *

Sabbath school at the Wayne Street M. E. church will begin at 9:30 o'clock and the usual morning worship at 10:30 o'clock, the pastor, Rev. C. Claud Travis, delivering the sermon upon "Individual Responsibility." His sermon will be a Labor day meditation. The evening service will be held at 7:30 o'clock, the subject of the sermon to be "The Changed Name." At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the pastor will speak at McCulloch park. The evening services have been changed from 8 o'clock to 7:30 o'clock.

* * *

A special musical program has been arranged for the services at the First M. E. church. The morning program follows:

Prelude—"Improvisation" ....Vincent
Anthem—"No Shadows Yonder"..Gaul
Offertory—"Melody" ....Widor
Postlude—"Postlude in D" ..Ashford

The evening program at 8 o'clock will be as follows:

Prelude—"Andante Gracisco." Ashford
Anthem—"Sweet Is Thy Mercy"... .... Barnby
Offertory—"A Song of Summer"... .... Ashford
Postlude—"March" ....Tours

The subject of the morning sermon will be "The High Calling of Labor" and the evening sermon, "The Marks of Jesus."

The last Sabbath services will be held in the old Free Methodist church tomorrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 9:30 o'clock. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. T. Loring, at 10:45 o'clock and at 7:45 o'clock in the evening. The congregation will occupy the new church on Holton avenue the following Sunday, when the dedicatory exercises will be held.

At the Fort Wayne Rescue Home and Mission on East Columbia street, meetings are held every evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The meetings upon the Gospel wagon have been discontinued for a short time. All those interested are asked to attend the regular evening meetings.

The usual services will be held at St. Paul's M. E. Church. The morning sermon will be upon "The Church and the Working Man," and the evening sermon upon "Man's Worth."

On account of the absence from the city of Rev. J. H. Bosch, St. John's Reformed church will be closed all day Sunday. Rev. Bosch is at St. Ignace, Mich.

The usual Sunday services will be held at the Grace Reformed church.

The usual services will be held at the Bible training school. The morning service will begin at 10:30 o'clock, Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock. The Wednesday evening prayer meeting will be held at 7:30 o'clock.

The subject of Rev. C. B. Rarey's morning sermon at 10:30 o'clock at the Bethel Evangelical church will be "Co-Laborers." The service will be appropriate to Labor day. The Sunday school will begin at 9:30 o'clock. The subject for the sermon for the evening services at 7:30 o'clock will be "Our Common Faith."

The First Independent Spiritual church will begin its fall meetings tomorrow at the K. of P. home on West Washington street. The afternoon services will begin at 2:30 o'clock and the evening services at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. Mrs. Crossfield, of Muncie, Ind., a lecturer of note and a fine test medium, will speak at both services.

The First Presbyterian church will hold morning services and Rev. T. T. Potts will preach the sermon, his subject being "Open Doors."

Special services will be held in the Gospel mission at 1217 Calhoun street tomorrow evening.

Rev. T. T. Potts will preach Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Rolling Mills mission.

A sunrise prayer meeting will be held by the Epworth League of the Simpson M. E. church at 6:30 o'clock tomorrow morning. The teachers' training class will meet at 8:30 o'clock and will be in charge of Miss Helen Blackburn. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock and morning worship at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. W. A. Griest speaking upon "The Dignity of Labor." The Epworth League will again meet at 6:30 o'clock in the evening. Evening worship will begin at 7:30 o'clock, when the pastor will preach upon the subject, "The Call to the Strong."

Rev. Earle Marion Todd, pastor of the West Jefferson Street Church of Christ, has returned from his vacation and will preach tomorrow, morning and evening. Theme of the morning sermon at 10:45, "The Faith That Overcomes." In the evening, accepting the invitation of the Federation of Labor, he will preach on "The Church and Modern Industry." Members of the various local labor unions are invited to attend. Service at 7:30 p. m. At the Men's Bible class at 9:30 a. m. the subject will be "The Real Owner of the Earth," and the discussion will be opened by T. H. McCormick and W. C. Rodgers. All men invited. Other meetings for the day are as follows: Communion service at 10:30; Junior Endeavor at 2:30; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30.

Notes of the Churches.

Rev. J. W. Kitson, now the regular pastor of the Church of the Brethren at Smith and Green streets, will preach at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. tomorrow. Sunday school at 10 a. m., song service at 7:30 p. m.

"Thus Saith the Lord" and "The Hero of the Tread Mill" will be the morning and evening themes respectively tomorrow of Rev. H. H. Spiher at the Church of God. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., with Kahl Dustin as leader.

Services at the First Presbyterian church tomorrow include Sunday school at 9:45 o'clock a. m. and public worship at 11 o'clock.

Rev. A. K. Zartman, D. D., has returned to the city and will preach at Grace Reformed church tomorrow at 10:30 o'clock a. m. and at 8 p. m.

Rev. Arthur J. Folsom, the new pastor of Plymouth Congregational church, will preach on Sunday, both morning and evening.

At the West Creighton avenue Church of Christ tomorrow, Rev. J. H. McCartney's theme at 10:30 will be "The Authority of Experience." In the evening his subject is "Fundamentals in the Labor Problem."

Rev. T. M. Hill, at Trinity M. E. church, Fourth and Cass streets, will preach Sunday morning at 10:30 on "Paul's Conversion." In the evening the sermon will be appropriate to the approaching Labor day, and an especial invitation is extended to men. Sunday school is at 9:30; Junior league at 2:30 and Epworth league at 7 p. m.

"Witnessing" will be the subject of the morning sermon at Bethany Presbyterian church tomorrow at 11 a. m., and in the evening a stereopticon will be used in illustrating a talk by the pastor on the subject of "Labor Day." Sunday school is at 9:30 o'clock and the Christian Endeavor service will be led by Dr. G. B. Stemen, the subject being "Christ, Our Saviour."

Under the auspices of the International Bible Students' association C. L. Bauer, a noted bible exegete, will give a lecture Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Grand Army hall in the Elektron building. The subject will be Eph. 1:3-10.

Charles Fulkerson will address an open meeting at the Railroad Young Men's Christian association at 3 o'clock tomorrow, to which everybody is invited. H. A. Philley will conduct a song service.

Rev. A. K. Zartman and wife have returned from their cottage at Rome City, where they have been spending the summer. Rev. Zartman is pastor of the Grace Reformed church.

New Lakeside Church.

Rev. C. A. Hirschman has arrived in the city to take charge of the Crescent Avenue Bethel Evangelical church in Lakeside and will be present at the Sunday school tomorrow at 11 o'clock.

The dedication of the church will take place on the 11th of September, when Bishop S. C. Breyfogel, of Reading, Pa., will be present to officiate.

A public reception for Rev. and Mrs. Hirschman will be held on Tuesday evening in the basement of the new church. Everybody is invited, and particularly the people of Lakeside.

* * *

Missionary Convention.

Committees from the various Young People's Missionary societies about the city will meet with Rev. J. E. Crowther, of Chicago, on Monday evening, September 12, at the First M. E. church on East Wayne street. Rev. Crowther is secretary of the Young People's Missionary movement in the middle west and he will come here to assist in the arrangements for the city convention of missionary societies the latter part of October.

* * *

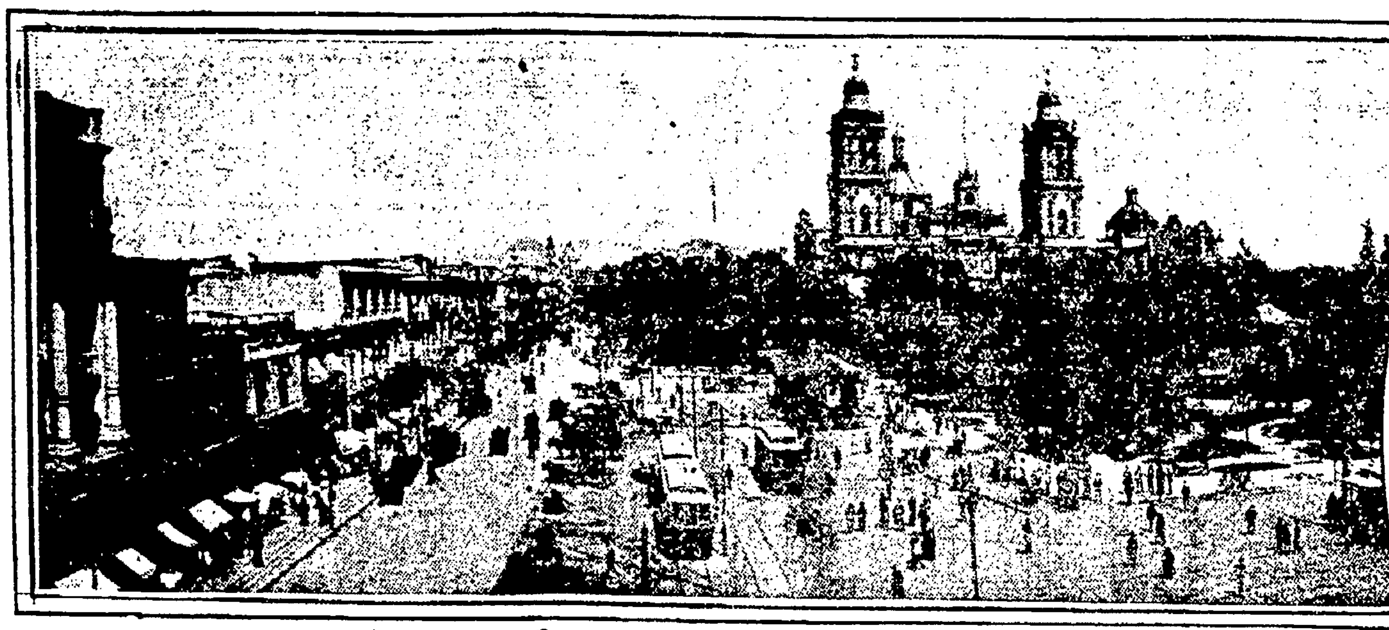
The Women's Foreign Missionary society of the Wayne Street M. E. church will meet with Mrs. A. R. Walter, 912 West Creighton avenue, next Tuesday afternoon. An election of officers will be held and the mite box will be opened. Assisting hostesses will be Mesdames James Wilding, Philip Harter and John Houk.

A sacred concert will be given at the St. Paul's M. E. church on Thursday, September 9, by the Leo quartet of Taylor university. A silver offering will be taken.

Congregation Will March.

Following the short services in the present Simpson M. E. church on next Tuesday evening, the congregation will march to the site of the new church and the cornerstone will be laid with appropriate ceremonies by Bishop W. F. McDowell, of Chicago, District Superintendent Beatty and the pastor, Rev. Griest. Everybody is invited to this service.

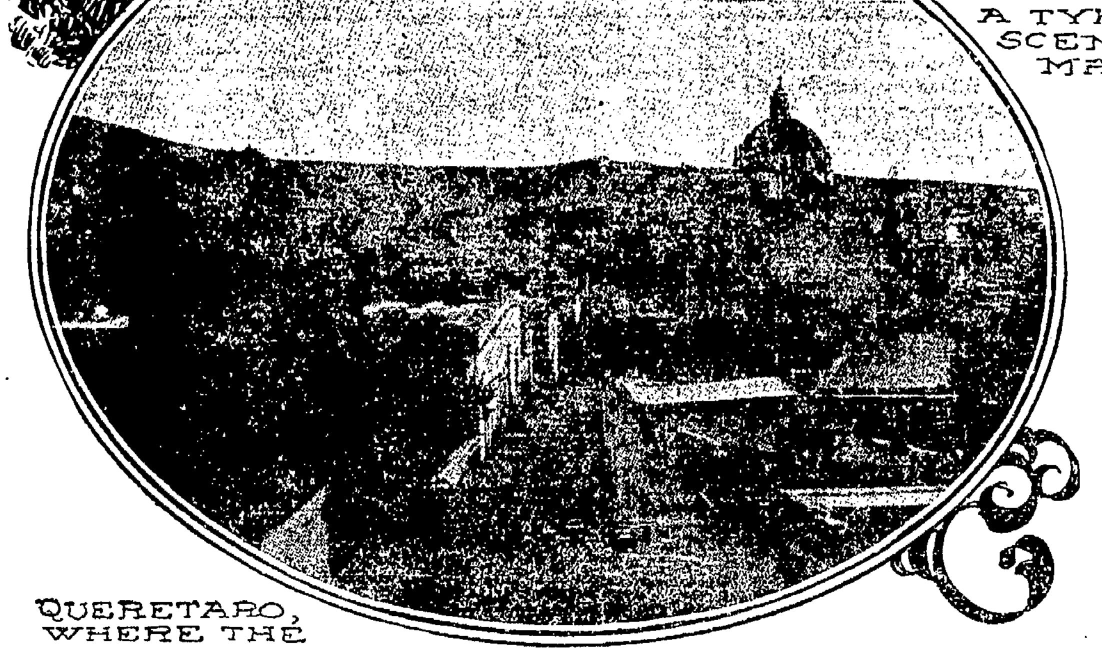
WHOLE MONTH OF CELEBRATION TO COMMEMORATE MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE.



THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO CITY.

PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ.

A TYPICAL ROADSIDE SCENE—GOING TO MARKET.



QUERETARO, WHERE THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN WAS EXECUTED.

The whole month of September will be devoted by the people of Mexico to the celebration of the centennial of her independence from Spain. Every nation has been asked to join the festivities. On the night of the 15th the climax will be reached, when President Diaz will sound the first note on old independence bell. All Mexico will be decorated, parades of soldiers, &c., will serve to make things hum.

Mexican hospitality will be lavished as never before upon the nation's guests. Visiting notables are to have carriages and automobiles at their disposal at all times without a cent for tribute. Special servants at the beck and call of their temporary masters day and night are provided for. Each dignitary from a sister power will have a postoffice box of his own and a carrier in livery specially detailed to deliver and call for his mail three times a day.

At Queretaro, where Emperor Maximilian was executed, fitting ceremonies will be held.

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

PURCHASE OF SUPPLIES

Indiana School for Feeble-Minded Youth.

The Board of Trustees of the Indiana School for Feeble-Minded Youth will receive bids on the regular monthly supplies and the yearly supply of fuel at the office of the Superintendent on Friday, September 9th, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m.

A list of all supplies with specifications will be found in the lobby of the Old National bank, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

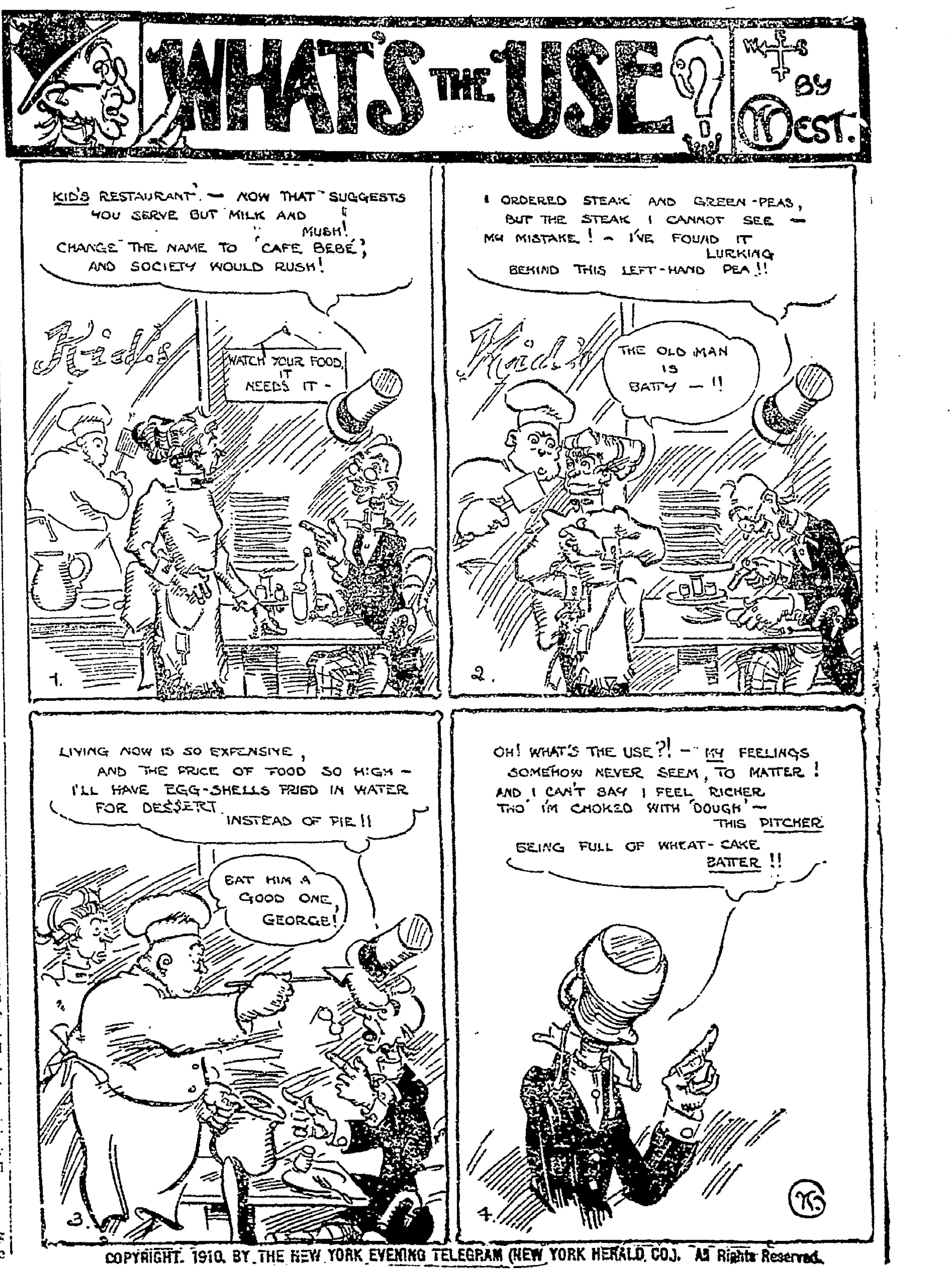
For the Board of Trustees,
A. E. CARROLL,
Superintendent.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

Miss Elizabeth Sihler, graduate of Mt. Holyoke college, at South Hadley, Mass., will open her school of languages at 518 State street. A class for the fall term is now being formed.

Dancing Labor Day, Robison Park, all day.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Stainless



WHAT'S THE USE?
By West.
KID'S RESTAURANT.—NOW THAT SUGGESTS YOU SERVE BUT MILK AND MUSH! CHANGE THE NAME TO 'CAFE BEBÉ,' AND SOCIETY WOULD RUSH!
Kid's
WATCH YOUR FOOD, IT NEEDS IT—
1.
I ORDERED STEAK AND GREEN-PEAS, BUT THE STEAK I CANNOT SEE— MY MISTAKE!—I'VE FOUND IT LURKING BEHIND THIS LEFT-HAND PEA!!
Kid's
THE OLD MAN IS BATTY—!!
2.
LIVING NOW IS SO EXPENSIVE, AND THE PRICE OF FOOD SO HIGH— I'LL HAVE EGG-SHELLS FRIED IN WATER FOR DESSERT INSTEAD OF PIE!!
EAT HIM A GOOD ONE, GEORGE!
3.
OH! WHAT'S THE USE?!—MY FEELINGS SOMEHOW NEVER SEEM, TO MATTER! AND I CAN'T SAY I FEEL RICHER THO' I'M CHOKED WITH 'DOUGH'— THIS PITCHER BEING FULL OF WHEAT-CAKE BATTER!!
4.

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WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

Mrs. Phillip Keel, 1122 Burgess St., Fort Wayne, Ind., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in my family for many years and I would not be without a supply on hand. We have found that this remedy acts as a tonic to the kidneys and corrects all troubles caused by these organs."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

DANDRUFF IS DANGEROUS

Many of your friends have found that a luxuriant growth of hair—soft and glossy—and a scalp free from dandruff will result from the use of Nyal's Hirsutone.

This is the procedure:

Wash the hair with warm water and a pure soap—rinse thoroughly, rub the scalp with a stiff brush—apply Hirsutone, rub it in well and dry the hair before combing.

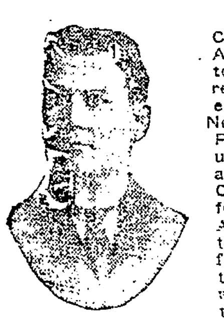
Please understand that Hirsutone is not merely a hair wash—it is a tonic, a food. While it thoroughly cleanses, it also prevents bacterial action, nourishes and stimulates the roots of the hair, removes all dandruff, prevents its return and preserves the natural beauty and color of the hair.

Nyal's Hirsutone should be on your dressing table. It sells at 50c the bottle.

Ask the Nyal Druggists.

D. & N. Pharmacy,
624 Calhoun St.
Loesch Drug Store,
Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.
Meinzen Drug Store,
1129 Maumee Ave.
Hutzell's Drug Store,
1402 West Main St.
Jacob Bill's Drug Store,
1401 E. Creighton Ave.
Clapesattle Drug Store,
2514 Broadway.
Zimmerman's Drug Store,
1312 Broadway.
Hoham's Drug Store,
1706 Calhoun St.

TO WEAK MEN



My Methods Cure and Restore After Other Doctors Have Surrendered. Honest Treatment. No False Hopes, Promises or Failures; but Guaranteed Lasting Cure. You Pay for Results only. Are you one of the many unfortunates who, through overwork, dissipation, abuse and excesses, have broken down your health and manly powers? Is your weakened system crying out for help? Is there a constant drain on your vitality? Don't stand idly by and see your health menaced and your vital powers slipping away. The healing, curing and saving of diseased, broken down men is my specialty, and thousands of cured, grateful patients will vouch for my honesty, skill and reliability. My treatment overcomes all the ill effects of former indiscretions, stops every loss and drain of vigor, makes the nerves strong and steady, enriches the blood invigorates the wasted pelvic organs, cleanses and heals the bladder and kidneys and restores the vital powers to the fullest degree. Avoid temporary stimulants. I insure a lasting restoration. I also Cure Varicose Enlargement, Rupture, Prostatitis, Nervous Debility, Bladder, Kidney and Rectal ailments and all Chronic, Nervous, Blood and Special Diseases and Weaknesses. Write me a full description of your symptoms and trouble, if unable to call. All dealings are confidential. Call or write today for Free Consultation. Hours 9 to 12, 1 to 5, 7 to 8; Fridays, 9 to 5 only; Sundays, 9 to 1 only.

DR. HESS,
110 W. Main St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

COAL AND WOOD.

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COAL, COKE, WOOD, Etc
Yards at Lake Shore Tracks,
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BOWSER'S STRAW

Oily Clerk Sells Him a Presidential Panama Block.

FLATTERY DOES THE TRICK.

Pays Top Price and Then Lies About It to His Wife—Exchange at Barber Shop Causes a Whole Lot of Trouble. Another Exchange at Midnight Makes Matters Straight.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

When Mr. Bowser went to buy a straw hat he intended to invest just $2. He had said to Mrs. Bowser that the man who paid more than that sum was a reckless idiot. When he reached the store and asked for a two dollar hat the salesman looked at him in a puzzled way and then queried:

"It is for your choffer, I suppose? Yes, a two dollar hat is good enough for him. Senator, why don't you buy one for yourself at the same time?"

Taken for a senator right off the reel—taken for a capitalist who could afford an auto and a chauffeur, a man to whom a few dollars was nothing!

Mr. Bowser was flattered. He wouldn't have been human otherwise, especially when the salesman continued:

"I can give you a duplicate of President Taft's panama. This way, please."

"But I thought"—

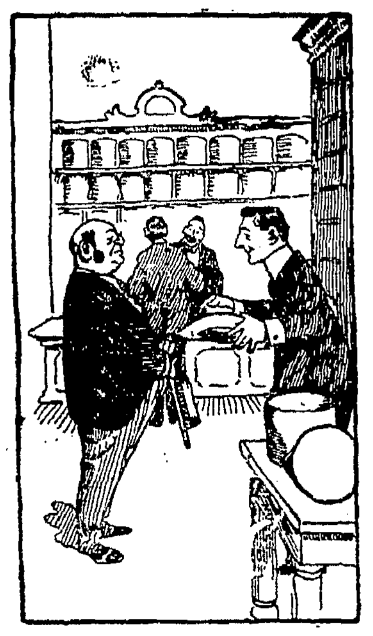
"Just in this morning, senator, and I don't want them picked over before you get your choice. Now, look at them. Here are style, wear and dignity. When you see a man wearing one of these hats you can place him at once. Been buying any more autos lately?"

"N-o-o-o."

"Well, half a dozen ought to do you. Things in Wall street looking up a bit? They say that all you senators keep posted."

"Y-e-s, we do."

"Here's the mate to Taft's panama, made of the same model. We asked him $30 for his because Uncle Sam has to pay the bill, but in your case it's $25. Examine it. Feel of it. Let me put it on your head. Senator, you never had anything like it."



BOWSER, FLATTERED, BITES.

"I—thought of something a little cheaper," said Mr. Bowser.

"Don't, senator. You are as good as Taft. You want something above the common herd. Look in the glass again. Just your fit, and you don't lose a shade of dignity."

Chuckles at His Bargain.

Mr. Bowser thought of what he had said about the reckless idiot, but he also felt that he was cornered. He had been mistaken for a senator who had six autos and speculated in Wall street, and he hated to let himself down. As a result he took the hat. When he reached home and met Mrs. Bowser's accusing eye he said:

"Friend of mine introduced me to the hatter, and I got this for $4. I think it's a bargain."

"But did you go and pay $4 for a hat when you knew I hadn't a glove to put on my hand!" she exclaimed.

"I was rather dragged into it, but it looks like a pretty good hat. You shall have some pin money next week."

Mr. Bowser swelled around under that panama hat. He put the price at $35. He called attention to it. He felt a warm glow when he saw the street car conductor looking at it. He gave it a rakish slant on his head and felt to pity other men. As he came in to dinner the other evening Mrs. Bowser was not at hand to notice the change of hats. It was only after the meal had been finished and they had come up from the dining room to sit on the front steps that she glanced at the hall tree and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Bowser, have you been trading hats?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, this isn't your four dollar hat. This one never cost the half of that."

"By the jumping jingo!" he shouted as he grabbed for the hat.

"It isn't yours?"

"Of course it isn't. Some one has taken mine and left this behind. Say, now—say"—

"It must have been some caller at the office."

"It was. I'll bet a hundred dollars to a cent that it was that infernal Professor Swiggs! Yes, it was. He had grease on his hair and smelt of wintergreen. Look on this sweat band. Smell of it."

"But if he made a mistake you can telephone him."

A Loud Smelling Discovery.

"Telephone nothing. I saw him looking at my hat, and I know he changed on purpose. I don't know where he lives. I never heard of him before. He called to see if I was interested in astronomy. By thunder, I'll put him where he can't see stars or planets for the next year!"

"I hope you get your hat back," said Mrs. Bowser, "but don't get too excited about it. Yours only cost $4, you know."

"Four dollars! Four dollars! Why, I planked down $25 for that hat!"

"But you told me $4. You said a friend introduced you to the hat man, and"—

"If I said $4 I was absentminded. Twenty-five big dollars, and that greasy haired astronomer has got it!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Do? Why, I'll follow on his trail for the next 100 years. I'll never let up till I have him in my clutches. I'll go to the police. I'll advertise a reward for him. My twenty-five dollar hat"—

"Which you told me was a bargain for $4."

Mr. Bowser rushed into the telephone and called up police headquarters and stated his case. After he had spent ten minutes in giving details the reply was:

"Very sorry, but we are not the straw hat police. Inquire next door."

Then he rushed out to the policeman on the corner. The officer heard the sad tale without being affected. On the contrary, he calmly said:

"Yes, life is full of just such harrowing things, but we must make the best of them. I rather like the smell of wintergreen myself."

A rush was made for home, and, with a wild hope in his heart, Mr. Bowser said:

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser, I am not going to threaten you!"

"No?"

"I am going to coax you. You may have slipped this old hat on to the peg just for a joke on me. If you did I will take it as a joke. Ha, ha, ha! It would be quite a little joke."

"Yes, but I didn't. This is the hat you wore home and hung up."

"Then I'll have the professor's life! I'll dabble my hands in his wintergreen blood! I'll catch him by the throat, and I'll t-w-i-s-t his brazen head off!"

Hat Recovered, but His Lie Stands.

All the rest of the evening Mrs. Bowser tried to quiet and console him, but with poor success. Mr. Bowser walked the floor and abused the professor. He walked the floor and planned how to overhaul him. He even went out to the gate with his mind so full of the event that he stopped the butcher's boy to relate particulars.

"It's an awful case," replied the boy, "but I know something awfuler. Pork goes up another cent tomorrer!"

Midnight had come. Bowser had tossed and groaned and grunted and fallen asleep. Mrs. Bowser was about to go to dreamland when there was a wild ring at the doorbell. Mr. Bowser jumped out of bed and put his head out of the window.

"Does a man named Bowser live here?" asked a man below.

"Yes, sir."

"Is his name in his straw hat?"

"It is."

"Well, I've got your infernal old headpiece here, and I want my own hat. You took mine when we were getting shaved in the barber shop about 1 o'clock. Nice old party, you are!"

"Are you Professor Swiggs?"

"Professor nothing! And I don't go round stealing hats either!"

Mr. Bowser went downstairs and passed out the wintergreen hat and received his own, and Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say until he fell asleep again. Then she softly whispered to herself:

"And he came home and said it cost only $4."

Merely an Error of Judgment.

Robinson Crusoe, with infinite patience and industry, had hollowed out the big log and made a huge canoe.

Then he discovered to his chagrin that he couldn't launch it. It was too heavy for him to move. All his labor had been wasted.

"Still," he reflected, "it was only an oversight. It isn't half as bad as Uncle Sam neglecting for twelve years to raise the battleship Maine."

Scorning to ask for congressional aid in this difficulty, he went to work immediately to make a smaller canoe.—Chicago Tribune.

The Servant Problem.

Mistress (to the newly arrived Norwegian)—Can you cook?

"Naw."

"Can you do washing?"

"Naw."

"Can you wait on table?"

"Naw."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Ah can milk reindeers."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Why She Hesitated.

"You should persuade your husband to stop smoking," said one woman.

"But," replied the other, "I depend on the tobacco coupons he gives me through the year to get him a Christmas present."—Washington Star.

The Vital Question.

Landlady—We have a fine table here, sir.

Prospective Boarder—Yes, I suppose it is real [illegible], but what do you put on [illegible] Star.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, }
Lucas County. } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Did you apply Hoover's X-Ray Healing Oil? If you did, do you remember how your pained hand commenced to ease up at once and you commenced to smile again and be thankful to somebody who had advised you to keep the healing oil within quick reach? It's great, isn't it? V. W. Clark of Ossian, Ind., had a distressing mishap of this kind, but the healing oil quickly relieved him.

Have a bottle handy for cases of cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, sore throat, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia and various other forms of suffering.

Use it according to directions and you will be delighted.

Remember the Name

For Sale by all Druggists.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL, ask one of our agents to call. Seven in our Realty Dept. alone.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
The Earth and Insurance Men.

TO-NIGHT
Cascarets
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
10c. 25c. 50c.
At Druggists

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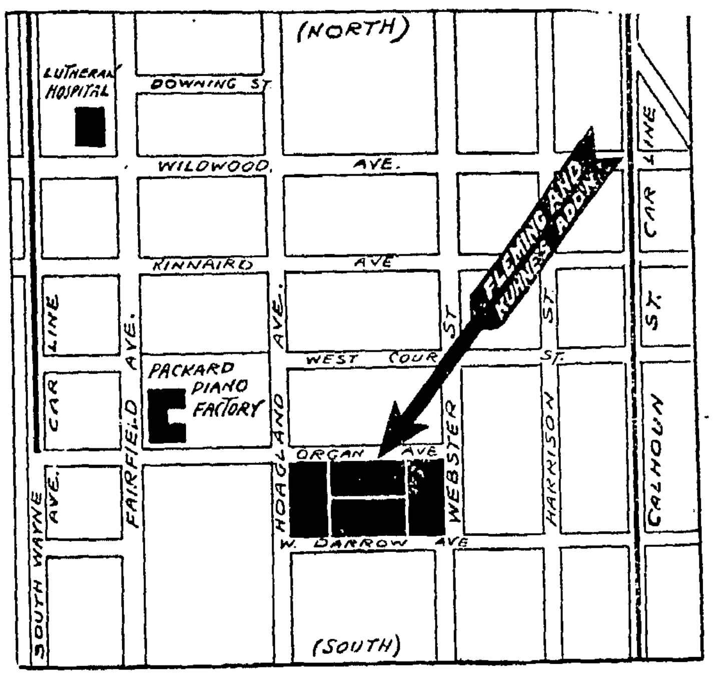

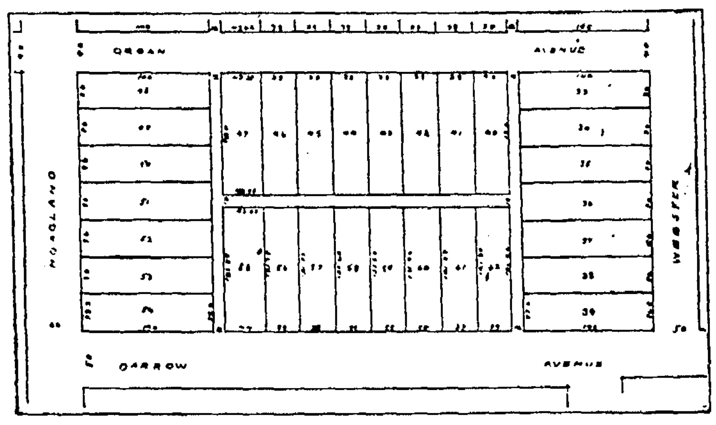

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

O. E. Mohler, editor of the Huntington Herald, was in the city today.

The new bells of St. John's Reformed church give great satisfaction.

The hickory trees are full of nuts again this year. This is the first good crop since 1879.

Marriage licenses: Wilbur M. Ruth and Emma J. Rogers, Francis F. Fisher and Florence J. Creswell.

Forty new students have been accepted at Concordia college this fall. The whole number is now 160.

Trustee Gaffney today made the following excellent selection of teachers for the schools of Wayne township: No. 1, Thomas Greer; No. 2, Miss Elizabeth Burgess; No. 3, Miss Mattie Probasco; No. 4, Miss Eliza J. Gaffney; No. 5, Miss Emma Kelsey; No. 6, Charles Methley; No. 7, Hiram Philley; No. 8, Miss Carrie Green.

The unfavorable yield of wheat last year has caused many farmers to sow buckwheat this year, and the prospects for a fine yield are good.

The German Kreiger Verein, a society of old Prussian soldiers, celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Sedan in a royal way last night.

Broken stone is being laid on the strip of road leading from the East Main street bridge to the toll-gate. The stone comes from the crackery.

The first anniversary of the establishment of the orphans' home of the Reformed church was celebrated yesterday, and a reception was tendered its friends at the pleasant institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fox celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding at their southside home last evening. About ninety friends assisted in the pleasant task and loaded themselves with unique and handsome gifts appropriate to the "tin" wedding. The grounds about the house were brilliantly illuminated, and under a canvas on the lawn the merry throng did the figures of dance to the music of Stellhorn's full orchestra. Thus ran the merriment until the hours grew small. An elegant supper was served at midnight.

Facts for Weak Women

Nine-tenths of all the sickness of women is due to some derangement or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Such sickness can be cured—is cured every day by

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It Makes Weak Women Strong,
Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only;* or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CITY PROPERTY and garden tracts within driving distance of our new market house, a specialty as well as farms.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,

For your wifes sake.
SILENT
"STANDARD"
SWIFT
SIMPLE
THE WORLD'S BEST SEWING MACHINES
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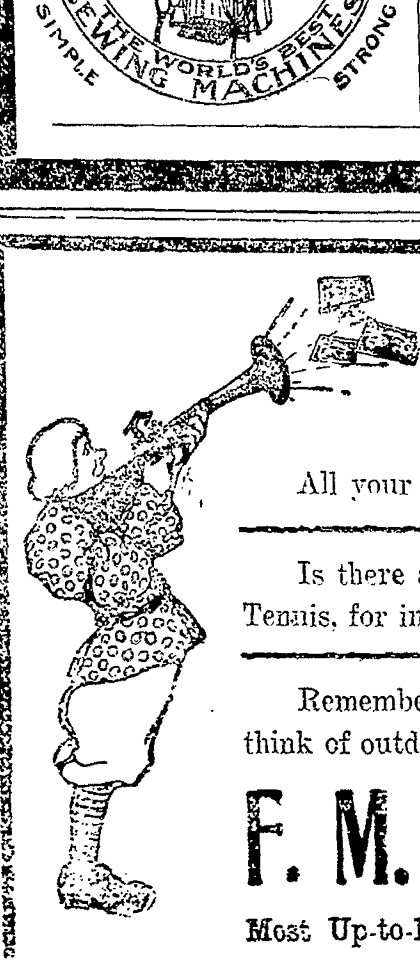
THE STANDARD
ROTARY VIBRATING SHUTTLE
SEWING MACHINE
The Best and Fastest Sewing Machine in the World.
2 MACHINES IN 1
LOCK AND CHAIN STITCH.

The workmanship and material in these machines is of the very highest grade, and the cases are beautiful in design and elegant in finish.

Its ease of running, durability and the superiority of the work that can be done by intelligent operation, easily makes it the HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT IN THE SEWING MACHINE WORLD. We are agents for this territory. Come and see us about them.

C. C. Schlatter & Company
COR. COLUMBIA AND CLINTON STS.



ATHLETIC GOODS

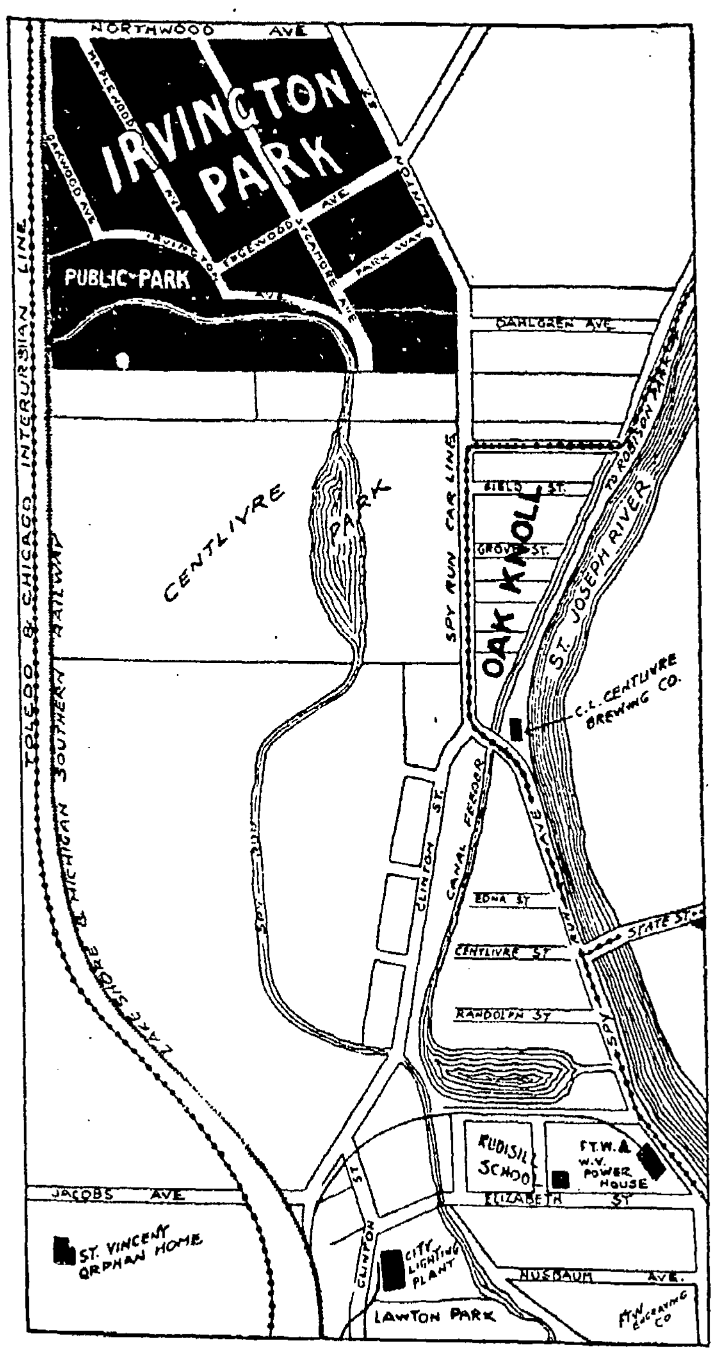
All your pleasures of life depend on your health.

Is there anything more beneficial to health than exercise? Tennis, for instance, Baseball, Golf or any other outdoor sport.

Remember, the place to buy Athletic Goods, and when you think of outdoor sport, think of

F. M. SMITH & COMPANY

Most Up-to-Date Sporting Goods Store in the City.



THE PARK

[illegible] OUGHT TO CONVINCE [illegible]

[illegible] walk north one block and you are there. If you [illegible] office.

[illegible] will make all deeds and sign all contracts.

[illegible] John H. Vesey

Life Is a Blank When Sight Is Gone

TOO LATE TO GRIEVE THEN!

Now is the time for action—now, when you can come to us for **Consultation** and get our advice and information about your eyes.

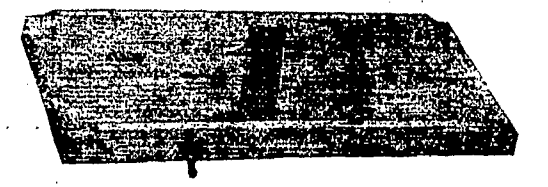
THERE IS DANGER IN DELAYS

GRAFFE
916 CALHOUN

FORT WAYNE INDIANA

Slaw and Kraut Cutters

We have all sizes, 2, 3 and 4 knives with easy adjustment; also Apple Parers.



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107-109 E. Columbia St. Phones 400 and 484.

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112 AND 114 EAST COLUMBIA ST.
Store only ONE SQUARE north and a FEW FEET east from the TRANSFER CORNER

WHEN OTHERS FAIL
Consult Dr. Wenger Specialits

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' European and American hospital and private practice experience for all desperate Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases of Head, Nose, Throat, Lungs, Liver, Kidney, Stomach, Heart, Bowels, Bladder, Blood, Skin, Eye Ear and Sexual Diseases.

KIDNEY AND URINARY—Weak back, pain in side, abdomen, bladder, sediment in urine, brick dust or white, painful urination, Bright's Disease and all diseases of the Bladder.

PRIVATE DISEASES—Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Inflammation, Discharges, Stricture, Weakness of Organs, Syphilis, Hydrocele, Varicocele and kindred troubles quickly restored.

LOST MANHOOD and all its attending ailments, both young, middle-aged and old men. The awful effects of early indiscretions producing weakness, nervous debility, night emissions, exhausting drains, pimples, bashfulness, loss of energy and weakness of both body and brain.

CANCERS, TUMORS, PILES cured without knife or pain.

THE ONLY RELIABLE AND SUCCESSFUL SPECIALIST IN THE CITY.

Office Hours—8 to 12, 1 to 5; Sunday Hours, 2 to 4 Only.

Dr. N. R. Wenger
1006 Calhoun St. FORT WAYNE, IND.

THE SENTINEL PUBLISHED THE LEGAL NOTICE IN THE YEAR 1839.

The First Civil Case Brought in the Courts of Whitley County—Suit for the Partition of 444 Acres of Land.

(Staff Correspondence.)

Columbia City, Ind., Sept. 3.—"We have on file in the office here some legal papers now over seventy-one years old, which I think will be of considerable interest to you."

It was Ray H. Glassley, the deputy clerk of the Whitley circuit court, who was speaking. And, with the remark, "I'll show them to you," he climbed up to the top row of the file boxes that covered the side wall of one of the ante-rooms of the clerk's office and brought down a bundle of legal documents musty with age.

"Pretty old newspaper, that Sentinel of yours!" he remarked as he handed them to The Sentinel scribe. "Here are the original pleadings in the first civil case ever brought in the Whitley circuit court. And the point of interest about them to you will be that the legal publication of the notice of the commencement of the case was given in the Fort Wayne Sentinel."

The papers were those of a case in chancery. They bore date of April 10, 1839, the title of the case being "Alexander Grimes, James Lamb and Isaac Webster vs. Brenton Webster, Wm. C. Burton, et al," the defendants numbering a dozen or more. The plea of the complainants was for the partition of 444 acres of land, described at some length as being in townships 31 and 32 of the county.

Published Over 71 Years Ago.

Attached to the original papers in the case is the publication notice given in The Sentinel, clipped from the issue of the paper, and omitting land descriptions and parties to the suit, reading as follows:

"Now at this day's term, on the 10th day of April, 1839, comes the complainants and filed bill for the partition of said real estate. And, on motion, publication of the pendency of the said suit for partition of lands is ordered to be made in the Fort Wayne Sentinel, a weekly newspaper printed and published in Allen county, Indiana (and the nearest newspaper published to said lands) and also in the Jeffersonian, a weekly newspaper published at Richmond, in Wayne county, Indiana.

"This publication is a notice to the said defendants of the pendency of said bill and that a motion will be made to appoint commissioners to make said partition, and, unless they appear, said partition will be made in their absence.

"JOHNSON & DAWSON,
"Attorneys for Plaintiffs.
"A. CUPPY, Clerk."

Waited Long for Pay.

At the time of the publication of the notice Hon. Geo. W. Wood, the first mayor of Fort Wayne, was the owner of The Sentinel. He had to wait six years for his pay, for it was not until 1845 that final decree of partition was made. His publication fee was "enormous" in its proportions, amounting to $4.50. In the intervening time he had sold The Sentinel, Thomas Tigar being at that time its publisher.

The session of the court at which this first civil case was begun was held at the home of Richard Baughan, about two miles northeast from where Columbia City now stands, for the present county seat did not get on to the map until two years thereafter.

The presiding judge was Charles W. Ewing and the associate judges were Benjamin Martin and Francis A. Van Houton. The prosecuting attorney was Reuben J. Dawson and the sheriff Richard Collins.

When the case was finally disposed of in 1845 the presiding judge was James W. Borden with Richard Knisley as his associate on the bench.

Mr. Baughan was allowed the sum of $3 for giving the use of his house for the holding of the session of the court. The commissioners appointed by the court, Jesse S. Penn, Otto W. Wolf and Joel Penn, to make the partition of lands in the case above referred to, were allowed the "princely" fees of $5 each for their services. And these sums they did not get until after the session of court in 1845.

A Notable Character.

A notable character in the history of Whitley county was this A. Cuppy, whose name as clerk of the court was attached to the legal publication notice mentioned above, published in The Sentinel in April of 1839. His official signature was "A. Cuppy." It was probably to save ink that he used only the initial for his first name, which in full was Abraham.

He was one of the early pioneers of the county. Besides being the first clerk of the courts he was also the first county auditor. After Columbia City was selected as the county seat and until a court house was built the sessions of the court were held at his home.

When the court had a jury case there was no room in the house sufficiently large for the jury's use after the case had been submitted to them, and they would go off into the woods, where seated on a couple of logs, they would deliberate on a verdict.

Mr. Cuppy was one of the county's first representatives to the state legislature. While attending its sessions he was taken suddenly ill and died and his remains were brought across the country in a wagon from the state capital to Columbia City for burial.

Familiar Names.

Familiar names to Fort Wayne and Northeastern Indiana readers are those of the two judges presiding in this first civil case in the Whitley county courts, Judges Chas. W. Ewing and James W. Bordon, both early Fort Wayne lawyers, as were also Reuben J. Dawson and James L. Worden, the latter the first resident lawyer of Columbia City, removing soon to Fort Wayne, and in later years being a supreme judge of the state.

Whitley county at the time mentioned in these reminiscences, 1839, was in what was known as the eighth judicial circuit and was composed of the counties of Cass, Miami, Wabash, Huntington, Allen, Whitley, Noble, Lagrange, Steuben and DeKalb.

DO IT NOW
DON'T WAIT

until tomorrow before you investigate our method of treating Drug, Liquor and Tobacco addictions with Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets.

We remove desire of patients, we accept for treatment, if directions are followed, and do it without pain or suffering. Can be given secretly without the knowledge of the patient. Testimonials SENT FREE. Give it a Trial.

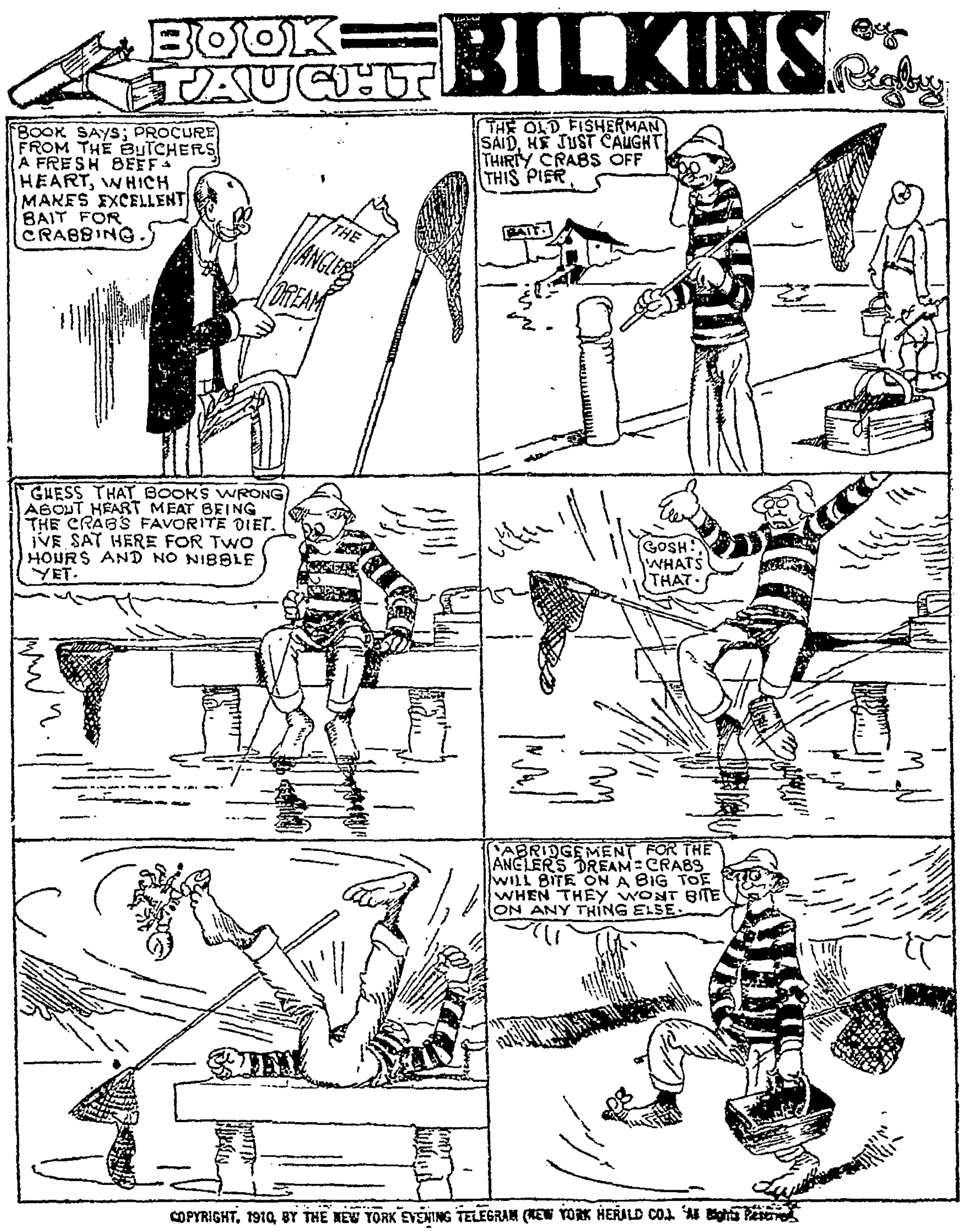
Price $1.00 per package. Sold and recommended in Fort Wayne at the three stores of

Meyer Brothers Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

ON PAYMENTS

An oak finish 8-room home, modern; large porches and cellar; located in the east end, 11 blocks from court house for $2,900.00. $400.00 cash payment will handle this property.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
THE EARTH & INSURANCE MEN.


BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS
By Rigby
BOOK SAYS; PROCURE FROM THE BUTCHERS A FRESH BEEF HEART, WHICH MAKES EXCELLENT BAIT FOR CRABBING.
THE ANGLERS DREAM
THE OLD FISHERMAN SAID, HE JUST CAUGHT THIRTY CRABS OFF THIS PIER.
BAIT
GUESS THAT BOOKS WRONG ABOUT HEART MEAT BEING THE CRAB'S FAVORITE DIET. IVE SAT HERE FOR TWO HOURS AND NO NIBBLE YET.
GOSH! WHATS THAT.
ABRIDGEMENT FOR THE ANGLER'S DREAM: CRABS WILL BITE ON A BIG TOE WHEN THEY WONT BITE ON ANY THING ELSE.

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YOUNG MOTHERS

The greatest crisis in a woman's life is when first she becomes a mother. All the physical strength of her nature is demanded at such times, and it is necessary that her system be thoroughly prepared for the event, in order that her health be preserved for future years. Mother's Friend is woman's safest reliance; it is a medicine for external use, composed of oils and other ingredients which assist nature in all necessary physical changes of the system. Its regular use before the coming of baby prepares the muscles and tendons for the unusual strain, aids in expanding the skin and flesh fibres, and strengthens all the membranes and tissues. Mother's Friend lessens the pain and danger at the crisis, and leaves the mother in such healthful condition that her recovery is always rapid and natural. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book for expectant mothers.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

MONEY SAVING

Can be applied in borrowing as well as SAVING. When you need a few dollars, get it where you can SAVE in COST as well as time. See us on your next loan, we GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY.

$10.00 TO $300.00

on Furniture, Pianos, Automobiles, Stock Certificates, Life Insurance Policies, Growing Crops, Live Stock, Farming Implements or anything of value in the city or country.

LONG OR SHORT TIME
FORT WAYNE CREDIT COMPANY
Private Loans to Railroad Men.
1221 CALHOUN ST. Opposite Rich Hotel. Phone 535.
OPEN EVENINGS.

Ideal Screens

Now is the time to buy Screens. The Ideal Screens are made to order only and made to fit. Do not sag, warp or stick. No edges to split off. Cannot be taken off from outside and they lock. Are easily hung or removed, will outlast any ordinary screen ever made.

They are the ideal of perfection in modern screen making. Do not buy before getting our prices. Our representative will call.

FORT WAYNE TENT AND AWNING CO.,
NO. 223 E. COLUMBIA ST.

A Page of Interest to Women

JAUNTY PAQUIN SUIT.

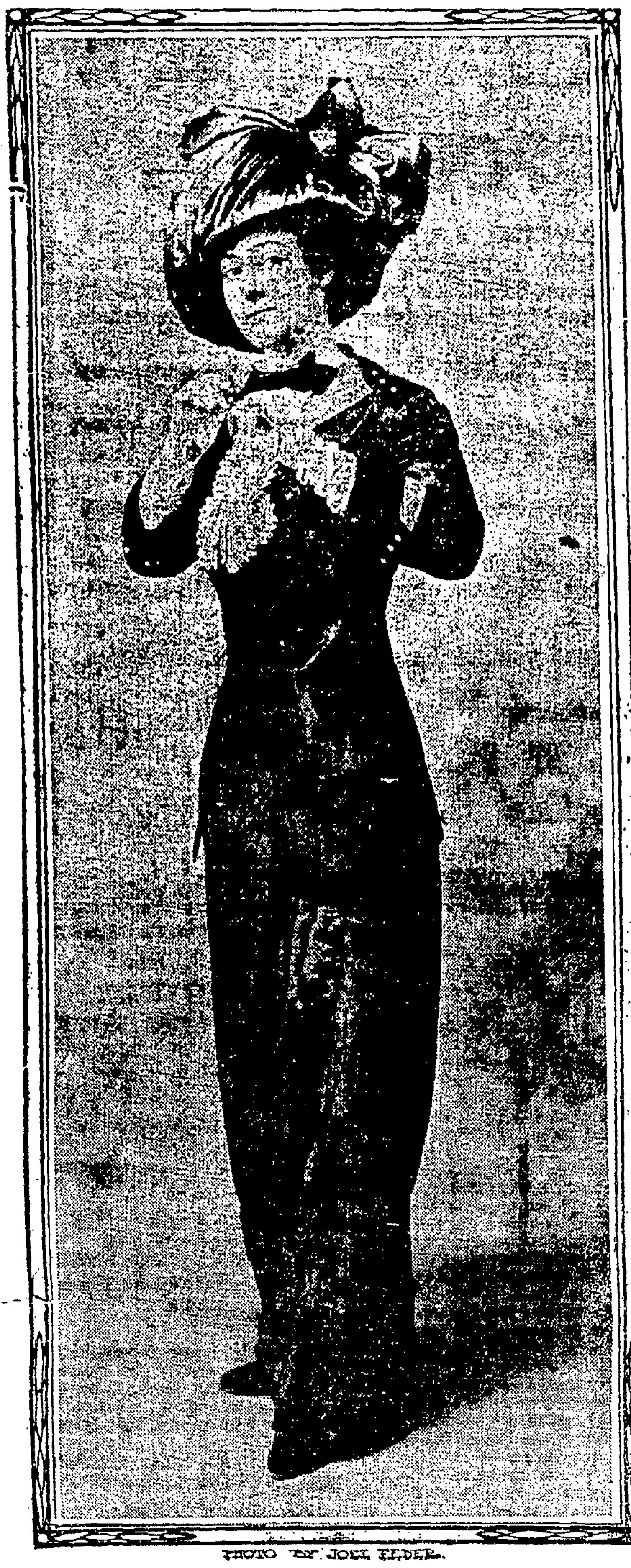


PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

Paquin costumes always look deceit-fully simple, but the cut is invariably intricate and original. This jaunty coat and skirt suit is of black moire silk with facings in royal blue velvet and a Persian silk trimming in shades of the blue and rich orange pink. A straight, broad sailor collar is laid across the back of the coat and apparently held in place by small gilt buttons. The buttonhole motifs of blue velvet on the front of the coat are especially interesting.

In Hot Weather Self Control is Boon to Women

Lacking It, One Becomes "Snappy" and Makes Everyone Else Disagreeable.

"There is no virtue in driving your motor car successfully on a road when there is nothing in sight," I heard a father say to his daughter recently, and the philosophy of the remark sunk into my mind. What he meant was that there is no merit in doing anything when there are no obstacles to be avoided. This is true. It is only when we have accomplished something by foresight, judgment or self control that we are entitled to credit.

A comment of a woman during the excessively hot weather brought the first to my memory again.

"I practice self-control, or try to, in summer more than in winter," she declared. "Hot weather gets on my nerves frightfully, and my inclination is to be snappy. I gave way to it and was disagreeable until I realized that I affected every one about me in the same way. From chamber to kitchen all were disagreeable. I saw the original fault was mine and, as I got no satisfaction out of being snappy, I have made a point of controlling my temper, and we are a much more pleasant household. It is not easy, but I do it, and that is the main thing."

That woman had learned one of the big lessons of life. She has driven her motor car with a big obstacle in the road, to revert to the remark of the parent. If every one gave way to snappiness when they felt like it there would be many a collision on the road of life. The woman who controls her temper steers around an obstacle, achieving a successful course. It is by no means necessary that any one shall know she has done this. The fact that she has supplied its own inner glow of happiness. While an encouraging pat on the back is pleasant, it is not essential.

The simplest mind can get along easily when all conditions are favorable and it is not at all to the owner's credit to be pleasant, but the girl who, through tact, prevents friction through the day, who controls her nerves and temper so that she aids instead of irritating others, has accomplished a lot toward character building. Somehow it is harder to do this in summer than in winter. Wherefore, the more credit to her each time she keeps herself in hand now.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

JAP WOMEN LIKE TO GROW OLD.

In the eyes of Japanese women it is just as absurd to wear a kimono as a dressing gown as it is to put on an evening dress just after getting out of the morning bath. "One thing that has astonished me," said a Japanese woman in America recently, "is the fact that women here have a fancy for the kimono as a dressing gown. I wonder what they would say if they went to Japan and found some of my countrywomen leaving their morning bath or taking the first meal of the day in ball dresses or afternoon gowns. I think they would say that Japanese women were quite mad." The observing visitor also made criticisms of the way American women wear the kimono. "If they must wear the kimono," said she, "why don't they fasten it as we fasten it? It should lap over from left to right, not from right to left. When a Japanese woman walks her draperies must fall from left to right. If American women delight to wear Japanese clothes, they should wear them properly. Furthermore, in Japan the older a woman grows the shorter are the sleeves of her kimono made. Japanese are proud of their age, and they do not care to shorten it by a single month, and they always have their kimonos made accordingly."

TO MAKE STOCKINGS LAST.

In order to make new stockings last beyond their time, one clever woman rubs paraffine on the heels and toes before putting the stockings on. They wear wonderfully under this treatment.

Another woman who considers this method uncomfortable (though, really, it is not so), runs [illegible] into her new hosiery, and darns it round and round at heel and toe with fine darning cotton. Done once, it never seems to be needed again, and the stockings last practically forever.

HOT WATER CURES ACHING FEET IN WARM WEATHER

Sufferers from Burning of the Extremeties in Summer Time Will Find Relief by Immersing Them for Fifteen Minutes in Water as Hot as Can Be Endured and Large Shoes Must Be Worn Until Normal Conditions Are Restored.

Applications of hot water are the panacea for feet which burn and ache in hot weather. It may be on the theory of "like curing like," or, more probably, because heat usually draws out inflammation; but the fact remains that keeping the extremities in water as hot as can be endured for fifteen minutes will soothe wonderfully.

As a rule this cannot be done in the daytime, for it would be next to impossible to put on shoes afterward, but any one who is troubled with burning feet might as well immediately take to wearing large shoes, for they must eventually, and the sooner they do the more quickly will the feet return to their natural size.

Whatever will prevent friction of the skin during the day will allay, though it may not always prevent, pain in the extremities. Cold cream should be used freely in the morning, fairly laving insteps, soles and toes. Between each of the latter may be placed two thicknesses of white tissue paper, a simple protection that works wonders for each. The skin is prevented from rubbing together, and paper is not heating, as is any cloth or cotton. The latter is never to be used for this purpose.

Over the cream, which should first have been patted gently with a soft cloth to remove any undue amount, powdered magnesia or starch is thickly dusted. Either of these will prevent the cream from soiling the hosiery, and in order that the floor shall not be whitened while doing the work it is well to hold one's foot over a paper or cloth that can be gathered up and shaken. At night if there has been the slightest tendency to burning the hot bath is to be taken, dusting on powder afterward, for it is cooling.

A cream which is inexpensive and is adapted to this purpose is made from one ounce each of white wax and spermaceti and four ounces each of rose water and sweet almond oil. The white wax and spermaceti are melted together in a china cup set into a basin of hot water, and as then soften the oil is added. In the rose water a dram of tincture of benzoin is put and the two are slowly beaten into the oils, the cup first being removed from heat. Should the cream harden too quickly, it may be returned for a moment to the bath.

MARGARET MIXTER.

GUM CHEWING IN SURF DANGEROUS.

To the dangers of swimming has been added a new one—the growth of gum chewing among girl bathers. The habit obtains little among women who wish to keep their cheeks unwrinkled and their jaws unhardened, but most women who aspire to swimming honors forget their abhorrence of the habit when they take to the water. They have heard that the chewing of gum helps them to breathe regularly and frees them from excitement that might be perilous in deep water. Physicians have found the contrary to be true, says an English exchange. They have noticed that women remain cooler when they refrain from keeping their jaws working. When women take to the surf the buffeting of the waves sometimes causes the gum to become lodged in their throats and fatal accidents have been traced to the practice. Long distance swimmers like Lady Constance Richardson never chew gum when in the water. Even for those who hang to the ropes in the surf the chewing of gum is fraught with danger.

At a certain church it is the custom at a marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bridge after the ceremony. A young lady, says Vanity Fair, who was about to be married in the church, did not relish the prospect, and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom did as directed. "Well, George," said the young lady when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman that I did not wish him to kiss me?" "Oh, yes." "And what did he say?" "He said that in that case he would charge only half the usual fee."—London Daily News.

DINNER FROCK AND HAT.

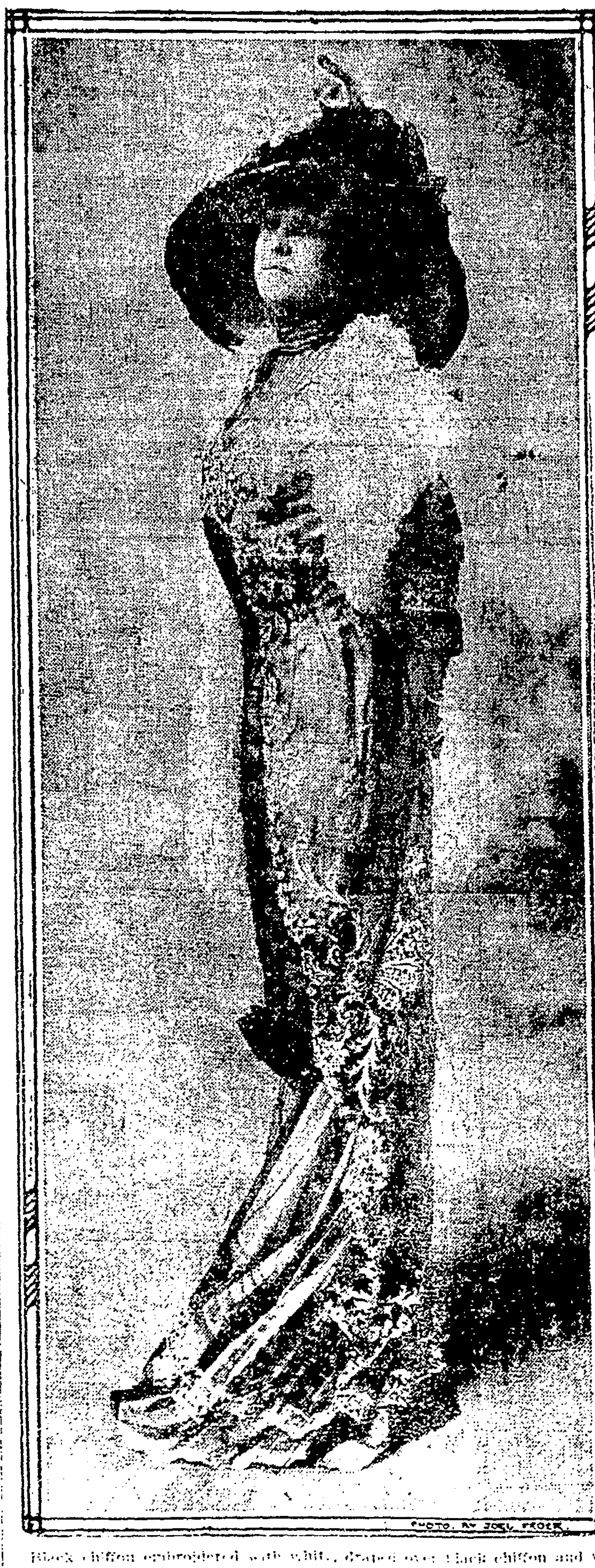


PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

Black chiffon embroidered with white, draped over black chiffon and white satin, forms this superb gown. Touches of black velvet and the pure white feather boa increase the contrast of colors. The hat is black lace, with white ribbon. he gloves are white with small embroideries in black.

Mistake Often Made by Women In Massaging

Fail to Use Astringents to Tighten the Skin When Loose After Rubbing.

"Strange, isn't it," said the masseuse who was vigorously rubbing the face of another woman, to fill out hollows and restore contour, "how few women use their intelligence about massaging their own faces? You see women who have ruined their skin by rubbing it wrong when they might have made themselves look heaps better. I have them come in here with their cheeks hanging and throats stringy. Of course, sometimes it couldn't be helped, but as a rule it is entirely because they have not used astringents to tighten the skin, which is loose after rubbing.

"Don't you know that if you take a material which is composed of two pasted together, or put through some process, and rub one spot on it gently you will separate the two? Then, if you keep on rubbing, that material or side which is on top will grow larger than the underneath, and if you tried to put them together again the top would wrinkle, because it would have been stretched.

"That is precisely what happens when a woman massages her face, whether she does so to take off flesh or add to it. She stretches and loosens the outer skin, and it has got to be shrunk when she gets through. When she is massaging to take off fat, the condition is likely to be graver because the skin is more stretched. The fat cushions beneath have been flattened, and she has a lot of 'slack' skin unless she has done the work properly. For instance, if you put a hot water bag, filled, into an outer case of flannel that fits it, you have a smooth case. Let the water go out of the bottle and the case is too big. That's precisely what happens to a woman's face when she rubs away the fat vessels.

"So," went on the masseuse, completely covering the face of her patient with a towel none too dry from iced water, "that is why I am now chilling your skin. There is no better astringent, after massaging, than compresses of cold water. They needn't freeze you, but they should be chilled. They stiffen the skin just as you have seen water stiffen the stems of some flowers.

"But before these are put on and they should be renewed as soon as the chill departs, continuing until the face has been covered for five minutes or so, all grease which has been used must be extracted else the cold will only cause the pores to clog. Must greasy creams always be used? By no means; only when you want to increase flesh.

"To reduce I use one made from one-eighth of an ounce of best Russian isinglass, one and one-half ounces of gelatine, five ounces of rose water and a few drops of rose essence. The isinglass is softened, of course, in the rose water, warmed. This is one of the greaseless creams, and I like it, for it is softening, but there is not enough glycerine to make it 'fat.'"

MARGARET MIXTER.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Best Way of Performing Various Household Duties.

Instead of using shot use a small metal chain in cleaning bottles. After using, dry and hang by the sink.

Get an old machine stand, paint to match the kitchen, cover with a board of the size needed, and cover neatly with a white oilcloth. The little drawers serve to hold tacks, hammer, ironing holders, stove polishing brushes, etc.

The disagreeable odor of fish on forks is not easily removed, even by careful washing. Pour tea over the forks and let remain until dishes are washed. No odor will be noticeable after the forks are washed.

If the crack in an egg is rubbed with moistened salt, allowing a little time for it to penetrate, the egg may be boiled without the contents oozing out.

The skewers that come in meat, or the orange wood sticks, are very useful to clean out corners of windows, otherwise inaccessible places along shelves and baseboards and any crevice. One finds them indispensable after once using.

All cooking teachers recommend the frothing of chocolate. It should be beaten with a patent egg beater before sending it to a table, whether whipped cream is to be served with it or not. An English chocolate pot is sure to be provided with its long paddle whose handle goes through the lid of the pot. As each cupful is served the paddle is turned briskly two or three times before the chocolate is poured off, the process being known over there as "muddling."

Jellied chicken is easily prepared, and makes an attractive dish, especially if there are stoned olives served with it, or quartered eggs around the mold, or chopped aspic jelly. Cold lamb, sliced thin, is improved by a border of broiled tomatoes, and cold roast beef is rendered more appetizing by them also.

Canada has eight medical schools, 6,726 physicians, and a population of 6,945,228. The Dominion is reported to be, in the matter of medical education, a reproduction of the United States on a greatly reduced scale. One of the schools is said to be as bad as anything found on this side of the line, two are feeble, two represent a distinct effort toward higher ideals, while two others are characterized as excellent.

SHAWL SCARF NOVELTY.

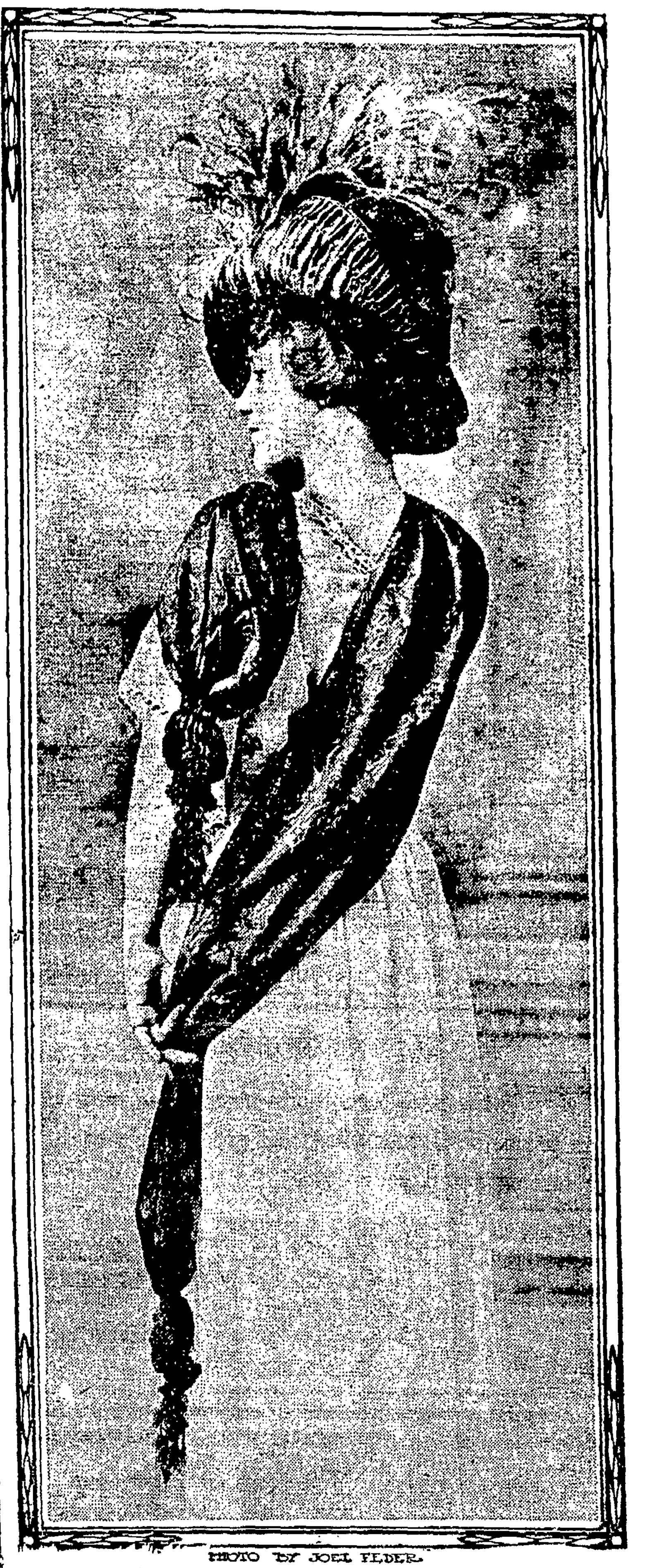


PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

These scarfs, worn mostly with the dinner and restaurant gowns of the day, are developed in many novel combinations of materials. The one illustrated is of black chiffon over Persian silk in shades of blue and gold. The ends are shirred in artistic fashion and finished wth pendants of cord and chiffon rosebuds.

HOT MILK IS SOOTHING TO VICTIM OF SUMMER COLD

Beverage Has Special Value Because Its Nourishing Properties Are Sustaining at a Time When Food is Difficult to Take—Sipped Slowly It Relaxes the Throat Most Gratefully.

Hot milk is one of the most soothing drinks one can take when attacked frequently by fits of coughing, and in cases of summer colds it has special value because of the nourishing properties which are sustaining at a time when food is difficult to take. If the beverage is sipped slowly it relaxes the throat most gratefully. One may not care for the flavor, but that has nothing to do with it, for the liquid is easily digested and does not upset the stomach.

Summer colds have an obstinate habit of clinging and are more difficult than those of the winter to throw off. If one has a tonic suited to one's system it may be taken to aid a cure, for the more the general condition can be built up the more quickly will coughing cease. Great heed is to be given to diet, selecting food which will contain the greatest nourishment. Raw eggs, milk, or cream, when the latter can be digested; very little rare meat, which is heating in summer; fresh vegetables and fruit are good. It is better to take a little something, such as a cup of milk, or a raw egg, every two hours, when one may, than a large quantity of food three times a day when the stomach is at all weak. Digestive organs can more easily manage a small quantity than a large one, and the body is better nourished in consequence.

Every person should know how to take eggs raw, for they are invaluable at times. If the egg is broken whole into a small wine glass and five drops of fresh lemon juice are squeezed over it, it may be swallowed precisely as is a raw oyster. Effort should be made not to allow the yolk to break in the mouth, because it is the yellow which has an unpleasant flavor. If the egg is thrown in so that it strikes the base of the tongue, the nourishment will go down of its own accord. In this way two or three eggs may be taken one after another, and a person might thrive on those alone.

Rubbing the chest with camphorated oil, turpentine or other applications which will relax tightness is to be done only at night. If done in the day, when the patient is up and about, the likelihood of taking more cold is great, for pores have been open and the chest is sensitive to change of temperature. At night the rubbing is excellent treatment, although, if the skin there is made delicate by friction, it may be necessary to wear during the day a bit of thin flannel or cotton batting over it to prevent taking more cold from a draught.

WOMEN AND TOBACCO.

The question of the toleration of smoking or the insistence upon non-smoking seems to have been projected untimely into the consideration of women's clubs and associations. It is alleged, on one side, that the number of women smokers is rapidly increasing, and that their comfort should be provided for. On the other hand, it is alleged that "nice" women do not smoke and that the practice should be forbidden in places where more women seek relaxation.

The question is untimely because the great majority of our women folk have not acquired the cigarette habit, says the Boston Post. They get along just as well without the smoke as with it. But let them sit on the piazza of an evening with the men of their family and they do not revolt at the "blowing of a cloud" by their male companions.

It is essentially a matter of taste—or of odor. In our southern dependencies the women smoke not only cigarettes but cigars, and enjoy their fragrance. Are they the worse for it? Certainly not, physically. It seems to remain for the men to say whether the kiss from lips perfumed by tobacco is the less delicious. The reform, if there is to be a reform, must originate from that side.

THE SENTINEL'S PULPIT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

In the Upper Room

Text—Acts 1: 13: "And when they were come in, they went up into an upper room."

A Sermon By

Rev. Frederick A. Shannon, D. D.

[Dr. Shannon is pastor of the Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. This sermon is reprinted from the Christian Herald.]

And where had they come in from? Why, from the mount called Olivet, from the mount of holy wonder, from the mount whence their Lord was taken up, from the mount upon which the white-appareled men looked down. And whither had they come to? Why, to the upper room—the place of prayer, of supplication, of heart-searching, of expectant waiting. And what occurred in the upper room? Well, for one thing, there was cradled the spiritual infant which has developed into the stalwart giant named Modern Civilization. Foreign missions, home missions, commerce, the arts, the sciences—everything worth keeping in the twentieth century—had its embryonic beginning in that upper room, the next door to Pentecost. For another thing, the upper room was the place where God set the fashion, in a new and hitherto unexampled manner, of unfolding his plan through the Christian aeons. Men speak of bends in the stream of human history. Pentecost was not so much a bend in the stream of history as a widening of the stream to swallow up all bends. Pentecost was simply the lifting up of the everlasting doors, by the King of Glory newly arrived from Olivet, that the river of life, flowing from under the throne of God and of the Lamb, might deluge the nations with its fertilizing waves.

A Sacred Gathering Place.

The upper room, then, was not a gathering place for disappointed fanatics. Rather, it was the first wireless station Christ communicated with after his emergence into the unseen. Though related to each other as cause and effect, as preparation and fulfilment, I propose to use the terms upper room and Pentecost interchangeably. What is their significance for you and me, as we thread our way through the ongoing years?

I. Consider, in the first place, that the upper room signifies the possibility of the soul's relationship with the highest. Pausing upon the threshhold of this sacred shrine, we are profoundly impressed with the sense of correspondence: "They were all with one accord in one place." There had been, of course, spiritual commerce with the invisible world before. Probably the first man began at once to search for the God who made him. But after the Word had become flesh and passed into the unseen universe, a larger, clearer, more intelligible communion was thereby established for all souls in Christ. Our ascending Lord threw up a new spiritual highway along which all prayers go straight to the heart of the Father. Christ speaks of the Father as endearingly as a boy away from home speaks of his mother. "Now I go my way to him that sent me." But he was returning thither not as he came. Out of the heights of Deity Christ had entered into the depths of humanity. Wearing the lost human pearl upon his divine finger, he now returns to the heavenly hinterlands as humanity's Priest and King. Now all of his generous promises are ready to be drawn upon. Already he had said: "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Then, after conquering death and the grave, he commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me."

What Pentecost Means.

This, then, is the abiding meaning of Pentecost: It is the privilege of all souls to come into sweet and tender relations with God. "The advent of the divine personality of Christ in the flesh has given the Eternal the experience of what it is to be human; it has established a kinship between God and man which has evolved and planted love into the religious sentiment, wholly changing the look of the unseen universe, and the relations of man to God. The awe of the infinite is softened and the distance upwards shortened and access made easy." The big business of every soul is to claim the kinship already established. For Christianity proclaims the privilege of right relations with God. Oh, why not seize the privilege now? You will never have a more auspicious moment, my friend. And think of the boon, the benefit, the gift—the gift is life, pure, deep, satisfying, eternal life!

Looking out over the earth these summer days, we behold the gallery of living beauty. Even our back yards put the Louvre and Vatican galleries to shame. For Titian's reds and Raphael's golds, we have God's whites and greens and blues and pinks and yellows. Look at that red, red rose nodding to its fair white sister across your neighbor's fence. Look at that honeysuckle shaking its perfumed sweetness down the morning air. And look at that little mother bird, the busiest housekeeper in the whole community. Now she darts down upon the grass, seizes the family lunch without asking permission of the maid, and then springs back to her young in their home amongst the whispering leaves. Now, answer me: Can the rose get on without the sun? Can grass get on without the rain? Can wings get on without the atmosphere? Certainly not. No more can your soul get on without improving its privilege of spiritual accordance, of heavenly correspondence. Our Father God designs the abundant life of spiritual enrichment for all of his children. And through Christ we are all become privileged partakers of the divine nature.

But correspondence is not all that transpired in the upper room. Correspondence is but the earthly prelude to the heavenly response. "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." Here is the law, then, as fixed as gravity, as universal as ether: "Wherever you challenge the higher possibilities of the universe, it reacts upon you with entire generosity." In a word, correspondence on earth necessitates responses from heaven. For what is religion? "Religion," says William Wynne Peyton, "is the response of the human soul to the drawing of the infinite Power and Eternal Father in the spiritual universe, the inscrutable in man, the eternal in personality." And what is the Christian religion? Religion is the response of the finite to the appeal of the infinite. The psalmist knew: "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." The Christian religion is the child's cheek turned to receive the Father's kiss.

The Responses From Heaven.

O my brethren, I am talking about the eternal confidences, the permanent realities, the spiritual certitudes, the unaging value. The upper room and the golden stream of transfiguring power flowing therefrom, make us spiritually scientific. With becoming awe, we tremble amid such august revelations. At the same time, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. "We are led by a scientific logic to an Unseen," say Professors Tait and Stewart, "and by scientific analogy to the scpirituality of this Unseen. In fine, our conclusion is, that the visible universe has been developed by an intelligence resident in the Unseen." And what I am saying now is: Since Christ passed into the heavens, there has been an increasingly deepening spiritual pressure upon the souls of men and of matter. The intelligence resident in the Unseen is an emphatically Christian intelligence. That is the imperial truth of Pentecost. Therefore, I say, the measure and swiftness of response from heaven is conditioned only by the measure of our correspondence on earth. As the eye is made for light, the ear for sound, the mouth for taste, the hand for touch, so the spirit of man is made for the habitation of the Spirit of God. The release of human personality is thus realized, together with its direction and fulfilment. The truth is nobly expressed by our great American mystic: "There is a Soul at the center of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is a guidance for each of us; and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word." Unquestionably. If the flowers catches the right raindrop, if the blade of grass holds the right pearl of dew, if the leaf infolds the right wave of sunlight, why should not thy obedient, listening soul hear the right word from heaven? It is all a matter of spiritual attitude, of Christian correspondence. Let a man but open his soul toward heaven, and instantly the Christliness which gladdens the face of the universe will flood his being. The challenge to each heart is: "Ask and it shall be given you; and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Why the asking, seeking, knocking soul makes all heaven tremble with holy, musical, rapturous joy. And it is thus, also, that heaven gets freshened opportunity to come earthward. Every prayer is a spiritual rivulet through which the water of life flows down to us. Yea, flows down to us that it may bear us on its wondrous tide farther and ever farther into the heart of Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

II. Consider, secondly, that the upper room signifies the energy of the invisible Christ personalized in human souls. Before vanishing into the worlds beyond, he had said: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you." And for what specific purpose were they to be empowered? "And ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Here, then, was our Lord's pre-Pentecostal programme. Was it begun at Pentecost, and is it still being unfolded in the life of the race? Surely, history and experience affirm both the individualizing and socializing power of our Lord's reign from his concealed abodes in glory.

The Divine Fire in Man's Soul.

First, there is the individualizing power of his personal sovereignty: "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." This is God's way of unlocking the treasures hidden behind the closed doors of human personality. For only the Pentecostal fire can illumine the depth, the richness, the magnificence of undisclosed individuality. Now each life may have its pure vestal flame raying forth the living God enshrined within. For since Christ the Lord sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high, the inmost heart of the universe has opened its joy and peace, its silken tendernesses, its vernal freshnesses, to the might and mystery, the yearning and burning of the single solitary soul. Souls are not like raindrops, single as they fall from the skies, lost as they merge into the vast and tumbling sea. Souls are as separate as blades of grass, each with its own bit of green, each with its own soldierlike uprightness as it sentinels the passing breeze. And the worlds are so made that no man can escape from God and himself. When a man can climb over the walls of the universe, it will be time enough to talk of his getting along without God.

Still, each man comes to his true soul stature only as he allows the divine fire to be kindled in his own spirit. Pentecost sublimes the personal soul with the God-consciousness, whose fine white flower is Christian experience, and whose "best fruits," says Professor James, "are the best things history has to show." For example, Paul is explained by the spreading flames of Pentecost, burning downward from the splendor-crowned heights to the innermost reaches of his personality. In that spiritual heat, his pharisaic dross is utterly consumed, while his veins or apostolic gold are hinted, and then fully uncovered, by the incessant working of viewless energies. Augustine, four centuries later, experienced a like redemptive, purifying flame in the Milan garden when the commanding voice said: "Take up, and read; take up, and read!" Oliver Cromwell speaks of his upper room—"what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his conversion," says Carlyle—on this wise: "I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh, the riches of his mercy!" Savonarola used to refer to his new life by saying: "A word did it." Yet none ever knew what that word was. In our own time, there has hardly been a brighter spiritual radiance than was shed by Hugh Price Hughes. And his biographer tells us that Hughes' Pentecost was "the prelude of a singular bursting forth of his mental powers. The opening of the doors of the spirit was also that of the mind." Thus do the centuries affirm the brightening glow of the Pentecostal fire in the souls of the twice-born. Thus does the personalized energy of the hidden Christ quicken the individual into spiritual prowess and eternal worth. Thus that antique upper room has widened until its dimensions are coextensive with the universe. And thus, also, has that little company multiplied until now every heart in the wide world may experience the quiver and thrill of celestial harmonies. The Holy Spirit besieging Man-soul—this bestirs the antiquity in us and billows the deeps.

Second, there is also the socializing power of our Lord's reign from the unseen: "And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit." Oh, the augustness, the loftiness, the majesty of the Divine activities here! Each man is gifted with his own tongue of flame, each has the walls of his own being widened out into the immensities, each has his own separate faculties harmonized in spiritual attunement—in brief, each man comes to complete self-realization in God. That is the first item in the Pentecostal program — the fulfilment, the entrichment, the individuality. The second is the Christianization of society: "And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit." The overarching genius of Christianity is this: It demands the best for each, it demands the best for all. It transforms society by regenerating the individual. It fulfils the individual by his brothering of society. Each is essential to both, and both are essential to each.

Now, our own times is especially pregnant wth social movements. The mystic human sea is all astir with unrest. In some quarters, wild tongues are loosed that hold not God in awe, nor man, nor devil. In other sections, we are all being theoretically winged to everlasting bliss by the angel of evolution. I have no word to utter against the angel. He is doing, as always, his noblest best. However, I sometimes fear that we are asking him to work overtime. Even an angel may become discouraged for lack of assistance by those whom he desires to assist. At any rate, I wish to make this suggestion: To all our methods for developing individuality, to all our brotherhood movements, to all our social schemes, let us add the simplest, the surest, the most workable force known to man or God. It is the conscious, intelligent, faith-inspired appropriation of that eternal power released from the Godhead by the passing of Christ into the silent kingdoms—the power of the personalizing, socializing Holy Spirit—the cleansing fire that burns out individual dross, the consuming flame that sweeps away social unrighteousness.

I believe Pentecost was the beginning of God's final movement for the completion of the universe. Alfred Russel Wallace tells us that "there are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some new power or cause must necessarily have come into action." These three stages are represented by the vegetable, the animal, and the human kingdoms. Each kingdom is lifted by direct interference from the eternal world, and each "depends upon different degrees of spiritual influx." The first in thus described: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The second: "And God said, Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures, and let fowl fly above the earth on the face of the expanse of the heaven." The third: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, of the already existing materials, and breathed into his nostrils the life of consciousness, and man became a living personality." The fourth and final epoch, the grandest of all, the one for which the universe was preparing untold millions of ages, was ushered in at Pentecost with fiery tongues and harmonious confusion. In that moment was born a new era of spiritual impregnation from the sky behind the sky. From that moment, also, correspondence on earth has always met wth abundant response from heaven. And this is Pentecost—heaven's way of bringing perfect self-realization to the individual and the City of God to society. O brethren, go often to the upper room. For that is God's way of bringing you to your best that you may bring your best to your fellow men.

NOBLE WOMAN OF WEALTH WELL HONORED.

MISS HELEN MILLER GOULD

New York, Sept. 3.—The degree of doctor of laws has been conferred on Miss Helen M. Gould by the American College for Girls at Constantinople. This institution, which is under the control of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, for years has been befriended by Miss Gould.

Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, the president, came to this country two years ago and was a guest at the home of Miss Gould. The college is about to move its quarters in Scutari to a new and more spacious home on the European side of the Bosphorus.

A Reliable Medicine—NOT A NARCOTIC.

Mrs. F. Martl, St. Joe, Mich., says Foley's Honey and Tar saved her little boy's life. She writes: "Our little boy contracted a severe bronchial trouble and as the doctor's medicine did not cure him, I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar in which I have great faith. It cured the cough as well as the choking and gagging spells, and he got well in a short time. Foley's Honey and Tar has many times saved us much trouble and we are never without it in the house." Dreier Bros.

Italy's tax on salt is a grievous burden upon the poor. The profit from the salt monopoly goes to the huge expense of armaments; the armaments are required by the triple alliance, and the triple alliance is required by the position of Italy as a first-class power.

WHEN MERIT WINS.

When the medicine you take cures your disease, tones up your system and makes you feel better, stronger and more vigorous than before. That is what Foley Kidney Pills do for you, in all cases of backache, headache, nervousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general weakness that is caused by any disorder of the kidneys or bladder. Dreier Bros.

An American steam plow made a striking showing at the first annual exhibition of agriculture and commerce at Bangkok in April last.

THE GRATITUDE OF ELDERLY PEOPLE

Goes out to whatever helps give them ease, comfort and strength. Foley's Kidney Pills cure kidney and bladder disease promptly, and give comfort and relief to elderly people. Dreier Bros.

The British flag covered 62.3 per cent of the total tonnage of the 42.395 vessels that traversed the Suez canal in 1909.

SAFE MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

Foley's Honey and Tar is a safe and effective medicine for children as it does not contain opiates or harmful drugs. Get only the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. Dreier Bros.

Gospel Invitation

The King's Marriage Feast.

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, Sept. 1, 1910.
By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Lesson Text—Matt. 22: 1-4. Golden Text—Matt. 22: 14: "Many are called, but few are chosen."

[From The Christian Herald.]

"Jesus answered and spake again." He was still talking to the priests, elders and Pharisees to whom he had spoken the parables of the Vineyard. They had set themselves against the truth he had come to reveal, and they needed some convincing arguments in the way of home thrusts, which Jesus proceeded to give them in the parable of the King's Marriage Feast, which was in reality a picture of their unfaithfulness to God.

A Marriage Feast.

It is significant that Jesus should take a marriage feast as a symbol of the Gosped feast. There is no occasion quite so happy as a marriage feast. Jesus thus teaches the joy of religion.

"Sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden." Jesus had in mind the custom in the Orient of sending reminders to those who had been invited. This was necessary because there were no timepieces, as clocks or watches. In our own land to send a reminder would be almost an insult, but it was a courtesy in the Orient.

"And they would not come." Courtesy was met with discourtesy; those who were invited and reminded actually refused to come! Among Orientals, particularly among the Mohammedans, to refuse an invitation to a marriage feast is an act against God.

"And he sent forth other servants." The king who had made the marriage feast was long suffering; he sent his servants to persuade them to come by telling them about all of the good things which had been prepared for them.

"They made light of it; treated them shamefully, and killed them." So had the Jews treated the teachers and the prophets whom God had sent to invite them to the Gospel feast, and they had followed their own ways, many of them by adopting the idolatry of the nations they had been sent to conquer.

"Sent his armies and destroyed those murderers and burned their city." It is probable that Jesus here referred to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in 70 A. D.

"Go ye, therefore, unto the partings of the highways." The king sent other servants, not to the homes where he had before sent, but to far-removed places.

"As many as ye shall find bid to the marriage feast." This was indicative of the gospel to be preached to the Gentiles.

"And the wedding was filled with guests," the world coming to Christ.

"A man who had not on a wedding garment." He had no excuse for not having on the festal robe, for all guests were supplied with them by the master of the feast, so that to appear without one showed gross discourtesy and dishonoring of the occasion.

"Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into the outer darkness." And thus the man who would not conform to the conditions which the invitation implied, received his just punishment. And thus shall it be done to those who refuse the robe of righteousness which Jesus provides for all who come to the Gospel feast. It will not do for us to be "as good as we can be," when Jesus has told us to be "perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Such a spotless robe can not in any way be obtained by us of ourselves; it is the gift of God, because Jesus Christ paid for it with the coin of his own blood.

"Many are called, but few chosen." All are invited to the Gospel feast: Jews and Gentiles. All who will come are chosen. "As many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God." John 1:12. Henry Ward Beecher said: "The elect are whosoever will; the non-elect are whosoever won't." It has been said by another: "Do not be frightened by this text, as if God called a thousand men to him, then took out a certain number of the thousand and sent all the rest away. This is not the teaching of the divine Gospel. Read it thus: Many are called, but few chosen; many are invited, but few come; many are named, but few are real."

Those of the Highways.

We find them in all parts of the world. Jesus said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." There are "highways in our own cities; perhaps in our own home we shall find those who need the gospel, in our own land certainly there are many to whom we can carry the gospel invitation, and in the whole world it is said there are at least 1,000,000,000 who have not yet received the gospel. Let us learn from the way in which Jesus worked among men how and where we should carry his message.

This is what Mr. Amos R. Wells says of Christ as a missionary:

"Christ was a home missionary in the house of Lazarus.

"Christ was a foreign missionary when the Greeks came to him.

"Christ was a city missionary when he taught in Samaria.

"Christ was a children's missionary when he took them in his arms and blessed them.

"Christ was a Sunday school missionary when he opened the scriptures, and set men to studying the word of God.

"Christ was a missionary to the poor when he opened the eyes of the blind beggar.

"Christ was a missionary to the rich when he opened the spiritual eyes of Zaccheus.

"Even on the cross Christ was a missionary to the robber; and his last command was the missionary commission."

So long as there is one in our family out of Christ, we have missionary work to do in our home.

As long as there is a heathen in the world we should have a share in the world's missionary work, either by prayer, by gifts, by personal testimony or by teaching.

As long as there are souls out of Christ in our city we should ally ourselves with plans for city evangelization, if there are such; if not, we should inaugurate such pans.

We should look after the neglected children in our own city, and in Christ's name try to better their condition. In this, the beautiful work which Dr. Klopsch did at Mont-Lawn should be an inspiration to us.

We can all follow the example of Christ as a Sunday school teacher, because not half of the children in the United States have as yet been gathered into the Sunday school. It would be well to start a house-to-house visitation in the town or city where you live, for the purpose of bringing into the Sunday school all children who do not now attend. Or you might go out on the street on Sunday morning, and give to each passing child a pretty picture paper with an invitation to come to your Sunday school in the afternoon. One teacher, who did this in New York city, added one hundred and eighty-two members to the school the first Sunday, and sixty-five the second Sunday.

So long as there are any poor people in your city there is a ministry of consolation for you to enter upon in the name of Christ. You can not open the eyes of blind beggars as he did, but you can sooth pain and relieve pressing want. This is why God in his goodness has bestowed such an abundance upon you. Think not that he intended it all for your own use.

Has it ever occurred to you that there are miserable rich people in the world whom you might help to be happy? Perhaps you have thought because they had money enough to buy everything they desired, they were quite happy. When Jesus went to the home of Zaccheus, he saw there was something he could do for a rich man. Is there not a rich man or a rich woman in your city whom you could help to learn the blessedness of loving and serving Jesus?

After Jesus had visited Zaccheus, what a wonderful distribution Zaccheus made of his property, restoring four-fold all that he had gained by defaulting, and giving a large share of the remainder to benevolence. A few years ago a rich man gave his check for sixty thousand dollars to start missionary work in Korea. As a result there are now thousands upon thousands of Christians in Korea, and over one hundred thousand children are in the Sunday schools of that country, and the end is not yet. A rich farmer supports a missionary substitute in China. He found that he could spare $1,000 more, and he inquired of the mission board where "it would bring the largest return." He was given full particulars as to an opportunity for opening up a district where a million people had not yet heard of the Saviour. He was so interested that he not only sent the $1,000, but promised that it should be an annual contribution, and sent an additional $1,000 toward sending missionary helpers to other fields.

As long as you shall live there is missionary work for you to do among the people of the highways. Even when he was dying Jesus gave the Gospel message to a penitent thief. Perhaps your dying words may lead to the salvation of a soul. Many dying Christians have spoken such words.

How Children May Help.

One Sunday afternoon, in Scotland, when the Sunday school lesson for the day had been finished, and the scholars had gone to the neighboring church to hear an address, the superintendent read to the children a letter from a missionary in the Fiji islands. The letter described the savage and cruel ways of the cannibals who live there, and the power that the Gospel had obtained over many of them in transforming their lives. Having finished reading the acount, the gentleman looked around and said: "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will become a missionary, and by and by take the Gospel to cannibals?" There was one boy who said in his heart, "Yes, God helping me, I will." He made no outward sign, nor did he tell any one at that time of his decision. He went home alone. When he reached a certain part of the road where there was a wall, he climbed over it, and kneeling down on the other side, asked God to accept him and make him a good missionary to the heathen. That boy was James Chalmers, who afterwards preached the Gospel to the savages in New Guinea. As to the Fiji islands, when we visited there on our way from Australia three years ago, we were told by a missionary who had been there for twenty years that there were at that time ninety thousand Fijians, and that they were all church attendants. The place of cannibals has thus become one of the most Christian spots in the world.

When Eliza Agnew was only eight years of age she was shown a map on which all heathen lands were printed in black. She said to herself, "When I grow up I shall go to one of those black countries and tell the people that Jesus loves them." Twenty-two years passed, and Eliza Agnew was given the opportunity to go as a missionary to the Island of Ceylon. There she found no girl or woman who could read. It was told her that they could not learn to read any more than sheep could, and that all they were good for was to cook food. Miss Agnew did not get discouraged, but prayed to God to help her. One day there came a great shower of rain, and two little girls sought shelter in the missionary's house. She gave the girls some bananas to eat. This made the mother of one of the girls very angry, for she said her daughter had lost caste (been disgraced) by eating food in a stranger's house. So said the mother to Miss Agnew: "You have given my child food. You may take her and bring her up." This was the answer to Miss Agnew's prayer. She fed and clothed the child, and taught her the Tamil alphabet. Soon other girls joined her, and in a short time many of them had learned the two hundred and forty-seven letters of that wonderful alphabet. Then a larger school for girls was opened. At least one thousand girls studied there, who gave their much-loved teacher the name of "The Mother of a Thousand Daughters." And many of those same "daughters" went out all over Ceylon to live among their people as professing Christians.

Statue of Hon. Thos. B. Reed.

STATUE OF SPEAKER REED AT PORTLAND, ME.

Portland, Me., Sept. 3.—A bronze statue of the late Thomas Brackett Reed, for many years speaker of the house of representatives at Washington, was unveiled here on the western promenade overlooking Casco Bay.

The statue is eight feet high and represents the speaker in an attitude of repose with a scroll in the left hand. The pedestal is of Maine granite, nine feet high. The statue is the work of Burr C. Miller, of New York and Paris, a son of Warner Miller, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Reed. The cost was about $35,000.

A MERRY HEART.

"A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile—O!"

Cheerfulness should be a matter for religious cultivation, as much as honesty or benevolence. In truth, it is a species of benevolence, as well as invaluable in its reactionary effect. Conversely, moodiness and chronic depression are a supreme form of selfishness, unless occasioned by insanity. We have no more moral right to stand in people's sunlight than we have to rob their coal cellars or strangle their pet canaries—no more right to waste their nerve force and their staying power than to drop strychnine in their coffee, says Woman's Life.

An unreasonable moper is worse than a minus quantity in algebra, reducing and enervating all around him.

One of the best short sermons ever written is the poem about the old woman whose cheerfulness and contentment are twins. "Cheerfulness is the strongest chain with which to bind a husband's affections. Be bright and merry before him, no matter what little foxes are destroying the vines in your own pet garden."

Your kidney trouble may be of long standing, it may be either acute or chronic, but whatever it is Foley's Kidney Remedy will aid you to get rid of it quickly and restore your natural health and vigor. "One bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy made me well," said J. Sibbull, of Grand View, Wis. Commence taking it now. Dreier Bros.

Statistics compiled by the New York Spectator show that in a list of sixty-five cities, Indianapolis ranked seventh in the percentage of suicides during the year 1909. In 1908 there were 12,517 suicides in the United States and the number estimated for 1909 is 12,500. While this is slightly less than the preceding year, urban and rural figures for a period covering the last decade prove that suicide is steadily increasing, although the number may fluctuate.

Mrs. Jacob Wilmert, Lincoln, Ill., found her way back to perfect health. She writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble and backache and my appetite was very poor at times. A few weeks ago I got Foley's Kidney Pills and gave them a fair trial. They gave me great relief, so continued till now I am again in perfect health." Dreier Bros.

THE BOSTON STORE

GREAT BLANKET SALE

We have put on sale two thousand pairs of

COTTON AND WOOL BLANKETS

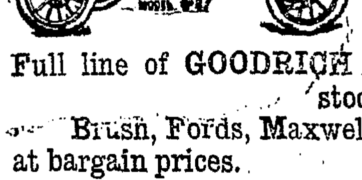
You can buy these Blankets during this sale at a saving of from 15 to 25 per cent.

10-4 Heavy Fleeced Blankets at 50c, worth 65c.
10-4 Heavy Fleeced Blankets at 59c, worth 75c.
11-4 Heavy Fleeced Blankets at 69c, worth 85c.
11-4 Heavy Fleeced Blankets at 89c, worth $1.
11-4 Extra Heavy Blankets at $1.00, worth $1.25.
11-4 Extra Heavy Blankets at $1.19, worth $1.35.
12-4 Extra Heavy Blankets at $1.39, worth $1.65.
Wool Nap Extra Heavy Blankets at $2.00, worth $2.25.
11-4 Fancy Plaid Blankets, all colors, at $2.50, worth $3.00.
10-4 All-Wool Blankets at $2.95, worth $3.50.
10-4 All-Wool Fancy Plaid Blankets at $3.75, worth $4.50.
11-4 All-Wool Blankets, extra fine, at $4.39, worth $5.00.
11-4 Extra Heavy All-Wool Blankets at $5.00, worth $6.00.

We are showing many new styles in Fall Dress Goods—New Outings at special prices. Don't fail to attend this sale on Blankets, as we can save you from 15 to 25 per cent by buying them now.

WM. HAHN & CO.
The BOSTON STORE

Housecleaning Sale of Demonstrating Cars



Full line of GOODRICH AND DIAMOND Tires in stock.

Brush, Fords, Maxwells and Reos, silghtly used, at bargain prices.

It will pay you to call and see these bargains.

Wind Shields....$10, $12.50 and $15.00
Zig Zag Shields.......$20.00
Nightingale Whistles....$3.50
Large Double Action Pumps.......$2.75
Stapley Pumps, pressure guages attached, $6.00 values, now.......$4.00
Puritan Oil Soap, 5-lb. buckets.......50c
Auto Jacks...$1.00 and $1.50
Ideal Inner Sleeves for casings $1, $1.25 and $1.50
Transmission Grease, bucket.......75c

INNER TUBES, 2DS.

30x3½	$5.00
32x3½	5.25
31x4	5.40
34x3½	5.50
34x4	5.75

AUTO CASINGS, 2DS.

28x3	$13.00
30x3	14.25
30x3½	20.00
32x3½	20.00
32x4	25.00
34x4	27.00

For Sale—One 20-horse power, 3-passenger Roadster in good condition, $350.00.

BROSIUS & SESLINE AUTO CO.
117 EAST COLUMBIA STREET.

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by advertisements guaranteeing to save you so much money, when you borrow. By comparing the TIME, the AMOUNT you get, the SIZE of the payments, and the small REBATE which other Companies offer you, with our terms and rates, you will know that we give you a SQUARE DEAL. We have been doing business in Indiana for 15 years, and have a reputation for honesty and square dealing. WE MAKE LOANS on household goods, pianos, horses and wagons, farm implements or anything of value, and leave the security in your possession. If you live within 30 miles of Fort Wayne we will call on you at our expense. Big rebates if paid before due. Confidential, private, quick Loans. Call at our office, write, or 'phone, and we will make you a loan on easy payments for any length of time.

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WILL WED INTO FAMILY OF ILL-OMENED MARRIAGES.

MISS GLADYS VERGINIE BRADLEY

The engagement of Miss Gladys Verginie Bradley, of Bridgeport, Conn., to William Thaw, of Pittsburg, son of Mrs. William Thaw, and brother to Harry K. Thaw, is announced. The Thaw family has a record of illomened marriages. Harry K. Thaw married Evelyn Nesbit and then murdered Stanford White. He is now in the New York hospital for the criminally insane. A sister who became the wife of the Earl of Yarmouth, has secured a divorce.

Kills the Dandruff germ
Stops Falling Hair
NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE
NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

I am feeling fine. Do I look good? Just washed my hair and put Herpicide on it. The worst thing about washing hair is that it is flyey and unmanageable. By using Herpicide Soap for shampooing and then applying Newbro's Herpicide you won't have any trouble. Herpicide allows it to dry quickly and the hair is just as light and fluffy as can be. You can do it up as nice the first day as the second.

Herpicide is the finest thing for the hair I ever saw. It is not greasy, does not stain or destroy the natural oil. It is just right.

I believe Herpicide is a sanitary necessity to every woman's toilet. Besides being a most delightful dressing, it saves the hair—prevent its coming out. Loose hair in the comb is the sure sign of danger. The dandruff germ does that, kills the follicles and throws up the scarfskin that is so horrid.

Herpicide kills this germ, keeps the scalp clean and allows the hair to grow as it should. It makes beautiful hair—hair that has that nice gloss and lustre.

You can get a large bottle of Herpicide from your druggist for a dollar. Use it as directed and if not satisfied, go back and get your money. The Company that makes Herpicide are so sure that it will do as they claim that they guarantee it.

If you have not read it, you should send for their book—"The Hair and Its Care." It is sent to anyone upon request. You can also get a nice big sample of Herpicide with the book by sending ten cents in postage stamps to The Herpicide Company, Dept. 29B., Detroit, Mich.

The best barbers and hair dressers all recommend Newbro's Herpicide.

BRADLEY BROS., Special Agents for Fort Wayne, Ind.

NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

LADY HELPS LAY PAVING BRICKS

Mrs. A. R. Otis, at Kendallville, in Active Sympathy With Imprivement Work.

Kendallville, Ind., Sept. 3.—The laying of the brick pavement on Mitchell street is now completed, and within a few days after the application of the cement filler the street will be ready for use.

Mrs. A. R. Otis has secured for herself a distinction in connection with the paving that is not held by any other lady in the city, so far as can be learned. While the pavers were working in front of the Otis residence at the corner of Mitchell and Burnam streets, Mrs. Otis asked and was granted the privilege of laying some of the brick. She placed at least half a dozen of them in position.

Speaking of the incident Mrs. Otis said: "I am not a member of any club, but I am heartily in accord with any work that is for the betterment of our city, and I could not resist the temptation to take part in the work. When the interurban was being built at Waterloo I had the privilege of driving some spikes, and I wanted this chance to do some work on our paving."

MERGE MANY TOWNS IN ONE.

Plan to Enlarge Gary by Annexation Will Probably Succeed.

South Bend., Ind., Sept. 3.—Eight cities and towns in the Calumet region of Indiana will probably be merged into one city during the next year, providing proper legislation can be secured in the next session of the Indiana general assembly. According to present plans, Whiting, Gary, East Chicago, Hammond, Hobart, Miller and East Gary will be consolidated under the name of Gary with a population of 125,000. The plan for the consolidation is patterned after that which made Greater New York possible, the present cities becoming boroughs. The new city will be twelve miles long and seven miles wide.

HOTEL DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Hostelry at Lafontaine, Near Wabash, Possible Prey of Incendiaries.

Wabash, Ind., Sept. 3.—Possibly from incendiarism, the Lafontaine hotel at Lafontaine, south of Wabash, was destroyed by fire. Two strangers were seen running from the vicinity just before the fire was discovered. John Schuster, the proprietor, was at the Warren fair, and there were no guests at the time. This is the third fire in the hotel this season. All the contents burned. The firemen were compelled to devote their attention to adjoining property. Loss about $3,000.

VERY NEAR DEATH FROM SMALL CUT

Mrs. Shoemaker, East of Wabash, is Victim of Very Unusual Accident.

Wabash, Ind., Sept. 3.—Mrs. Mathias Shoemaker, aged past sixty-five, living ten miles east of Wabash, came near bleeding to death when she dropped a crock on her ankle, cutting an artery. The aged lady was at work in the summer kitchen at her home when the accident happened. A doctor could not be located for two hours and her aged husband, who was the only person about, worked in desperation trying to stop the flow of blood from the wound. He bandaged her leg tightly, and finally got the flow stopped just before the doctor arrived.

The wound itself was comparatively small. At every heartbeat blood spurted out on the inside of her ankle and ordinary methods at first resorted to proved of no avail. Her husband worked desperately, knowing it to be death if he did not stop the flow in a little while. Mrs. Shoemaker was growing constantly weaker from the loss of blood, and had to be given restoratives by the physician. It is believed she will recover.

COVERED LONG DISTANCE.

Auburn Officials On Inspection Trip See Seventeen Towns.

Auburn, Ind., Sept. 3.—The city officers who made the trip of inspection Thursday arrived home at 10 p. m. feeling well pleased with their experience and well paid for the day off.

A distance of 161 miles was covered. Seventeen towns and cities were passed through, the principal ones being Kendallville, Ligonier, Goshen, Warsaw, Columbia City and Fort Wayne. Many inquiries were made as to the conducting of affairs of the respective cities. They came home satisfied that Auburn was equal to or ahead of others in her class except in fire equipment.

IN RECEIVER'S HANDS.

Affairs of Garrett Paper Mills Get Into Court.

Auburn, Ind., Sept. 3.—Upon the request of Albert B. Smith, of Elkhart, W. H. Anderson was appointed receiver of the Garrett Paper mills Friday afternoon.

The application says the company has an indebtedness of $17,000 with $10,000 past due; that the company's assets are $40,000 and that there is dissatisfaction among he sockholders.

NEW DEPOT NEARLY READY.

Lima, Ohio, Sept. 3.—The handsome new union depot built by the Ohio Electric company at Lima, will be opened for use September 20th. With the completion of the new terminal, General Manager H. P. Gilpin will remove his executive offices from the car barns to the upper floors of the new station. Also coming with him will be Superintendent H. F. Dicke and his staff and the entire corps of dispatchers. District Passenger Agent F. A. Burkhardt, who is now located up town, will probably also remove to the second floor.

NEW BAND ORGANIZED.

Columbia City, Ind., Sept. 3.—Twenty-two musicians of this city have just organized a new band, which will be under the leadership of Phil Farren. The members include Phil Farren, S. F. Garber, Frank Summers, James Bodley, Harry Hildebrand, Frank Brahm, John Brahm, Roscoe Shroyer, Carl Burns, Ed Friese, M. McKeller, Eugene Willits, Charles McKellar, Charles Dare, Will Strauss, Will Miller, Roscoe Busch, Oscar Allen, Val. Worden, Rev. J. F. Porterfield, Harry Gelvin and Chester Hall.

WAS GORED BY A BULL.

Decatur, Ind., Sept. 3.—Fred Thieme, a prominent Union township farmer, was attacked by a vicious bull while at work about the farmyard Thursday, and was knocked to the ground and severely bruised. A son of Mr. Thieme beat the animal off with a hayfork before his father had been seriously hurt.

WALTER BROWN WEDS AGAIN.

Elkhart, Ind., September 3.—Walter Brown, of this city, former republican leader in the Thirteenth congressional district, who recently completed a sentence in the prison at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., for wrecking the Indiana National bank here, and who in 1907 was divorced by his wife, was quietly wedded to Mrs. Beryl Tousley McHenry here last night.

DIED VERY SUDDENLY.

Roann, Ind., Sept. 3.—Robert Rantz, a life-long resident of this place, died very suddenly Thursday night from heart trouble. His wife was awakened by his groans during the night, but he expired before medical aid could reach him.

LARGE BARN IS BURNED.

Brimfield, Ind., Sept. 3.—The large bank barn on the farm of William Van Meter, southwest of this place, was totally destroyed by fire Thursday, together with all its contents. The loss is $3,000. The blaze was of unknown origin.

WEDDED AT LATE HOUR.

Warsaw, Ind., Sept. 3.—Mike Sander, of Warsaw, and Clara M. Baumgartner, of Leesburg, were united in marriage at the county clerk's office here at 11:30 o'clock Thursday night. Justice H. W. Graham performed the ceremony.

BOTH IN HOSPITAL.

Kendallville, Ind., Sept. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. George E. Walling, of South East street, are both patients in one of the Fort Wayne hospitals. Mr. Walling is suffering severely from rheumatism, while Mrs. Walling has been in poor health for a number of weeks.

WATERLOO MAN CHOSEN.

Winona Lake, Ind., Sept. 3.—Rev. William Becher, of Waterloo, has been elected moderator of the Brethren church conference now in session here.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES
G. A. R. EXCURSIONS
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Atlantic City
September 15 to 19
INCLUSIVE
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Packard Band Concert, Robison Park Sunday. Electro-Technic Band, Labor Day, 4:30 P. M. 1-3t.

Dancing Labor Day, Robison Park, all day.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August. 7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

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"Goods delivered to any part of the city—Phone 303."

50c Benzion Almond Cream	34c
75c Pompeian Massage Cream	50c
50c Pompeian Massage Cream	38c
75c Acme Massage Cream	39c
50c Balm of Almond Cream	39c
25c Colgate's, Williams', Mennen's Talcum Powder	15c
25c Colgate's Tooth Powder	15c
$1.00 Colgate's Toilet Water	75c
75c Colgate's Toilet Water	50c
50c Colgate's Toilet Water	38c
25c Mum—destroys the odor of perspiration	19c
25c Shaving Sticks	18c
25c Colgate's Rapid Shave Powder	18c
25c Tetlow's Face Powder	19c
A. D. S. Imported Olive Oil—Guaranteed Pure—per bottle,	25c and 75c
Daisy Fly Killers	2 for 25c
$1.00 Swamp Root	83c
50c Swamp Root	45c
$1.00 D. D. D. Eczema Cure	83c
$1.00 Root Juice	83c
50c Antiphlegistine	45c
50 Doan's Kidney Pills	45c

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"Prescriptions Filled at a Saving."
627 CALHOUN ST.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.
MIDY
Sold by all druggists.

ARE YOUR TEETH DISABLED in any way, shape or form? Or, do you know? If you don't, come in and let us examine you and treat you. We've got prices that you will say are reasonable.

Gold Crowns, $5.00.
DR. MOMMER,
814 Calhoun St., over Star Shoe Store

Dr. Johnston
OSTEOPATH
4th FLOOR SHOAFF BUILDING. TAKE ELEVATOR.
Graduate of Kirksville, Mo.
Diseases and Deformities Treated.
—EXAMINATION FREE—
Phone—Office, 1520; Residence, 6534.

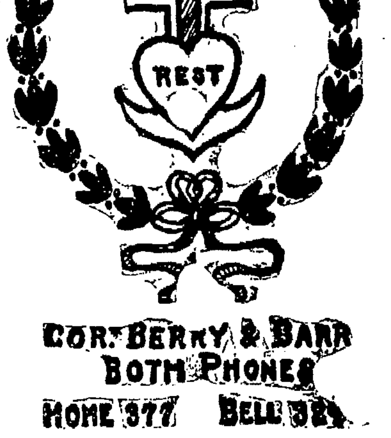
A. HATTERSLEY & SONS
PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS
ELECTRIC WIRING OF ALL KINDS.
208-212 E. MAIN ST. Fort Wayne.

DR. RUSH THE REGISTERED OSTEOPATH.
Graduate From Several Schools.
TWELFTH YEAR IN FORT WAYNE
Suites 49, 50, 51, Pixley-Long Bldg.
Diseases Cured. Examination Free.
Home Phone 589. Residence 2215.

"Cured me with his wonderful scientific treatment."—Mrs. G. Childers, Garrett, Ind.

TAKE NOTICE and pay what you owe Dr. Rush, or have the money ready when Ralph calls on you with the statement.

Schone & Ankenbruck



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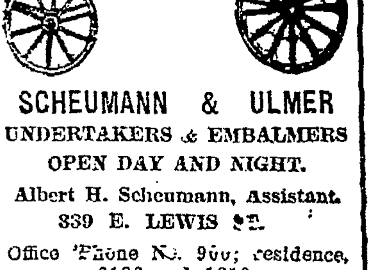
BOTH PHONES
HOME 377 BELL 32



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UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
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339 E. LEWIS ST.
Office 'Phone No. 900; residence, 6186 and 1210.

J. C. Peltier
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Both Phones No. 25
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Fine Funeral Furnishings,
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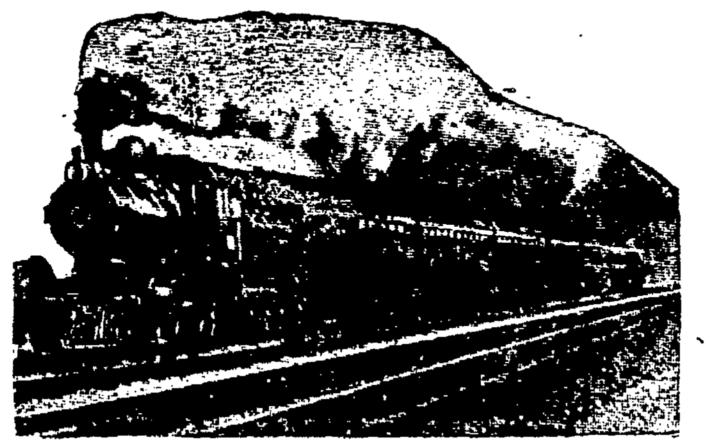


THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

BLAIR HONORED BY VETERANS

To Be Elected President of the Nickel Plate Employes Association.

FOURTH ANNUAL IN CONNEAUT

About 300 Members in Attendance and Program Excellent—Shop News.

SUPT. S. K. BLAIR,
President of Nickel Plate Veterans' Association.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

Conneaut, Ohio, Sept. 3.—S. K. Blair, superintendent of the Western division of the Nickel Plate, will be elected president of the Veterans' association of the Nickel Plate railroad at the fourth annual meeting in this city today.

The meeting is being attended by nearly 300 men, each one of whom has been employed by the company twenty-five or more years. S. K. Blair commenced his service with the Nickel Plate in the capacity of a train dispatcher October 9, 1882. Six months later he was appointed chief dispatcher and June 1, 1888, he was appointed trainmaster, which position he retained until March 1, 1901, when he assumed the office of division superintendent. The committees, assisted by the city officials, business men and private residents, have one of the best programs yet gotten up for the veterans.

A reception committee composed of the employes of the company who reside in Conneaut met the veterans at the station upon the arrival of the trains, and headed by a band, escorted them to the Elks' hall, where the business session was held in the morning. After this meeting came luncheon at the Cleveland hotel, followed by an interesting program of pleasure, one feature of which was an auomobile ride around the city and a ride on one of the large tugs out into the lake. Another enjoyable features of the afternoon was a ball game between a team composed of clerks in the general office at Cleveland and the Nickel Plate team of the Conneaut Industrial Base Ball league. The final event of the reunion will be the banquet in the armory this evening at which there will be over 300 plates. The citizens and business men of Conneaut are doing their best to entertain the veterans and are succeeding in the effort. All of the buildings on the business streets and many in the resident portion of the cty are decorated in honor of the visitors.

TAKES BETTER POSITION.

Henry G. Jacobs to Be Transferred to Chicago.

Henry G. Jacobs goes to Chicago next week to become chief bookkeeper in the branch office of the Berghoff Brewing association. Mr. Jacobs has been a bookkeeper at the association's office in this city nearly a year and his services in that line seem to have been eminently satisfactory, as indicated by the promotion. Mr. Jacobs was employed in a clerical capacity at the Pennsylvania shops several years. Joseph Reif is the manager of the Berghoff Chicago branch.

TEMPORARY OFFICE.

Electric Works Will Have One in Factory Building.

As soon as the south portion of the facory building on Broadway of the Fort Wayne Electric works reaches the top of the first floor, a roof will be placed over it and quarters for the clerical force in the present office building established therein. Then the old office building will be torn down and the work of erecting the north end of the factory building will be carried on with the other construction work. Work on the new office building is progressing rapidly, but the building will not be ready for occupancy this year, hence the necessity for new quarters for awhile.

RETURNS HOME MONDAY.

Assistant Foreman John R. Conick, of the Pennsylvania round house, will resume his duties Monday after a two weeks' absence. He had been visiting his parents in Pullman, Ill.

GONE TO MT. CLEMENS.

General Manager J. J. Wood, of the Fort Wayne Electric works, who is suffering from rheumatism, has gone to Mt. Clemens to take a treatment. He recently took treatment at French Lick Springs, but was not entirely cured.

TO ATTEND FAMILY REUNION.

Ed Seibert and William Shaffer, of the Pennsylvania machine shop, went to Maples this afternoon to spend a couple days with their grandfather. They will also attend a family reunion at Maples.

AGENTS KICK FOR INCREASE.

Two hundred agents, clerks and telegraph operators on the Clover Leaf road have sent a petition to the manager for a 20 per cent. increase. They claim that other roads are paying for the same service 30 per cent. more than they receive.

TOURISTS RETURNING EAST.

A special directed Yellowstone Park tourist party, on a special train, passed through the city this afternoon, running as a second to the Manhattan limited, enroute east. The train with its occupants passed through the city westbound about a month ago.

SUPT. BARNES RETURNS.

Supt. E. A. Barnes, of the Fort Wayne Electric works, has returned to the city after a two weeks' absence, the first in looking after some business in Wisconsin and the latter week in recreation at the lakes in northern Indiana, where his family is stopping for awhile.

SHORT ON CRAFTSMEN.

The government recruiting agents are instructed to make special efforts to recruit boilermakers, blacksmiths and coppersmiths, the monhly salaries being $70.50 for boilermakers, $55 for blacksmiths and $60.50 for coppersmiths. The men are wanted for the naval department.

STACK FOR PAPER MILLS.

On a hurry up order an immense steel smoke stack left the Bass boiler shop today for Hartford City, where it will be erected over the boiler plant of the Hartford City Paper company. Men to erect it will go down there Monday or Tuesday.

RECUPERATING IN COUNTRY.

Engineer Charles More, who was injured at Plymouth on the Pennsylvania, several weeks ago, has gone to the country home of his parents, near Columbia City, to remain until he is able to resume work, which will probably be a week or two.

PERCY MERRITT RETURNS.

Percy F. Merritt resumed his duties at the desk in the Pennsylvania motive power office this morning. He had been enjoying an outing at Rome City, where he was successful in catching some of the finest bass taken out of Sylvan lake this summer.

PENNSYLVANIA ENGINE OUTPUT.

Ten engines, among them one of the big K-2 passenger flyers, received general overhauling in the Pennsylvania erecting shop during the week ending today. They were Nos. 7045, 7087, 7177, 7218, 7323, 7451, 7470, 7738, 7914 and 7513, the latter being the big passenger locomotive.

WILL RESUME WORK TUESDAY.

The old wheel foundry room at the Bass shops, which has been idle for a week on account of falling off in orders and for repairs to the cupolas, will be ready for operation again next week and it is probably that it will start up Tuesday morning. The management took advantage of the lull to put the shop in first class order.

DENIES RETRENCHMENT STORY.

The officials of the Harriman lines deny the rumor that the company is about to inaugurate a rigid retrenchment policy. There is no foundation for the story, the officials say, and the program for the improvements and extensions in force during the past year will be carried out exactly as undertaken.

WILL BUILD A TOWN.

The Chesapeake and Ohio will soon move its Covington shops to a site near Silver Grove, a few miles above Newport. Ground near the proposed shops is being laid out into lots and numerous houses will be erected there for the shopmen. The town will be named Stevensville, in honor of George W. Stevens, president of the C. & O., and a former resident of Fort Wayne.

TWO MEN RESIGN.

A. V. Ueber and F. W. Stoll, the former a tinner and the latter a flue maker, resigned their positions at the Pennsylvania shops this morning. Mr. Ueber has taken employment with G. W. Freiburger & Son, who have a tin shop on Thomas street, and Mr. Stoll will go to Indianapolis to work. Mr. Ueber worked at the Pennsylvania shops about two years.

AIR COMPRESSOR DEMOLISHED.

The immense air compressor at the factory of the Western Gas Construction company went to pieces in a most myserious manner yesterday and as a result the factory will be completely closed down this afternoon for the first time this summer, except the day of the employers' excursion to Rome City. Repairs are in progress and will be pushed night and day in the hopes of being able to put the compressor in service again Tuesday morning.

LOST PART OF FINGER.

An employe in the boiler department of the Western Gas Construction company by the name of Scirmach had the second finger of his left hand clipped off at the second joint by getting it between a piece of boiler steel and the frame of a machine. Another employe at the Gas works sustained a similar injury, but his name could not be learned. Dr. McHugh attended both unfortunates.

HAVE RECEIVED SEVEN ENGINES

Last night passenger engine No. 7512, of the K-2 pattern, arrived at the Pennsylvania round house and was immediately made ready for service. This is the seventh engine of its class to be received here in the past three or four months and three more are to come to complete the order. These engines are the largest passenger locomotives ever put in service here and they are believed to be the acme of locomotive construction.

DIDN'T LIKE JOB.

Rawmon Daniels, of Pentecost, Mich., came here a week ago to take the position of ticket salesman in the office of the Lake Shore and Lake Erie and Western and he resigned and returned to his former home Thursday. The work was too strenuous for him. Since Daniels absence, Agent Pinniger has been attending all trains, doing the clerical work and numerous other things, not the least of which is answering telephone calls. He is on the go sixteen hours.

EYE BURNED; CHEEK CUT.

As the result of a misstep in ascending a ladder in the Pennsylvania blacksmith shop last night John Rost, jr., has an ugly circular gash in the cheek and a badly burned eye. He fell in such manner that the spout of the lighted torch in his hands struck him in the face, while the blaze enveloped the upper part of the cheek and the right eye, badly burning the optic. Dr. R. Parks White attended Mr. Rost. Mr. Rost was engaged in oiling the machinery when the accident happened.

FREIGHT HOUSE TO BE CLOSED.

The Pennsylvania has issued a bulletin to the effect that the freight house would be closed to business all day Monday and Monday night and the men would be free to participate in the celebration of the day as they may desire. Some of the other freight houses will close only in the afternoon. The Pennsylvania local freight trains, however, will be in service, taking advantage of the opportunity to clean up the accumulated freight.

HIRING MORE FIREMEN.

All the big, able bodied and sound men under the age limit are being given employment as firemen on the Pennsylvania as rapidly as they apply and new names are being added to the list daily. The road foreman of engines said this morning that the company was hiring good men every day and would keep at it for an indefinite period. Recently the company advanced ten of its firemen to freight engineers.

SPECIAL FOR STATE FAIR.

Agent Harry Pinniger, of the Lake Erie and Western, is in receipt of information to the effect that the company will have a special train to Indianapolis Thursday, September 15, the occasion being the state fair. This train will leave this city at 5:15 in the morning and will run direct to the fairgrounds, arriving there at 9:40 o'clock. It will also continue to the city. The company also announces other special service to the state capital on state fair week, included will be through coaches in trains leaving Fort Wayne at 7:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Mr. Pinninger has also been consulted concerning the time of departure of a special train during the middle of a week to Cincinnati, on account of the Ohio Valley exposition. He will recommend midnight, which will put the excursionists into Cincinnati at 6 o'clock in the morning. The company has an excursion to that city out of Fort Wayne tomorrow night at midnight.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Earl Long has taken employment in the Pennsylvania blacksmith shop.

James Parsell, of the Bass boiler shop, is sick and off duty.

Chief Wireman W. G. Cartwright, of the G. R. & I., was presented with a handsome baby son yesterday.

Harry Telman, Fred Romy and J. J. Connell, Pennsylvania shopmen, are sick and off duty.

A. A. Arnold, John Strawbridge and Amasa W. Arter, machinists at the Bass works, have gone to the lakes for a couple days' opting.

J. B. Fowler, of the Pennsylvania storeroom, left for Pittsburg this afternoon to spend Sunday and the holiday with his parents.

Trainmaster C. E. Wells, of the Wabash, was in the city this morning looking after matters connected with the operating department.

Harvey Stahl, gang foreman, and W. H. Tegeder, of the Pennsylvania erecting shop, are at Rome City to fish a few days.

Blacksmith Herman Limbach, of the Pennsylvania, and his entire family went to Rome City for a little outing. Mr. Limbach enjoys fishing and he will do a little in that line at the lake.

Al Hoffman, formerly of the Fort Wayne Electric works, is visiting relatives and friends in the city. He is now connected with the Edison Illuminating company in Detroit.

This morning Mr. and Mrs. H. Heckman went to Bourbon and Mr. and Mrs. J. Kreck went to Chicago. The gentlemen are Pennsylvania shopmen.

Trainmaster R. E. Casey, of the G. R. & I., has gone to the lakes in northern Michigan for a few days' recreation. He is accompanied by Mrs. Casey and will be gone about ten days.

Machinist William Smith, who operates a big driver wheel lathe in the Pennsylvania shops, is off duty with a lame foot. A casting fell on the member a few days ago.

George Amend, a draughtsman in the mechanical department of the Pennsylvania, has returned to duty after a three months' absence. He spent the greater portion of the time at St. Ignace and Mackinaw City.

Terre Haute Star: "Jack Bomberg, clerk in the Vandalia auditor's office, has resigned his position and will go to Fort Wayne for permanent residence. He will go to Detroit tomorrow for a week's vacation."

Walter Terry, of the Nickel Plate, who sustained severe injuries to one of his knees August 4, has recovered to the point where he is able to leave the St. Joseph hospital. He is not able to work, however.

W. S. Geraghty and R. E. Houck, of Racine, Wis., are the guests of their uncle and aunt, Engineer and Mrs. David Raidy. Engineer Raidy took his nephews through the Pennsylvania shops this morning.

Rolland Fitch, who starts his third year term in Purdue this fall, retired from the testing room at the Electric works this morning to prepare for school. He worked during the summer at the 'Lights.

Wabash Fireman G. O. Murden is in the Peru hospital as the result of injuries received when he fell out of a cab at Montpelier Thursday. He had his face and head cut and when picked up was unconscious, but his injuries are not regarded as serious.

Carl Schmidt, assistant cashier at the Nickel Plate freight office, has taken a month's leave of absence, which he is spending out of the city. Albert Mueller is acting assistant cashier during the absence of Mr. Schmidt.

Roscoe Zook, son of Master Carpenter D. C. Zook, of the Pennsylvania, will leave in a few days for Chicago, where he will enter the Armour institute. The young man worked in the maintenance of way department of the Pennsylvania during the summer.

Mrs. and Miss Lobbe, wife and daughter of Joseph Lobbe, of the Pennsylvania round house, went to Kalamazoo this morning for a few days' visit with relatives. Thence they will go to Chicago, where Mr. Lobbe will join them the latter part of next week and visit relatives a few days.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

DIAMONDS
You can buy a Diamond on weekly or monthly payments on a small payment down. Wartell, Cut Rate Jeweler, 1318 Calhoun St.

LABOR DAY PARADE BIG FEATURE MONDAY

Fort Wayne Toilers to Have Old Time Celebration of Holiday.

ROUTE OF THE PARADE.

Form at city hall, 10 a. m. Move south on Barr to Holman, west on Holman to Calhoun, north on Calhoun to Berry, west on Berry to Harrison, south on Harrison to Washington, west on Washington to Swinney park.

Labor day will be with us again on Monday, and this year Fort Wayne returns to an old-time observance of the toilers' holiday, with the big parade, the picnic gathering at Swinney park, the music, the addresses and the other varieties of entertainment, including a program of athletic exercises and contests.

Last year the experiment of abandoning the parade and the transfer of the celebration to Robison park was tried. This year the Fort Wayne Federation of Labor, under the auspices of which the celebration is held, was almost unanimous in its decision to return to the form of celebration so successful in Fort Wayne for many years. This will include the grand parade of Fort Wayne workingmen, including a big industrial section of the pageant, at 10 o'clock. The formation of the parade will be as follows:

Formation of Parade.
Platoon of Police.
Chief Marshal and Aides.
Packard Band.
Carriages with Speakers, Mayor and Officers of the City and Officers of Fort Wayne Federation of Labor.
First Division.
Chief Marshal—John A. Kooh.
Assistants—C. W. Koenig, Chris. Hahn.
Packard Band.
Machinists.
Woman's Union Label League.
Barbers.
Theatrical Stage Employes.
Sheet Metal Workers.
Stationary Engineers.
Steel Workers.
Carpenters.
Painters and Decorators.
Power Pipe Fitters.
Second Division.
Marshal—Ed Drew.
Form on Berry Street East of Barr, right resting on Barr.
Electro Technic Band.
Cement Workers.
Retail Clerks.
Stereotypers and Electrotypers.
Art Glass Workers.
Steel Workers.
Electric Workers.
Beer Drivers.
Plasterers.
Brewery Workers.
Federal Labor Union.
Beer Bottlers.
Blacksmiths.
Musicians.
Horseshoers.
Cigarmakers.
Printing Pressmen.
Typographical.
Patternmakers.
Plaster Tenders.
Third Division.
Marshal—E. H. Lampke.
Form on Berry Street west of Barr, right resting on Barr.
Citizens' Band.
Boilermakers.
Carworkers.
Lathers.
Meat Cutters.
Leather Workers.
Iron Molders.
Plumbers.
Tailors.
All Railroad Orders.
Fourth Division.
Marshal—Ed Wolf.
Form on Wayne Street east of Barr, right resting on Barr.
Industrial Display.

The Afternoon Program.

The afternoon program at Swinney park will be as follows:

1 to 6 p. m.—Band concert by City Packard band of thirty pieces.

2 p. m.—Labor day address by P. J. McArdle, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.

Address by O. P. Smith, first vice president of the Indiana State Federation of Labor.

Address by Mrs. Sarah Crossfield; subject, "Child Labor."

Tug of war.

Fat men's race.

Hundred-yard dash.

Egg race for women.

Other athletic exercises and amusements.

Reopening of the gymnasium of the Turnverein Vorwaerts, 616 W. Superior St., on Tuesday, Sept. 6th. 3-2t

OUR STORE
Will be closed all day Monday, in observance of Labor Day. Rosenthal's Ready-to-Wear Store.

FAIRY THEATER

Original Jeffries-Johnson Fight Pictures to Be Shown, Beginning Monday Evening.

The sport loving public of Fort Wayne will shower their thanks upon Manager J. P. Mollett, of the Fairy theater, for Mr. Mollett has scored the best scoop of his career in securing for his theater the original Jeffries-Johnson fight pictures. The J. and J. company, of New York, which was formed to take over the picture rights, are selling the rights by states and the Charles E. Nasser company, of Toledo, secured the rights for Indiana and have leased the Fairy for the coming week. The Nasser company has paid a handsome price for the film for this city and the charge for the show will be 50 cents. But the public will not get the ordinary moving picture show. The film is over 6,000 feet long and takes over two hours for the display. Arriving trains with celebrities disembarking, training stunts and the fight in its entirety are shown. It will be a treat for everybody in Fort Wayne who has the least bit of curiosity regarding that little bit of murky history at Reno. A lecture will be given at each performance, explaining it in detail as the picture is projected on the screen. These pictures are the only original scenic pictures taken from the fight.

M. E. RACE WILL SING.

Traveling Salesman to Address Usual Temperance Meeting.

M. E. Race, of Indianapolis, a traveling salesman who is well known both as a singer and a speaker, will both address the audience and sing a number of songs at the temperance meeting at the Salvation Army citadel Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Miss Edith Bardin, of Raceville, N. Y., will preside at the piano.

HAD CHANGED RIGS.

Phineas Reilly Did Not Know Much About It.

Phineas Reilly and Al Overly were arrested today by Deputy Sheriff Joe Brennan and the former is charged with larceny and the latter with driving a horse too hard. They got a rig from the Horstman barn last night and took it out in the country some place, where they got it exchanged for an old broken down outfit. Whether there was any attempt to sell the Horstman rig or not is being investigated.

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

POSTOFFICE HOURS.

Monday, Labor Day, September 5, 1910.

The money order, registry, stamp and general delivery departments will be open until 10:00 a. m.

The regular morning delivery and collection will be made by the city carriers.

Collections will be made at 6:00 and 8:30 p. m., from the down town hotels and also from all boxes located on Calhoun street between the Nickel Plate railroad and sub-station No. 8. The usual collection will be made from each of the sub-stations at the hour shown below. The usual night collection will be made from the box in front of the postoffice at 10:30 p. m., 12:30 a. m. and 4 a. m.

There will be no delivery by carriers. Patrons of rural routes desiring their mail may receive the same by calling at Rural Carriers' window at the postoffice before 10:00 a. m.

The out-going mail service will be as usual.

The sub-stations will be open during the day and also in the evening. At these sub-stations, stamps and money orders may be purchased and letters and packages registered.

Location of Sub-stations.

P.M.
No. 1—G. A. Clapesattle, 2314 Broadway, night collection 8:15
No. 2—Jos. C. Hutzell, 1402 West Main St., night collection..........8:30
No. 3—C. H. Albersmeyer, 1402 Wells St., night collection 8:45
No. 4—F. J. Miller, 1801 Lafayette St., night collection 7:45
No. 5—H. W. Meinzen, 1129 Maumee Ave., night collection 7:30
No. 6—J. Bill, Jr., 1401 East Creighton Ave., night collection...........7:30
No. 7—J. H. Schwartz, 2522 Calhoun St., night collection 8:05
No. 8—F. D. Hoham, 1706 Calhoun St., night collection 8:00
No. 9—Emil Weihe, 183 East Berry opposite from postoffice ..........P.O.
No. 10—O. S. Rhoads, corner Washington and Broadway 8:30

R. B. HANNA, Postmaster.

FOR SALE
Beautiful new, all modern, six room house, 435 Wildwood, just east of Fairfield; will be open for inspection Sunday afternoon. Come and see this handsome home.
WALSH & KIERSPE.

TOO LATE for CLASSIFICATION
FOR SALE—A good paying Sentinel route at half price. Address Route, care Sentinel.

—D. C. FISHER—
Insurance. Real Estate and Loans.
—No. 128 West Wayne Street.—

Anybody Can Borrow From Us
WE MAKE NO DISTINCTION
No Waiting If You Are In a Hurry.

We loan workmen, mechanics, salesmen or anyone in want of money. If in a hurry, you will appreciate the easy and convenient manner in which we make our loans; no trouble or delay and all business transacted in confidence.

We accept repayment in small amounts either weekly or monthly or to suit your convenience.

Your furniture, piano, horses and vehicles or stock will do as security for a loan of any amount from $5 to $100, without removing your goods. Also loans on a plain note to people permanently employed.

Other loans paid off and more money advanced on better terms. If you have never deal with us it will be to your advantage to do so.

Our guarantee: Our rates are as low as any and better than many.

INDIANA LOAN CO.
211-12 Shoaff Bldg. Second Floor.
Home 'Phone 995. Established 1895.

BIGGEST AND BEST
Great
Fort Wayne
Fair
$10,000 in Speed and Purse Races
$6,000 in Premiums
Finest Live Stock Exhibit Ever Shown
Best, Clean, Live Attractions on the Pike
Grand Hippodrome Chariot Races
All Northern Indiana Will Attend
This Grand Exposition
September 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 1910
GET READY. IT'S A HUMMER!

THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 3.—After having an irregular start wheat turned downward. Holidays ahead and a disposition to await developments regarding export demands caused buyers to hold aloof. Estimates of heavy world's shipments and of increased yield in Canada were arguments for lower prices. The market opened ⅛c down to ⅛@¼c up with December unchanged to ⅛c off at $1.03⅝ to $1.03⅞. A decline to $1.03½ ensued.

Corn was very slow and prices sagged of their own weight. December opened a shade to ⅛c down at 57⅛c, reacted to 57⅝c and fell off again to 57½c.

Resting commission orders sustained oats, but there was not much actual business. The initial sales were a shade higher for December at 36⅝c, but a reaction to 36½c followed.

Led by lard, provisions were higher all around. Shorts were best buyers. The opening was at an advance, 32½c to 37½c, the January option being at $18.62½ for pork, $10.70 for lard, and $9.77½ for ribs.

Range of Prices for the Day.

September 3.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Sept.	.99⅝	.99⅝	.98⅞	.98⅞
Dec.	1.03⅝	1.03⅞	1.03¼	1.03¼
May	1.09¼	1.09⅜	1.08⅝	1.08¾
Corn—				
Sept.	.59¼	.59¼	.58⅝	.58⅞
Dec.	.57½	.57¾	.57½	.57½
May	.60	.60¼	.59⅞	.60⅛
Oats—				
Sept.	.33⅝	.33¾	.32½	.33¾
Dec.	.36⅝	.36⅝	.36⅜	.36⅜
May	.39⅝	.39¾	.39½	.39½
Mess Pork, per bbl.—				
Oct.	20.60	20.67½	20.52½	20.65
Jan.	18.62½	18.75	18.60	18.75
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	12.10	12.20	12.10	12.20
Oct.	12.17½	12.25	12.15	12.25
Nov.	11.72½	11.75	11.67½	11.75
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	12.10	12.10	12.05	12.05
Oct.	11.92½	11.92½	11.85	11.90

Car Lot Receipts.

Wheat—Receipts today were 111 cars, with 43 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts today were 565 cars, with 192 of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts today were 294 cars.

Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 824 cars, compared with 670 cars last week and 585 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 3.—Cash: Wheat—No. 2 red, $1.00@1.00½; No. 3 red, 97@99c; No. 2 hard, $1.00@1.01; No. 3 hard, 97@99c; No. 1 northern, $1.12@1.15; No. 2 spring, $1.03@1.08; No. 3 spring, $1.01@1.05; velvet chaff, 99@1.01; durum, 88@93c.

Corn—No. 2, 59c; No. 2 white, 54½c; No. 3, 58½@59c; No. 3 white, 58¾@59c; No. 3 yellow, 58¾@59½c; No. 4, 57¾@58¼c; No. 4 white, 58@58¼c; No. 4 yellow, 58@58¼c.

Oats—No. 2, 31½c; No. 2 white, 34¼@34½c; No. 3, 30½c; No. 3 white, 33½@34c; No. 4 white, 32½@33½c; standard, 33¾@34¼c.

Toledo Grain Prices.

Toledo, O., Sept. 3.—Cash wheat, $1.03; September, $1.03; December, $1.07⅛; May, $1.11⅝.

Indianapolis Market.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 3.—Receipts today were: Hogs, 2,500 head; cattle, 1,200 head; sheep, 500 head.

Colves—Common to best, $6.00@9.75; fair to good heavy, $4.50@8.50.

Hogs—Best heavies, $9.40@9.75; mediums and mixed, $9.55@9.85; good to choice lights, $9.75@10.00; common to good lights, $9.75@9.90; bulk of sales, $9.55@9.90.

New York Grain and Provisions.

New York, Sept. 3.—Flour—Market dull and unchanged; spring patents, $5.40@5.75; winter straights, $4.35@4.45; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.35@4.60; winter extra No. 1, $3.75@3.90; winter extra No. 2, $3.50@3.65; Kansas straights, $4.80@5.00. Receipts today were 21,852 bbls.

Rye—Market dull; No. 2 western, new, 77½c f. o. b. New York.

Wheat—Futures market was extremely dull and ¼c lower on poor cables and easier northwest markets. Receipts today were 69,000 bu.

Corn—Futures market was without transactions. Receipts, none.

Beef—Market steady; mess, $15.00@15.50; family, $19.00@20.00; beef hams, $22.00@24.00.

Lard — Market firm; middle western, $12.30@12.40.

Sugar — Raw, nominal; Muscovado 89 test, $3.92; centrifugal 96 test, $4.42; molasses sugar, 89 test, $3.67; refined sugar, nominal; crushed, $5.95; granulated, $5.25; powdered, $5.35.

Petroleum—Market quiet; refined, barrels, $7.50.

Coffee—Spot, nominal, No. 7 Rio, 10¼c; No. 4 Santos, 10⅞c.

Molasses—Market dull; New Orleans, open kettle, 32@42c.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Hogs—Receipts today were 3,200 head; shipments today were 2,280 head; shipments to New York today were 2,090 head; official shipments to New York yesterday were 1,520 head; market closing—on mediums, strong; on light, slow; mediums and heavies, $10.00@10.05; one choice deck at $10.10; yorkers, $10.00@10.05; pigs and light yorkers, $9.86@9.90; roughs, $8.25@8.40; stags, $6.75@7.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were 2,600 head; market steady on sheep and lower on lambs, with tops at $7.00.

Cattle—Receipts today were 325 head; market steady.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts today were estimated at 400 head; market steady; beeves, $4.90@8.40; Texas steers, $3.75@6.00; western steers, $4.50@7.25; stockers and feeders, $4.10@6.25; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.60; calves, $7.00@9.50.

Hogs—Receipts today were estimated at 6,000 head; market higher; lights, $9.15@9.75; mixed, $8.75@9.65; heavy, $8.60@8.85; good to choice heavy, $8.85@9.15; pigs, $8.60@9.50; bulk of sales, $8.90@9.20.

Sheep—Receipts today were estimated at 1,000 head; market steady; natives, $2.85@4.70; western, $3.00@4.70; yearlings, $4.75@5.75; lambs, natives, $5.00@7.10; western, $5.00@7.00.

Cincinnati Market.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 3.—Cattle — Receipts today were 320 head; market market steady and quiet; fair to good shippers, $6.25@7.15; common, $2.25@3.75.

Hogs—Receipts today were 2,436 head; market active and 5c higher; butchers and shippers, $9.80@9.85; common, $8.50@9.80.

Sheep—Receipts today were 1,250 head; market steady; $2.00@4.15; lambs, market active; $3.75@7.35.

Pittsburg Market.

Pittsburg, Sept. 3.—Cattle — Receipts today were light; market steady.

Veal Calves—$9.50@10.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were light; market steady.

Hogs—Receipts today were ten double decks; market active and higher; prime heavy, $9.80@9.90; mediums, $9.95@10.00; heavy yorkers, $10.00@10.05; light yorkers, $9.75@9.85; pigs, $9.25@9.60; roughs, $8.00@8.75; stags, $7.00@7.85.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 3.—Butter—Market steady; creameries, 24½@29½c; dairies, 23@27c.

Eggs—Market steady; receipts today were 5,178 cases; at mark, cases included, 14@17c; firsts, 20c; prime firsts, 22c.

Cheese—Market steady; daisies, 16¼c; twins, 15¼c; young Americas, 16¼c; long horns, 16@16¼c.

Potatoes — Market steady; choice to fancy, 78@80c; fair to good, 72@75c.

Poultry — Market easy; turkeys, 18c; chickens, 13½c; springs, 13c.

Veal—Market steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 8@8½c; 50 to 85 lb. wts., 9@9½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 10@10½c.

New York Market.

New York, Sept. 3.—Butter—Market firm; receipts today were 3,655 packages; creamery specials, 32c; creamery extras, 30@31c; creamery thirds to firsts, 24½@29½c; state dairy common to finest, 22½@28½c; process second to special, 22½@27c; western factory, 22@24c; western imitation creamery, 24@25c.

Cheese—Market weaker; receipts, 1,473 boxes; state whole milk, special, 15¾@17½c; do fancy, 15¼c; do choice, 15c; do good to prime, 14¼@14¾c; do common to fair, 10½@14c; skims, full to special, 2½@12¾c.

Eggs—Market steady; receipts, 10,085 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white, 28@33c; do gathered white, 25@29c; do hennery brown, 27@29c; do gathered brown, 25@28c; fresh gathered firsts, 21½@25c; seconds, 21@22c.

Poultry—Alive, market firm; spring chickens, 17@17½c; turkeys, 10@15c; dressed, market steady to firm; western spring chickens, 15@18c; fowls, western, 15@16c; turkeys, 21@25c.

Elgin Butter Market.

Elgin, Ill., Sept. 3.—Butter—Market firm, at 31c; output, 772,600 lbs.

OIL.

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., Sept. 3.—North Lima, 82c; South Lima and Indiana, 77c.

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

New York, Sept. 3.—The statement of clearing house banks for the week shows that the banks have $41,669,000 more than the requirements of the 25 per cent reserve rule. This is a decrease of $8,303,000 in the proportionate cash reserve as compared with last week.

The following is the New York clearing house summary of the weekly statement of banks for the week ending September 3rd. Clearing house banks, daily average:

		Decrease.
Loans	$1,251,327,000	$ 3,072,000
Deposits	1,277,893,000	5,610,000
Circulation	45,637,000	1,276,000
Specie	290,946,000	8,177,000
Legal tenders ...	70,196,000	1,116,000
Reserve	361,142,000	9,793,000
Reserve required.	319,473,000	1,403,000
Surplus	41,669,000	8,390,000
Ex-U. S. deposits	42,084,000	8,391,000

Clearing house banks' actual condition this day.

		Decrease.
Loans	$1,258,192,000	$13,641,000
Deposits	1,275,551,000	1,389,000
Circulation	44,378,000	2,507,000
Specie	283,023,000	13,508,000
Legal tenders ...	67,724,000	4,028,000
Reserve	350,747,000	17,536,000
Reserve required.	318,887,000	348,000
Surplus	31,860,000	17,158,000
Ex-U. S. deposits	32,276,000	17,189,000

State banks and trust companies of Greater New York not reporting to the clearing house:

		Decrease
Loans	$1,097,574,000	$ 954,000
Specie	121,735,000	163,000
Legal tenders ...	19,459,000	192,000
Total deposits ..	1,210,204,000	3,856,000

FORT WAYNE MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

Wheat—98c bu.
Corn—65@70c bu.
Oats—32c bu.
Barley—55c bu.
Rye—65c bu.
Cider—10c gal.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

[Corrected by Geo. H. Crcuse & Co.]

Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 31c lb.; fancy Elgin prints, 34c lb.

Process butter, 27c lb.

Country butter, 19@25c lb.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 20@21c doz; fresh gathered, 19c doz.

Fancy comb honey, 12@14c lb.

Potatoes—60@80c bu.

Beans, $2.35@2.40 bu.

Chickens—10@13c lb.

Ducks, 12@15c lb.

Turkeys, 15@18c lb.

Onions—45@60c bu.

Cream cheese, 17c lb; brick cheese, 17c lb; Swiss cheese, 20c lb; Limburger cheese, 18c lb; long horn cheese, 17c lb.

RETAIL STREET MARKET.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 25c doz.

Fancy Elgin creamery; tub, 34c lb; Elgin prints, 36c lb.

Process butter 30c lb.

Country butter, 30@35c.

Lard (country), 12@14c lb.

Fancy comb honey 15@16c lb

Potatoes—$1.00 bu.

Ducks—60c apiece.

Chickens, 15@16c.

Cabbage, 50@60c doz.

MILL QUOTATIONS.

Quotations of Mayflower Mills—Winter wheat, straight, $5.00@5.40; graham flour, $4.40@4.80; rye flour, $4.20@4.80; pumpernickle, $4.40@4.80 ton; bran, $24.00 ton; shorts, $27.00 ton; shop feed, $27.00 ton; middlings, $27.00 ton; cornmeal, $1.70@1.80 cwt; cracked corn, $1.50@1.60 cwt; cornmeal, coarse, $1.50@1.60 cwt; screenings No. 1, 75@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 65c bu; flaxseed, $2.00 bu; corn, 65@70c bu; wheat, 98c bu; oats, 32c bu.

C. Tresselt & Sons' Quotations—

Winter wheat, straight	$5.00@5.40
Winter wheat, patents	$5.80@6.40
Spring wheat, patents	$5.40@6.00
Graham flour	$4.60@5.00
Rye flour	$4.20@4.60
Pumpernickle	$4.00@4.20
Bran, per ton	$24.00
Shorts, per ton	$24.00
Middlings, per ton	$27.00@28.00
Screenings, per bu., 65c; per ton....	$22.00
Chop feed, per ton	$32.00
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt........	$1.80
Cracked corn, per cwt..........	$1.70
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt......	$1.60
Street bid on wheat, per bu....	98c
Street bid on corn, per bu.....	60@65c
Street bid on oats, per bu.....	32c
Street bid on rye, per bu.	65c
Street bid on barley, per bu...	55c

HIDES, SEEDS, ETC.

Quotations by S. Bash & Co.—Cured hides, 9½c lb; green hides, 8c lb; cured calf hides, 14½c lb; green calf hides, 13½c lb; horse hides, $3.50; red cloverseed, per bu, $6.30@7.00; wool, unwashed and merchantable, 21c lb; wool, burry, black cotted and fine, 16c lb; timothy seed, $4.00 bu.

Quotations of Weil Brothers & Co.—Cured hides, 10½@10¾c lb; No. 1 horse hides, $3.60@3.75; No. 1 green calf hides, 13½c; No. 1 green hides, 8½c; tallow, 6½@7c; country mixed rags, 80@85c cwt; No. 1 rubber, 9½@10c lb; cut arctics, 7½c lb; light copper, 10c lb; heavy copper, 11@12c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 23@25c lb; wool, No. 1, 21c lb; rejection, 16c lb.

CITY SCALES—RETAIL PRICES

Hay—$15.00@18.00 ton.
Corn—65@70c bu.
Oats—30@35c bu.

COMMISSION HOUSE PRICES.

[Quotations of Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Chickens, 10c lb; dressed chickens, 15c lb; ducks, 12c lb; turkeys, 13@15c lb; country butter, 20@22c lb; process butter, 26c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 21c; dirties, 15c; new potatoes, 30@40c; bu; honey, 12c lb; packing butter, 20c lb; creamery butter, 30@34c lb; onions, 40@60c bu.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Corrected by Leikauf & Co.)

Hogs—Best heavy, 180 to 200 lbs, $8.50; mediums, 150 to 180 lbs., $8.35; lights, 120 to 140 lbs., $8.00; roughs, $6.00@7.50.

Steers—Good to choice, $5.50@6.00; mediums, $4.50@5.50.

Heifers—Good to choice, $4.00@4.50; mediums, $4.00@4.25.

Bulls—Good to choice, $4.00@4.50.

Cows—Good to choice, $3.65@4.50.

Calves—Good to choice, $6.50@7.25; mediums, $5.75@6.00.

NORTHEAST INDIANA PRICES.

(Corrected Daily by Thos. R. Riddle.)

No. 2 red wheat, new, per bu......	$ .92
No. 2 white wheat, new, per bu....	.91
Standard white oats, per bu........	.30
Yellow shelled corn, per bu........	.56
White shelled corn, per bu..........	.55
Mixed shelled corn, per bu..........	.54
Yellow ear corn, per cwt.	.80
White ear corn, per cwt.	.80
Mixed ear corn, per cwt.	.78
No. 2 rye, new, per bu..............	.62
No. 2 Barley	.48
No. 1 timothy hay (baled), new....	12.50
No. 1 clover mixed hay (baled) new	11.50
No. 1 clover hay (baled) new	9.50

Mow hay, $1.25 less.

Grade discounts—No. 2, $1.25; No. 3, $2.50.

Prime red clover seed, new......	7.00
Prime alsike seed, new	7.00

Dancing Labor Day, Robison Park, all day.

VETERANS MEET IN A REUNION AT MONGO

Judge Heaton and Congressman Cline Deliver Addresses.

Mongo, Ind., Sept. 3.—Veteran soldiers of Lagrange county, with their families and friends to the number of several thousands, enjoyed an annual picnic and reunion in this place today, and the event attracted visitors from all over the northeastern corner of the state.

The speakers of the day included Judge O. N. Heaton, of Fort Wayne, and Hon. Cyrus Cline, of Angola, rival candidates for congress from the Twelfth district, and Judge Otis N. Ballou, of Lagrange.

Judge Heaton's Address.

In his address to the veterans Judge Heaton said:

Veterans of the Civil War: Service to country did not end for you on the fields of battle, when, as brave, patriotic, manly boys, with shouldered muskets or charging bayonets, you followed and fought for your nation's flag. Your service to country did not end with the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox. By the inspiring influence of this reunion of comrades, you serve your country. Is there a soul so dead to patriotic influences that it is not warmed and enlivened by what we see and hear at this reunion? Citizens of Mongo, we meet in this beautiful land of peace and plenty, with the smiles and benedictions of a kind Providence upon us, we listen to the strains of inspiring music, and tune our voices to the ennobling words, "My country," "sweet land of liberty," and in truth our hearts are "with rapture thrilled."

This reunion of soldiers, invites us to look backward on the panorama of our country's struggles. We see our forefathers in their contest with cruel, savage warfare in the days of the scalping knife. We see them again in their contest against tyranny and oppression by foreign rule and aroused by the tocsin, "Liberty or death."

With the victories of revolutionary war our independence is declared and a nation born. The march of the flag leads us rapidly on in the business of making history and we are brought to the war of the rebellion where you appeared on the stage of action. So desperate and bloody was that family quarrel, American against American, that it seems only by chance that you are here to tell the story. We are not so inhuman as to rejoice in the necessity of war, but we do rejoice that in the hour of our nation's peril, we had, at the most responsible post of duty, a man made for the hour, that strongest of all human characters, the kind-hearted, patriotic, liberty-loving Abraham Lincoln. He was there. President Lincoln felt the pulse of the nation. He said: "This nation cannot continue half free and half slave. A house divided against itself must fall. This nation will not fall, but it must cease to be divided." So said you comrades at arms, and a nation's life was saved.

Veterans Place in History.

Veterans of the civil war, your names and deeds of valor must have an imperishable place in the record of our country's history. You have endeared yourselves in the hearts of all our people. Your flag is honored throughout the world. Your nation is a peace-loving world-power. Your nation is rich and strong, but no nation or power on earth can pay you adequately in money for your service. When you faced the guns of the Southern Confederacy, you offered to pay with your lives the price of human liberty and a nation's life, and it is appalling to think of the cost in human life that was paid. We reverently thank God that your lives were spared. You are growing old. The average age of the civil war veteran is about three score years and ten, and it is estimated that your comrades are dying at the average rate of five thousand per month.

Some of you may not need pensions, and do not want them, but the giving of pensions to you is a duty of this self-respecting nation. When I was not a candidate for office, it was my privilege, as the representative of this district on the platform committee in a state convention of a political party, to suggest the dollar a day pension plan, which was adopted by that party. In the days before me, whether I be a servant of the people in public office or in the ranks of private citizenship, I will encourage the highest degree of just liberality in our nation's consideration of our war veterans, and strive to contribute to the welfare of my fellowmen.

My heart has been warmed by the public favors that I have received. I like to think of public office as a public trust, and positions of power only as measures of responsibility.

A History-Making Era.

Soldiers and citizens, this is an important period in our nation's life. This is a history-making era. A great battle is on. I do not refer to any contest between political parties. Parties are essential, and through that medium we declare principles and enact laws; but I am not a partisan enough to claim that either party has a monopoly of vice or virtue. It is not so much today a conflict between parties as the elimination of vicious influences from party politics. Dangerous theories and conditions are now threatening the soundness of our government. It is the extreme of anarchy and socialism on the one hand, and the extreme of plutocracy and organized wealth or greed on the other. One would reject the right of private ownership of property, eliminate industry and competition, to prevent some being rich they would make us all poor. The other, with heartless avarice, would throttle competition and equal opportunity, grind the spirit out of labor and oppress the people. The one extreme provokes the other, and either is dangerous. I have no fear of a threatened calamity. Like in the days of our country's peril, there appeared the men for the occasion, led by Washington, Lincoln, Morton or Grant, so in this day, we have leaders of thought, the builders of higher ideals in private citizenship and in public service. I believe I can with propriety, mention the names of two men in this connection, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt. They are private citizens of opposite political parties, but they are national characters of powerful influence, and consequently, great responsibility, and they are exerting a wholesome influence on their respective parties.

Statesmen are not greater than the political party with which they affiliate, so far as their usefulness in legislation is concerned. Then may we hope that the two great political parties that have so much to do with the destiny of our nation, and the happiness and prosperity of our people, ever be led by sound judgment and noble purpose, and under the banner of square deal and equal opportunity, pure poltics, cleaner and stronger government, may we fall in line and obey the people's command of "Forward, March."

MARKET WAS RECORD ONE.

Big Supply of Eatables for the Household Buyers This Morning.

Household provision buyers experienced no trouble in finding what they wanted on the retail market this morning. The market today was one of the biggest of the season. Prices varied through such a wide margin that it is impossible to quote any definite figures. Some were selling the best quality of country gentleman corn for 8 cents per dozen and others were asking as much as 15 cents. Chickens went at 40 cents apiece. Tomatoes sold at 80 cents to $1.10 per bushel. Eggs were going for 24 and 25 cents, and the demands were good. None of the lots were exceptionally large, but combined, they made almost the biggest receipts of the season.

Reopening of the gymnasium of the Turnverein Vorwaerts, 616 W. Superior St., on Tuesday, Sept. 6th. 3-2t

FOR STEALING COPPER.

August Knifer was placed under arrest and locked up this afternoon by Detective Sergt. Pappert on the charge of stealing copper from the Fort Wayne Electric works.

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

WERE WEDDED AT PICNIC.

Grabill Young People United in Marriage at Robison Park.

During the reunion picnic of the Methodists of Allen county at Robison park Thursday, Roy Bellinger and Miss Sarah Ruth Myers, of Grabill, were united in marriage at the park. The ceremony was performed in one of the rustic pavilions near the river bank, and was performed by Rev. Sherman Powell, of Decatur, and formerl ypastor of Trinity M. E. church in this city.

In the trip to the park from Leo a runaway accident occurred in which the groom's mother, a sister, a step-brother and a friend were seriously injured. Not wishing to delay the ceremony, the bride and groom, accompanied by her parents, his sister and two other intimate friends, procedded to the park where they secured the services of Rev. Powell. Within a few minutes after the nuptial knot had been tied the young couple returned to Grabill.

Dancing Labor Day, Robison Park, all day.

FIGHT PLAGUE RESTRICTIONS.

Barlota, Italy, Sept. 3.—Following the promulgation of an ordinance prohibiting the eating of figs because of the cholera scare at Bare, 33 miles west of here, today a mob of 2,000 persons attacked and wrecked the local sanitary office and beat the employes. Carbineers intervened and in dispersing the rioters wounded 23 persons.

FORT WAYNE'S NEWEST CLOTHIERS

BESSETTE-ROSE-STRASBURG

FORT Wayne's Newest and Finest Clothes Store now open. If you haven't been in yet, we invite you to come and review this remarkable showing of Fall and Winter Apparel for Men, Young Men and Boys

Everything New Here

No chance whatever of getting old styles here----If it wears a B-R-S label, YOU'LL KNOW ITS NEW

Strasburg Special Hats
"More Than Your Money's Worth"
$1.90

Rose Hats
For Nobby Styles
$3.00

BESSETTE-ROSE-STRASBURG
CLOTHES of QUALITY

714 CALHOUN STREET

Cures Guaranteed

DR. HARDMAN, Specialist.

CURES Pelvic, Nervous and Chronic Diseases and Guarantees Satisfactory Results in All Cases He Accepts for Treatment.

REDUCED FEES

For the purpose of proving the advantages of my methods in the treatment and cure of PELVIC, NERVOUS and CHRONIC diseases I will not only give to everyone who is anxious to obtain a cure and who will call at my office before September 15 a careful and thorough examination FREE OF CHARGE, but to further demonstrate to the public the rapidity and thoroughness of the CURES I make, I will treat any case I accept for a CURE between now and SEPTEMBER 15th AT A GREATLY REDUCED FEE.

No physician can expect to CURE these CHRONIC and DEEP-SEATED diseases until he has made a thorough examination and definitely located the cause of the trouble.

The human body is much too complicated for one man to thoroughly understand every part of it.

There are too many diseases that mankind is subject to for any one physician to fully understand and treat. Hence, it becomes necessary in order to accomplish the best results to take up and make a special study of a certain region or a group of diseases that by their nature are allied to one another.

There are many who are satisfied by a hasty inquiry or a superficial examination and are blindly led into giving palliative remedies, which, though temporarily relieving the symptoms, ultimately discourage the sufferer because of a reoccurrence of the disease. I do not treat symptoms—I CURE the disease and the symptoms disappear.

Fourteen years of experience in the treatment of PELVIC, NERVOUS and CHRONIC DISEASES have enabled me to perfect methods that will POSITIVELY CURE where the ordinary methods have failed.

Did you ever stop to consider what it costs you not to enjoy good health?

EVERY MAN who does less than he should do at his desk in the shop or on the farm is suffering either directly or indirectly from some disease or affliction that is silently wrecking his nervous system, breaking down his vitality and ruining his chances of successfully competing with his fellow men.

Think it over and consider if you can afford as a matter of business, to neglect yourself and risk FAILURE because you are handicapped by diseases.

Many a man has been forced to abandon a successful career because of some PELVIC or CHRONIC disease which had insidiously wrecked his nervous system and unfitted him for performing the duties which he otherwise would have been able to perform.

I have made a special study of PELVIC, CHRONIC and NERVOUS diseases and have perfected methods that will ABSOLUTELY cure where the ordinary methods have failed.

It makes no difference how long you have been afflicted, if I accept your case I will POSITIVELY CURE YOU.

In this day of active competition to attain that measure of SUCCESS for which we were intended it is absolutely necessary that all the faculties should be unimpaired.

Nearly all NERVOUS DISEASES, including NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, are the direct result of a disease of one or more of the Pelvic Organs.

VARICOCELE, STRICTURE, RUPTURE, PILES, FISTULA, ETC., cured without the knife and without detention from business.

BLOOD POISON—I use only the most advanced methods in the treatment of Blood Poison and kindred diseases.

PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT—Results from inflammation. I reduce the enlargement and have been able to cure about 90 per cent of all cases.

ECZEMA and other skin diseases quickly and permanently cured.

FREE EXAMINATION—I charge you nothing for this examination, and if I accept your case for treatment the door of HEALTH is open to you, no matter what your past experience may have been.

Consultation and All Communications Strictly Confidential. Office Hours, 9-12, 1-5, Evenings, 7-8, Sunday, 9-1 Only. Write or Call on

Near Cor. Main and Calhoun
West of Transfer Station

Dr. W. E. Hardman

111 West Main Street
Fort Wayne, Ind.

PLAN AERIAL SPRINTS BETWEEN 2 BIPLANES AND 5 MONOPLANES

SIR HIRIM MAXIM AND S. F. CODY ESQ. INSPECTING THE LOVELACE MILITARY BIPLANE, OLYMPIA. 1910.

British War Office Aviator, Sir Hiram Maxim, and Captain Lovelace to Race.

New York, Sept. 3.—In a series of exhibitions soon to be given in this country, probably in the southern states at first, there will be presented something heretofore unseen in aeronautics. With five monoplanes of one type, capable of a speed of seventy miles an hour, flying against two biplanes of entirely different construction, a party of well known scientists will compare at first hand the relative value of theories of aviation.

This became known today when Captain Lovelace received a letter from Mr. S. F. Cody, aeronautic expert of the British war office, stating that the latter will join him shortly in this country for an aviation tour. Mr. Hiram Maxim will also come from abroad for the trials.

The chief object of the tour will be to test the utility and practicability of the biplane and monoplane type of flying machines with regard to their commercial fitness, and also to reduce to a scientific basis all the known theories that have thus far been advanced by aviators concerning the alleged superiority of one type of machine over the other. At each trying out of the machine on the southern tour it is proposed to have seven airships in the air at one time.

A biplane designed by and constructed under the supervision of Mr. Cody will be flown by him, while a biplane designed by Sir Hiram Maxim will be operated by an expert aviator in the employ of the designer.

Pitted against these will be five monoplanes of the Lovelace type. Captain Lovelace says he anticipates flying at the rate of seventy miles an hour with this machine.

CITY BREVITIES.

Park Commissioner James Singmaster went to Lake James yesterday for a two weeks' outing.

Carl Lewis has resigned from the Manth pharmacy to become a traveling salesman for a Pittsburg firm.

John R. Dupeyron, of Zulu, will leave next Tuesday for his old home in France to spend about eight months visiting there.

Flora Till, the little daughter of Joseph Till, living eight miles north of the city, submitted to an operation for appendicitis yesterday at St. Joseph's hospital.

Miss Velma Deahl, of 631 West Third street, has returned to her home from the Lutheran hospital, fully recovered from paralysis from which she had been suffering for some time.

L. D. Redding, chairman of the Butcher Workmen's union, has returned for the Labor day celebration here from Detroit, where he has been organizing the members of his craft. Mr. Redding will return to Detroit next week.

The brick business and frame buildings at 1225 and 1229 Lafayette street, have been sold by Emil Burg and Adolph Burg to Zweig and Gladsone, proprietors of the bottling works now situated at 1115 Clay street. The bottling works will be moved into the new location.

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

Music Studio Opens, Sept 19

Miss Kay Spencer will return from New York and open her music studio in the Art school building on Sept. 19, at which time pupils desiring to study with her can register.
Sep 3-7-10

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

H. W. Sigrist
AUCTIONEER.
Only licensed auctioneer in the city.
Phones—158. Green 1649. Office 611 Shoaff Bldg.

BOYS START FOREST FIRE.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 3.—Boys building brush fires to drive out rattlesnakes yesterday started a fire that now threatens the pine forests on Mount Palomar, one of the most beautiful forests in southern California. Many acres at the base of the mountain has been burned over. One hundred men and boys are trying to save the forest. Supervisor Marshall left San Diego this morning for the scene.

Opening dance, Miss Hanker's, Tuesday.

FOR SALE

Beautiful new, all modern, six room house, 435 Wildwood, just east of Fairfield; will be open for inspection Sunday afternoon. Come and see this handsome home.

WALSH & KIERSPE.

NO MATTER WHAT TERMS OTHERS OFFER YOU, I UNDERBID.
Consult the specialist with MOST EXPERIENCE if you have private or chronic weakness, disease or deformity.
DR. KOWENSTROT, 820 Harrison St.
MAIL TREATMENT $1.00.

Prices LOW enough for EVERY man.

Quality HIGH enough for ANY man in Suits at $10.00, and Hats at $2.00 at

Extra Pants $2.00 & $3.00 THE BUCKEYE 819 Calhoun St.

Elastic Trusses FITTED and Guaranteed
W. O. GrossM. D. Cor. Barr-Washington Fort Wayne, Ind.

IF IT'S SIGNED
Federspiel & Shorey.
IT'S RELIABLE INSURANCE
"The Insurance Men"
628 Calhoun St. Phone 611.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers from the Daily Marts of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's Always Something Interesting That Will Pay You to Know About.

AUTOMOBILES.

We are offering the following list of Automobiles at Bargain Counter Prices:
One BUICK TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO RUNABOUT.
One CADILLAC CAR.
One PREMIER CAR.
One SMALL ELECTRIC CAR.
The Fort Wayne-Auburn Auto Co., 205 East Columbia St.

ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Say! The next time you have any kodak pictures to finish take them to Clear or telephone 2306, and I will send for them. CLEAR, the Photographer, 706 Calhoun Street.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

Before you place your order for the Builders' Hardware in your new residence see the complete stock of J. M. Stouder & Co.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Why does an "Indian, R.-S. or Thor" motorcycle always win every event where entered in a hill-climb or race? There's a reason. Indiana Bicycle & Supply Co., 111 West Washington Blvd., corner Calhoun St.

CLOTHING CLEANED—PRESSED.

We clean, press and repair garments for ladies' and gentlemen. Prompt. Reasonable. Louis H. Meier, Tailor, 1025 Broadway.

DRUG STORE WANTS.

Everything a drug store is expected to have you'll get at Clyde B. Jordan's, 626 Harrison St. Cheaper than most places in price.

DRUGGISTS.

Not one remedy leaves our store unless we have absolute faith in its efficacy and purity. That's the way we built this business and the way we hope to maintain it. B. R. Noll, 110 East Columbia St.

ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK.

All kinds of Electric Motor repairing and rewinding. Rapp & Zollinger Electric Co., 451 East Columbia St. Home phone 2208.

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for the car or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Bros., 627 Calhoun St.

RESTAURANTS.

Next time you're hungry, just drop in and let us set you up a neat little lunch, a breakfast or short order. Quick service always and the quality is excellent. Weinand Bros., 711 Court St.

RENOVATING AND CLEANING.

Men's Suits, $1.00; Trousers, 35c; Ladies' Coats, 75c and $1.00; Skirts, 75c and $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. ANTHONY DRY CLEANING CO. Call Phone 1393. 1312 Lafayette Street.

SANITARY CLOTHES CLEANING.

As a "Summer Special" we will thoroughly dry clean and press men's two-piece suits for $1.00. Kid gloves cleaned, 5 cents. Regis French Dry Cleaning Co., 1205 Calhoun St. Phone 2198.

SPORTING GOODS.

Never mind what it is—if its in the Sporting Goods line we've got it and its right in price and quality. John Trautman & Son, 221 East Main.

PEDDICORD & SIGRIST
For Sale

A beautiful south side home, modern, seven rooms and bath, an ideal location, house in perfect condition; only $2,500.

A special bargain in a west side investment; return better than 12 per cent. Two house on corner lot, renting for $20.00 per month. We must sell these houses immediately. Investigate, the price will move them. Only $2,175.

We have residences and lots too numerous to advertise. One lot on Oliver St., 50x150, at $175.

"LET'S TALK IT OVER"

PHONE 158. 611-12 SHOAFF BLDG.

THE WILDWOOD BUILDERS

Offer the following completely modern houses for sale; finished and decorated:

1 house of 7 rooms and bath	$3,500.00
1 house of 6 rooms and bath	$2,800.00
2 houses of 7 rooms and bath	$3,300.00
1 house of 6 rooms and bath	$3,700.00
1 house of 7 rooms and bath	$4,000.00
1 house of 8 rooms and bath	$4,000.00
1 house of 6 rooms and bath (a bargain)	$2,700.00

These houses are new and some of them ready for occupancy. Others will be finished in a few weeks. We sell on a cash or payment plan and will be glad to talk to you at the.

BUILDERS' OFFICE
722 Wildwood Ave.
Phone 6533.

Builder's Office, 722 Wildwood - - Telephone 6533

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED—An office boy. Page Printing Co. 3-2t

WANTED—A good blacksmith. Call at 518 Webster St. 1-3t

WANTED—Boy for bindery work. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 3-3t

WANTED—A boy for general shoe store work. Sereggy Co., 814 Calhoun St.

WANTED—Boy to carry route in Rolling Mills district. Apply Circulation Manager, Sentinel. 8-29-tf

WANTED—Carpenters wanted. Apply 502 West Jefferson St. Tom Snook, Contractor. 9-1-tf

WANTED—Boy between 16 and 18 years old at Steinacker's meat market, 2124 South Calhoun St. 9-1-tf

WANTED—Cabinetmaker's bench, eight-foot top. Address Albert Weinmann, 1313 Park Ave. 3-6t

WANTED—Man or stout boy to furnish good road horse and drive same to our delivery wagon. Inquire 830 Calhoun St. L. O. Hull.

WANTED—SALESMAN—Experienced in any line to sell general trade in Indiana; unexcelled specialty proposition with BRAND NEW FEATURE. Commission with $35.00 weekly for expenses. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—Men to learn barber trade. Few weeks required. Best paying work within the reach of poor man. Wages up to $20 weekly. Small capital starts shop. Few barbers take apprentices. Demand increasing. Write for free particulars. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill. 3-6t

WANTED—Salesman to call on the jobbing liquor trade with completed high-grade line of domestic cordials, etc. Hustler need only apply. For local and surrounding territory; experience not essential. Hebrew preferred. Bond and references required. 1300 Findlay Ave., New York. 1-3t

WANTED.

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Lady to do washing, at 340 West Butler St. 9-3-tf

WANTED—Girls. General Electric Co., Holman St. 8-6-sats-26t

WANTED—A night cook at Frederick's Restaurant; wages $8.00 per week. 2-3t

WANTED—At once; two good salesladies. Apply S. H. Knox & Co. 9-1-tf

WANTED—Comfortable home, board included, for elderly lady; state terms. Box 25, Sentinel. 2-3t

WANTED—Laundress to come to the house one day a week. Inquire 1128 West Wayne St. 3-2t

WANTED—Girl to clerk in bakery. Geller Bakery, corner Broadway and Washington.

WANTED—Good cook and housemaid in family of four. Nice home and good wages. Call or address Mrs. Hall, 910 West Wayne. 30-5t

S. T. TAYLOR SCHOOL of Fancy Dress-cutting, Designing and Ladies' Tailoring.
PATTERN PARLORS.
Publishers of Le Bon Ton and Le Moniteur De La Mode United. Fort Wayne School and Pattern Parlors, 720 Calhoun St. Call or write for information. Tu. Th. Sat. 8-15-tf

WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Girls for bindery work. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 3-3t

WANTED—Sewers to put in, cisterns to clean out. Prompt service. Phone Martin, No. 7015-red. 3-26-tf

WANTED—To rent modern house of 7 or 8 rooms. H. E. W., care this office. 9-2-tf

WANTED—Experienced stenographer for permanent position. Address L. B., care Sentinel. 2-2t

WANTED—Motor. A ½ or 1-horse-power motor, single phase A. C. Address Box 8, Sentinel office.

WANTED—Small, strictly modern house, south of Williams street. Address Box 14. Phone Black 1684. 24-tf

WANTED—Experienced feeders, and boy or girl over 15 years old, to learn to feed press. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 7-21-tf

WANTED—500 people to borrow money on real estate at six per cent interest, without commission, from THE PEOPLE'S TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 913-915 Calhoun St. 10-5-tf

WANTED—Anyone wishing to apply a $125.00 King Piano Purchase Check toward a King Piano, can have same by paying for this ad. E. J. Handenschild, first house Pfeiffer Ave., R. F. D. No. 4.

Interurban Time Tables.

Ft. Wayne & Wabash Valley Traction Company.

Effective May 15, 1910.

Fort Wayne to Huntington, Wabash, Peru, Logansport, Delphi, Lafayette, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Trains leave Fort Wayne: 6:00 a. m., †7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., *9:10 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 12:00 m., *1:10 p. m., 2:00 p. m., †3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., *5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m. train runs only as far as Logansport; 11:20 p. m. train runs only as far as Huntington.

Trains not marked are locals to Lafayette.

†Limited trains to Lafayette.

Limited train 1:10 p. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Lafayette.

*Limited trains to Indianapolis.

Limited train 7:10 a. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Indianapolis.

Fort Wayne to Bluffton, Montpelier, Hartford City, Muncie Anderson, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Limited trains leave Fort Wayne at 6:05 a. m., 8:05 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 4:05 p. m., 6:05 p. m., 8:05 p. m., 10:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Muncie.

Local trains leave Fort Wayne at 7:05 a. m., 9:05 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 3:05 p. m., 5:05 p. m., 7:05 p. m., 11:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Bluffton.

All local trains run only as far as Muncie.

For further information call Home phone 219; Bell phone 229.

Wabash Valley Route.

FT. WAYNE & SPRINGFIELD RY. CO.

Cars Leave Decatur	Cars Leave Fort Wayne
5:50 A.M.	7:00 A.M.
7:00 A.M.	8:30 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
10:00 A.M.	11:30 A.M.
11:30 A.M.	1:00 P.M.
1:00 P.M.	2:30 P.M.
2:30 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
4:00 P.M.	5:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
7:00 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
9:30 P.M.	11:30 P.M.

THE TOLEDO & CHICAGO INTERURBAN RY. CO.

James D. Mortimer, Receiver.
OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.
In Effect May 15, 1910.

Leave Fort Wayne for Huntertown, Garrett, Auburn, Waterloo, Avilla and Kendallville: *6:04, †7:04, †8:04, *9:04, *10:04, †11:04 a. m.; †12:04, *1:04, *2:04, †3:04, †4:04, *5:04, *6:04, †7:04, †8:04, *9:04, *10:04, †11:04.

*Through trains to Kendallville.

†Through trains to Waterloo.

All trains connect at Garrett for points beyond.

For information regarding rates, etc., consult any agent or address
G. M. PATTERSON,
General Freight and Passenger Agent, Kendallville, Ind.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A new 5-room cottage on Maumee Ave. A great bargain. $1,950.
1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Dwelling house located at 1828 Force St. Must be sold at once. Inquire 1238 Eliza St. 8-6-eod-tf

FOR SALE—Five-room cottage on Union St. $1,675.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—Seven-room residence on Harrison St., near Superior; fully modern. Price $3,200.
1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A new house on Archer Ave. near Wells. Oak finish, full lot. Price $2,700.
1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Or trade, for outside property, cottage. Inquire 2609 Force St. 29-7t

FOR SALE—Six acres on Crescent Ave., a few hundred feet north of State St.; a bargain. Fred Bayer, Cooney Bayer Cigar Co. 8-30-tf

FOR SALE—A fine residence of 8 rooms. Tenth block Columbia Ave., Lakeside. Price $3,700.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—190 acres in Marion township; improved; ¼ mile from interurban; 20 acres fine timber; only $87.50 per acre if sold at once. Address Box 15, care Sentinel. 7-15-tf

FOR SALE—We represent CITY AND SUBURBAN REALTY CO., builders of new modern homes. Small cash payment only required, balance monthly.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—A modern 9-room house on John St. now being paved; furnace, cement walks and cellar; soft water bath; in fact everything that goes with a modern house; good fruit. Will consider a lot in exchange. Inquire 1600 Fletcher Ave. 22-tf

FOR SALE—6-room house, Pontiac, near Hanna, this week $1,550. Lots and homes near Wayne Knitting Mills; 2 new modern houses in Nebraska, $2,200 on payments; 3 on Boone St.; 3 on Greenwood Ave., all modern. A very fine home near Broadway, all modern, up-to-date, must sell. Don't miss this bargain at 3424 South Broadway; cottage nearly modern; 5 in east end; 3 on south side. Good lots and homes on south side. Good farms for sale or trade. Come and see me. I will help you to a good bargain. Wm. Klomp, 113 East Main St. 7-23-tf

FOR SALE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Drum, guitar and banjo. Address Box 16, care Sentinel. 2-3t

FOR SALE—Five teams, wagons and harness, or will sell separate. 1410 Calhoun St. Telephone 2243. 8-8-tf

FOR SALE—Six good milch cows, some fresh. Inquire J. Junk, Lima road, one mile north of Centlivre's. 29-6t

FOR SALE—Good driving horse. Inquire M. Brucks, 1815 Walton Ave. Aug. 22-tf

FOR SALE—Fresh Jersey cow; also 15 yearling brown Leghorn hens, all laying. 1826 Parnell Ave. 1-3t

FOR SALE—One hundred new kitchen cabinets, a bargain, prices less than factory cost; also 20 ranges good as new; 1410 Calhoun St. 8-5-tf

FOR SALE—Born range, one base burner, combination one or two-seated surrey, all in a No. 1 condition; cheap for cash. Box 261, City. 1-6t

FOR SALE—Garland range, $22; piano, $25; dining table, baby carriage, lady's jacket. All in good condition. 1211 Huestis Ave.

FOR SALE—Cook stove for coal or wood, in good condition. Will sell cheap if taken at once. 1416 East Lewis St. 2-2t

FOR SALE—One two-horse wagon with gravel bed, one one-horse wagon, one open rubber-tire surrey, at 1628 Calhoun St. 1-3t

FOR SALE—Best paying Sunday paper route in city; must be sold by September 15th; other business takes up time of owner. For particulars call at Sentinel office evenings from 6 to 9 p. m. 2-4t

FOR SALE—Five-room house, south side, $1,150; two houses on one lot renting for $23.00 per month, $2,600; 7-room brick house on lot 65x150, $1,200. H. Goldstine, 10-11 Bank Blk. Phone 2460. 6-14-tf

FOR SALE—Second-hand Base Burners.

One Kalamazoo Base Burner	$23.50
One Stewart Base Burner	$16.50
One large-size Garland Base Burner	$15.00
One large-size Favorite, like new	$30.00

L. J. LIBBING & CO., 205 East Main St.

FOR SALE.

An 80-acre farm, eleven miles from Fort Wayne, three miles from good grain market; $4,800.

Will build to sell, house, 5 rooms and bath, electric lights; lot 50 ft. front in Bloomingdale; $200 cash, balance on monthly payments, $1,800.00.

SWAYNE & SWAYNE, 111 W. Main St. 8-12-1m

FOR SALE—Cash or payments:

1 Ricca Piano	$110
1 Baldwin Piano	75
2 Oak Extension Tables, each	8
1 Oak Kitchen Cabinet	10
1 Oak China Closet	15
1 Oak Bookcase	15
1 Oak Davenport	20
1 Garland Range (cost $50)	25
1 Oak glass door Wine Cabinet	15

And a miscellaneous lot of other household goods.
FORT WAYNE LOAN COMPANY.
Room 2. 706 Calhoun St.
7-27-tf

Notice to Subscribers

DO you get THE SENTINEL before 6 p. m.?

DO you get it regularly?

DO you find it in readable condition?

DO you receive courteous treatment at the hands of the carrier?

DOES he carry change when collecting?

DOES he consult your convenience in placing your paper where you can readily find it?

IF the carrier fails in any respect mentioned above, you are being imposed upon and THE SENTINEL should know about it at once.

IF YOUR PAPER FAILS TO ARRIVE ON TIME, OR NOT AT ALL, CALL 173, EITHER 'PHONE, AFTER 6 P. M. AND THE SENTINEL WILL BE SENT TO YOU BY SPECIAL MESSENGER.

IF the carrier fails in any other respect call 173, either 'phone, at any time and the carrier will be called to account.

IN case of removal always notify THE SENTINEL, which will assure prompt delivery of the paper at your new address

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are also prepared to sell you a home for a small payment cash, balance like rent.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3d floor Shoaff Bldg.

ROOMS

FOR RENT—Furnished room for gentleman; 117 East Creighton. 29-6t

FOR RENT—Three unfurnished rooms; 911 Wall St.; five minutes' walk from Fort Wayne Electric Works. 2-2t

FOR RENT—Suit of four office rooms, 110-112 West Wayne St.; rent $20.00 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-tf

FOR RENT—Two brick store rooms, 1102 and 1104 Broadway; office rooms lately occupied by Dr. Hull, 328 East Berry St. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts., first floor. 2-1-tf

FLATS.

FOR RENT—Modern flat, 4 rooms, centrally located; adapted for light housekeeping. Inquire 128 West Wayne St.

FOR RENT—September 2, second floor, 6-room flat in the Lowry residence, 328 West Berry St.; steam heat, first-class all modern conveniences. Inquire of Mrs. H. B. Sale, 817 West Berry St. Home phone 2677.

Weber SQUARE DEALS

8-room house, No. 3007 South Wayne Ave., modern	$2,700
5-room cottage, No. 1345 Grant Ave. both waters; cement cellar	$1,750
6-room cottage, No. 1211 Huestis Ave., modern; a cosy home in splendid location	$2,850
8-room residence, South Broadway; strictly modern; fine corner lot	$3,750
7-room house, 1508 Grant Ave.; strictly modern; just completed	$2,500
Fine lot 45x150 East Washington Blvd.	$1,600
5-room cottage Grant Ave.; gas, bath, both waters; 33-foot lot. For quick sale	1,500

VACANT LOTS IN ALL PARTS OF CITY.

Let me build you an Honest Value Home on easy payments.

CARL J. WEBER
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
723 COURT ST. Phones 1389-1902.

Walsh & Kierspe
GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

5-room cottage, Maumee Ave.; bargain.
6-room house, 1500 block Wabash Ave.; will trade for lots near car line.
Beautiful 8-room house, 1200 block East Lewis St.; soft water bath, lights, steam heat; lot 50x150; large barn; splendid bargain.
6-room house, 800 block East Wayne St.; big value.
Elegant new 5-room bungalow, Fox Ave.; furnace, lights, bath, both waters; must be sold this week; big bargain.
5-room house, Nelson St.; very desirable; good condition.
Splendid 9-room house, corner Clinton and Woodland; lights, furnace and bath, oak finish, corner lot 50x150, large barn; biggest bargain on south side; must be sold quickly.
134 East Berry St. Telephone 2476.

HITZEMANN & ASH
Rooms 402 and 403 Peoples Trust Bldg.
FARM AND CITY REAL ESTATE.

A good 4-room cottage house, Cottage Ave., only $1,600.
Eight-room house corner Cass and Fifth. Price, $4,400.
Lots in all parts of city.
FARMS
40 acres six miles on Goshen road. Will be sold cheap if taken at once.
70 acres, Aboit township.
80 acres, Aboit township.

$300.00 GIVEN AWAY

That is you are getting this property that much below actual value.

TODAY'S BARGAIN.

6-room home on corner lot on West Main St. in Nebraska; modern; cement walks; shade; bath; a fine home worth $2,500; price only..$2,200.
WATCH THIS SPACE EVERY DAY.

PIONEER REALTY CO.,
817 SHOAFF BLDG. PHONE 1051.

H. L. Van Meter
REAL ESTATE
Over Old National Bank.

6-room house, full lot, Columbia Ave.; $2,350.
Modern 6-room house, hot water heat, west end, will accept good lot in exchange.
New modern 6-room house, south side; $2,350.
7-room modern house, West Wayne St.; hard wood floors; also barn; $5,700.
Good investments in business property, on Calhoun and Columbia Sts.
PHONE 327.

FEDERAL SECURITIES AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
CAPITAL $100,000
Invest your rent in one of our modern houses on our easy payment plan. Phone 910. Rooms 5-6, CITIZENS TRUST BUILDING, OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

I PAY CASH for all kinds of household goods. Phone 2231. L. Tomkinson, 1213 Calhoun St. 6-9-tf

SCHOOL OF LANGUAGE.

Class now being formed for fall term. Miss Elizabeth Sihler, 518 State St. Phone 2130-blue. 3-12t

DR. HAVICE
FORT WAYNE, IND.
130 West Wayne St.
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Specialist
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

DR. RANKE
FT. WAYNE, IND.
207 Washington Boulevard West.
EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT.
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

Dr. W. T. Ferguson,
Specialty, Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Kidneys.
222 West Wayne Street

FOR SALE.

Good 8-room house, strictly modern; Masterson Ave.; $2,800.
Nice 5-room cottage on south side; cement walks; lot 50x150; $1,250.
5-room cottage on Gay St.; $1,500.
Two houses on Swinney Ave., strictly modern; $5,300 for both.
Modern 8-room residence, opposite reservoir; lot 50x150; $3,850.
Six-room cottage, John St., near Creighton; $2,000.
Six-room cottage, E. DeWald St.; $1,700.
Six-room cottage, North Barr St.; $1,800.
Eight-room house, large lot, on Walnut St., near Fairfield; $2,800.

FARM LANDS.

35 acres only six miles southwest of Fort Wayne, near interurban line. Fine 8-room house, barn 40x55, windmill, good orchard, eight- acres timber, level sandy soil; $5,500; will take city property in exchange.
40 acres St. Joe township; fine 6-room house, barn 40x60; nice bearing orchard; well fenced and tiled; sandy loam soil; $4,100.
2½ acres, only 1½ miles from court house; fine buildings; will take city property in exchange.

K. VORNDRAN
GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.
Rooms 3-4, 2d Floor Pixley-Long Block.
Phone 460. Open Saturday Evenings.

Fred Lambert
REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Good 7-room house modern, 5 squares southeast of court house.	$2,700
Nice new cottage, Bloomingdale; lot 40x150; price	$1,500
Nice 7-room house, Broadway; price	$2,100
Good 7-room house, Kinnaird Ave., close to Fairfield; price	$2,150
Nice 6-room cottage; strictly modern, close to reservoir	$2,600
Eight-room house, corner lot; close to Suttenfield; payment plan	$2,500
Nice 2-acre truck farm, 2½ miles east of court house; price	$ 500
Two new houses on Wabash Ave; payment plan	$2,100

ROOMS 209-210 SHOAFF BLDG.
Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.
Phones—Office, 2624; Res. 7090.

FOR SALE

A bargain in an 8-room modern house, close in, corner lot; $2,600.
Elegant modern home, south side, on full lot; must be sold at less than cost.
6-room house; large lot, east side; only $1,900.
Archer Ave., 7-room house; bath, lights, both waters in house; can be bought on easy terms.
Full size building lots near Pontiac car line; a snap for railroad employes. Also lots at the corner of McCulloch and Hugh Sts.
Improved ten acres near city limits; price right.
40 acres; 6-room house with other improvements; will exchange for city property.

K. J. BAUER & CO.,
No. 717 Clinton St. Office Open Evenings.

FOR SALE

FARMS AND CITY PROPERTY.

11 per cent investment; residence property, renting for $228.00 per annum; price $3,100.
275 acres, black sandy loam; good improvements; well fenced and tiled; price only $80.00 per acre.
Business property renting for $1,500 per annum; price $18,500.
8-room modern residence, west side; corner lot; price $8,000.

LENNART & ORTLIEB,
Second Floor. 819 CALHOUN ST.

FOR SALE

Modern home on Pontiac street; possession immediately; non resident; must sell. For price and terms see

G. W. McKee
Phone 639. 8-9 Bank Block.
Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

FOR SALE

7-room house large lot, paved street; a nice home. Price $2,200.
Several 5-room houses from $1,000 to $1,700 each.
6-room cottage on Killea St.; fine home; $2,000.
I can save you money if you want a farm.
I have 40, 55, 80 and 160 acres to trade for city property.

FREISTOFFER,
Calhoun St., next to Hamilton Bank.

Real Estate For Sale

Six-room house, Nuttman Ave.	$1,450
Five-room house, Fletcher Ave.	1,400
Five-room house, Masterson Ave.	1,450
Five-room new house, lights, Bloomingdale	1,200
Six room new house, Bloomingdale	1,350

Fine home with full lot on West Washington St., will sacrifice.
Phone 2185.

GEORGE DAGER,
Pixley-Long Block.

SEWING MACHINES

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE
Needles, Oils, Parts and Supplies for any Machine.
Fine Bargains in Second-hand Machines from $4.00 up.
H. C. HITZEMAN
Sewing Machine and Supply Company, No. 8 Arcade. Phone 2480.
Repairing a Specialty.

Dandro

Will Grow Your Hair Long and Thrifty—It is a Real Hair Grower.

It will make hair grow on anyone's head where the hair bulbs are not dead. Sold at the Niswonger's Drug Store, 128 West Main street, and for delivery call phone 2002 Home.

SCHOOL OF CUTTING AND DRESS-MAKING.

Fall term opens to new pupils August 23d. Patterns cut to measure. For particulars please call or address
A. M. FREEMAN,
1114 South Harrison Street.
8-19-1m

X Telephone "MARTIN'S PLUMBING SHOP" for a Plumber. Twenty years at the business. Phone 6379. Hanna and Buchanan Sts. tf X

DETECTIVE.

RYAN DETECTIVE and INFORMATION BUREAU; confidential, reliable, reasonable. 611 People's Trust Bldg. Telephones—Office 2524; residence, 6777. 6-17-tf

FOR SALE—STORE FIXTURES.

FOR SALE—Counters, Cash Registers, Flat and Roll Top Desks, Refrigerators, Show Cases, Safes, Scales and Hand Trucks. G. E. Bursley & Co. 6-24-tf

STORAGE.

STORAGE—Pettit's Storage Warehouse fireproof. Household goods stored. Strong, clean, safe. 414 East Columbia St. Phone 1108. 10-6-8-1y

Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

A Harvest of Good Values

There are so many attractions here in the way of autumn and winter merchandise and so many good things that deserve your attention that we hardly know what to call to your special notice. Where everything is so uniformly good and assortments so complete you cannot go amiss if you look here for all your needs.

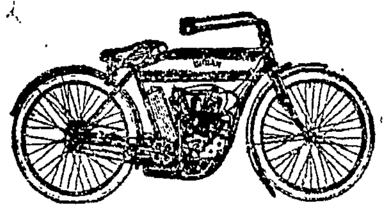
FASHIONABLE APPAREL

Models of style and character for women of taste and judgment—the season's correct fabrics tailored in the best possible manner at prices that are most reasonable. If you appreciate exclusive styles and perfect fit and workmanship you'll look here for your winter suit or coat and we advise an early selection.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets—

We make a specialty of the Warner line of corsets for the reason that experience has taught us that in no other make of corsets is the standard of quality so high. Warner's corsets are guaranteed not to rust, break or tear. Many of the things that determine the value of a corset are out of sight, so pin your faith to the corset that is guaranteed inside and outside from the clasp to the backbone. Whether you are large or small, stout or thin, tall or short, we can fit you comfortably with a Warner's Rust-Proof model.

THE RURODE
DRY GOODS CO.



On the Job

Read the reports of open Motorcycle Events in any part of the country. The Indian, R-S and the Thor. Best on the road. Best on the track. Best on hills. Best everywhere. Single or Twin Cylinders. Power, Speed, Comfort, Satisfaction.

Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co.,

Agents for Indian, R-S and Thor Motorcycles.

Headquarters for good Bicycles and Tires. Everything for Motorcycle and Bicycle.

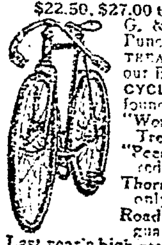
Yes, we do motor and Bicycle repairing. Charges moderate.

111 W. Washington Blvd. Cor Calhoun St.

H. C. Heine
Coal & Wood

Anthracite Coal	$7.40	per ton
Jackson Lp.	$5.00	per ton
Massillon Lp.	$5.00	per ton
W. V. Lp.	$4.25	per ton
H. V. Lp.	$4.25	per ton

Yards formally occupied by the City Fuel Co. All orders will receive prompt attention. Yard phone, 3022; residence phone, 6160.



Manson, Fowler and Record Bicycles

$22.50, $27.00 to $35.00: Choice of Tires G. & J. Clincher (value $1c) or Punct. Proof NON-SKID CUSHION TREAD (value $10) free on any of our Bicycles. FANCY TREAD BICYCLE TIRES 100 goods not found in any other store.

"Won't Slip" Bailey Tread, red, now $3.75
"Peerless" Basket Weave red or gray 3.50
Thorn Proof Heavy Tread only 2.50
Road Tires, not guaranteed 1.50

Last year's high grade tires to close, $2.00. Inner tubes, 75c, $1, $1.25, G. & J. $1.50. Bring Baby Cab wheels for new tires. Come to the Big Store for your Bicycle Tires and Repairs.

Brosius & Brosius, Now 126 E. Columbia St.

Open evenings April 1 to July 1. Good second hand bicycles $5.00 to $15.00.

WE ARE EQUIPPED to handle all of your insurance. No policy is too small to be appreciated at this agency, and no line of insurance is too large for us to take care of for you in a satisfactory manner.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
We Not Only Sell the Earth But Insure Everything on It.

Pure Olive Oil

You don't know what it is until you have used ours—the pure virgin oil expressed from the ripe select fruit, has a fragrant, nut-like odor and palatable taste. It's fine for medicinal or table use and costs no more than ordinary kind.

50c Per Pint; ½ Pint, 30c

Jos. Nussbaum Pharmacy
N. W. Corner Berry and Harrison.
Phone 477.

Fancy Fresh Baled Hay

We are now getting in a car a day Choice Ohio Hay, $17.00 per ton, 95c per hundred delivered anywhere in city. Now is the time to lay away your hay. Thoroughly seasoned and cured. We weigh our hay, it is not sold by bulk. Prairie hay, $12.00 per ton. Prevents heaves.

Our balanced Chicken Feed, makes your chickens lay. Keeps them growing.

Use our Insect Powder for lice, and Condition Powder for gapes and cholera. We guarantee them.

S. Bash & Co.

Dr. L. L. GARDNER

Announces he has opened an office in suite

306-307-308 Shoaf Bldg.

Practice limited to diseases of the Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office phone 542. Residence, The Portland. Phone 2817.

DR. K. L. SEAMAN

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
312-318 Shoaff Bldg.
Phones: 2904. Res. 2763.

STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWEL SPECIALIST.

Constipation, indigestion, gastralgia, appendicitis, inactive liver, diarrhoea, bowel obstruction or any disease resulting from digestive disorders quickly cured. No other treatment so effective. No drugs or medicine. Constipation in children predisposes to other more serious diseases. It can be quickly cured.

THOROUGHLY CLEAN AND PERFECTLY SANITARY

That is the way your washing comes back to you when done by The Troy Laundry Soft Water Method. Phone 159.

You cannot lose by buying a farm today. We have 100 farms listed, any one of which will make the purchaser money. Ask us about them.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
THE EARTH MEN.

Sneeze? Cold in the Head? See Meyer's

And we'll recommend Keystone Cold Tablets. It's our formulae, which we consider the best combination of cold-nipping drugs. If you were in our stores these days and heard the praises of the many who have used them, you would be enthusiastic about Keystone Cold Tablets too.

These are the days that colds are contracted very easily. The best thing to do is to nip it in the bud. There is nothing that will do it so quickly as Keystone Cold Tablets. 25 chocolate coated tablets, 25c.

"Get the Meyer Quality."

Meyer Brothers Co.
Four Drug Stores.

New Head of West Point.

MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS H. BARRY.

West Point, N. Y., Sept. 3.—The new superintendent of the military academy, Major General Thomas H. Barry, arrived here and will take command of the cadets on September 1.

Major General Barry was born in New York city on October 13, 1855, and received his early education in the public schools there. He was graduated from the United States Military academy in 1877. General Barry served during the Spanish-American war and also commanded the army of Cuban pacification in 1907.

Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Jewelry Of Refinement

By the jewelry, even more than by clothing, is the refinement, dignity and character of the wearer proclaimed.

The dignified, elegant kind of jewelry you find here, and the choicest assortments at that.

Rings, necklaces, brooches, bracelets, everything that a woman admires and desires is here.

In table silver we are specializing the "Madam Jumel" pattern, a colonial style with simple lines and exquisite grace of design.

Open during remodeling.

Trenkley & Koerber
816 CALHOUN ST.

New Director of the Mint.

GEORGE E. ROBERTS
PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST.

President Taft has announced the appointment of George E. Roberts, of Iowa, as director of the mint, to succeed A. Platt Andrews, who will become assistant secretary of the treasury. Mr. Roberts was formerly director of the mint, but resigned to take the presidency of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

JOHN GROSJEAN IS HURT.

John Grosjean, living north of the city, sustained a broken collar bone and other injuries last night when a horse which he was driving along the Coldwater road about four miles from the city frightened at the remains of a buggy which had been wrecked in another runaway and thrown to the side of the road. Mr. Grosjean was thrown from his own rig. He was taken to the home of Chris Ellert, and there found the victims of the first runaway, none of whom were hurt, however.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE BULLETIN

LARGE SUPPLIES FOR THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

A large shipment of Gilt Top and Rubber End Pencils, a regular 5c pencil for 2c or 20c per dozen.

Pen Holders, 1c and up.

Pen Points, 1c each.

Ink Erasers, 1c and 4c each.

Champion Pen Wipers, 1c each.

Pencil Tablets, 4c each.

Ink Tablets, 4c and 9c each.

Black Board Erasers, 2c each.

Chalk, 4 sticks for 1c or 15c per box.

Black Ink, 4c per bottle.

Mucilage, 4c per bottle.

Children's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 2c each or 20c per doz.

Fancy Hair Ribbons, 19c per yard.

Children's Ribbed Hose, 10c per pair.

School Shoes for boys and girls, $1 to $2.

Boys' Waists in black sateen, stripe and plain Chambrays, Percales and Ginghams, ages 4 to 15 years, 25c each.

Knickerbocker Pants in blue and black Cheviots, fancy Cashmeres, 4 to 16 years, 50c per pair. Also a good selection, all sizes, at 25c pair.

Boys' silk Windsor Ties, all patterns, 25c and 50c values, 15c each. Windsor and Shield Bows, 25c values, 10c each.

Boys' Soft Shirts, collar attached, in light patterns, only 50c values, to close out 21c each.

LADIES' DEPT.—SPECIAL SALE ON LADIES' AND MISSES' SKIRTS.

Panama and Voile Skirts in black, brown and blue, regular $7.50 and $8 values at $5.69.

Ladies' Panama or Voile Skirts in all colors, regular $12 and $15 values at $9.89.

Misses' Skirts, suitable for school wear in all wool Panama, all colors: regular $5.50 and $6 values at $3.59. Also a large assortment of Ladies' Skirts to close out at $3.59.

HARDWARE AND GRANITE DEPT.

Galvanized Ash Cans, $1.25 and $1.50.

Galvanized Garbage Cans, 50c and up.

Japanned Chamber Pails, 25c each.

Galvanized Foot Tubs, 25c each.

Papier Mache Baby Bath Tubs, $1.50.

Japanned Flour Bins, $2 each.

Large line of Framed Pictures, 48c and 73c each.

GROCERY DEPT.

New Holland Herring, 72c per keg.

Our Special Brand Flour, $1.25 per sack.

Good Country Butter, 32c per lb.

Nice Southern Potatoes, 25c per peck.

Fruit Tin Cans, 29c per dozen.

Sealing Wax, ½ pound sticks, 2c each.

Remember we deliver to all parts of the city.

Our store will be closed all day Monday on account of Labor day.

Home Phone 442. Bell Phone 750.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks and Mortgage Loans. C F. PFEIFFER, Shoaff Bldg.

Watch Saturday's Sentinel Grow

WOLF & DESSAUER

STORE CLOSED ALL DAY MONDAY, LABOR DAY.

A Special Sale of Curtain Samples Tuesday, September 6

The prettiest lot of Lace Curtain Samples we have ever had will be placed on special sale next Tuesday morning. These are drummers' samples of almost every sort of Lace Curtains made, and the patterns are all new and dainty. In many cases, there are two and three of a kind.

29c and 39c Each

These samples have been divided into two lots, and priced for the sale at 29c and 39c. Of course, the best ones will go first, so be here early Tuesday morning. These samples are in lengths suitable for sash curtains and door panels.

On Sale Next Tuesday at 29c and 39c Each

CITY BREVITIES.

Mrs. Otto Hitzeman is reported very ill at her home on West Creighton avenue.

An important meeting of the Allen County Poultry Fanciers' association has been called for Tuesday evening.

Miss Loretta Ankenbrook, assistant cashier at the Anthony hotel, is enjoying a vacation and will visit Niagara Falls and other eastern points.

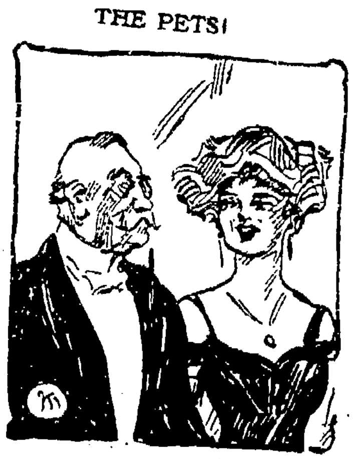
Don't fail to hear P. P. McArdle, at Swinney Park, Labor Day.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Big Doings, Swinney Park, Labor Day.

WANTED — Two messenger boys. Postal Telegraph Co. 8-31-tf

THE PETS!



He—It's quite true that there are microbes in kisses—

"She—Oh, the sweet little darlings.

Dancing Labor Day evening, at the Grand. Beginners' class Tuesday, Sept. 6th. 3-2t.

THOSE SPLITTING HEADACHES

Are certainly terrible, but you don't need to have them. Our headache powders are a sure and safe cure. Better have some in the house, so you can take one at the first sign of headaches. No need to suffer when you can have sure relief for only 10 cents a box.

Good Samaritan Drug Store
GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.
Cor. Wayne and Barr Streets.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Miss Hankers

School for Dancing
210-18 Berry Street West.

OPENING DANCE

Tuesday Evening, September 6th.

Beginner's Class will be formed Wednesday evening, September 7th. Hours 7 to 10.

Beginner's First Lesson, Thursday, September 8th, at 8 P. M.

Beginner's Class for Married People, Wednesday, September 14th, at 8 P. M.

Master's and Misses' Classes:
14 to 18 years, Wednesday, September 14th, 4:30 P. M.
10 to 14 years, Monday, September 19th, 4:30 P. M.
4 to 10 years, Saturday, September 24th, 2 P. M.

Class for Clog Dancing, Monday, September 19th, 8 P. M.

Application for Special Classes should be made at an early date. The formation of the classes is to be under the exclusive control of the organizers.

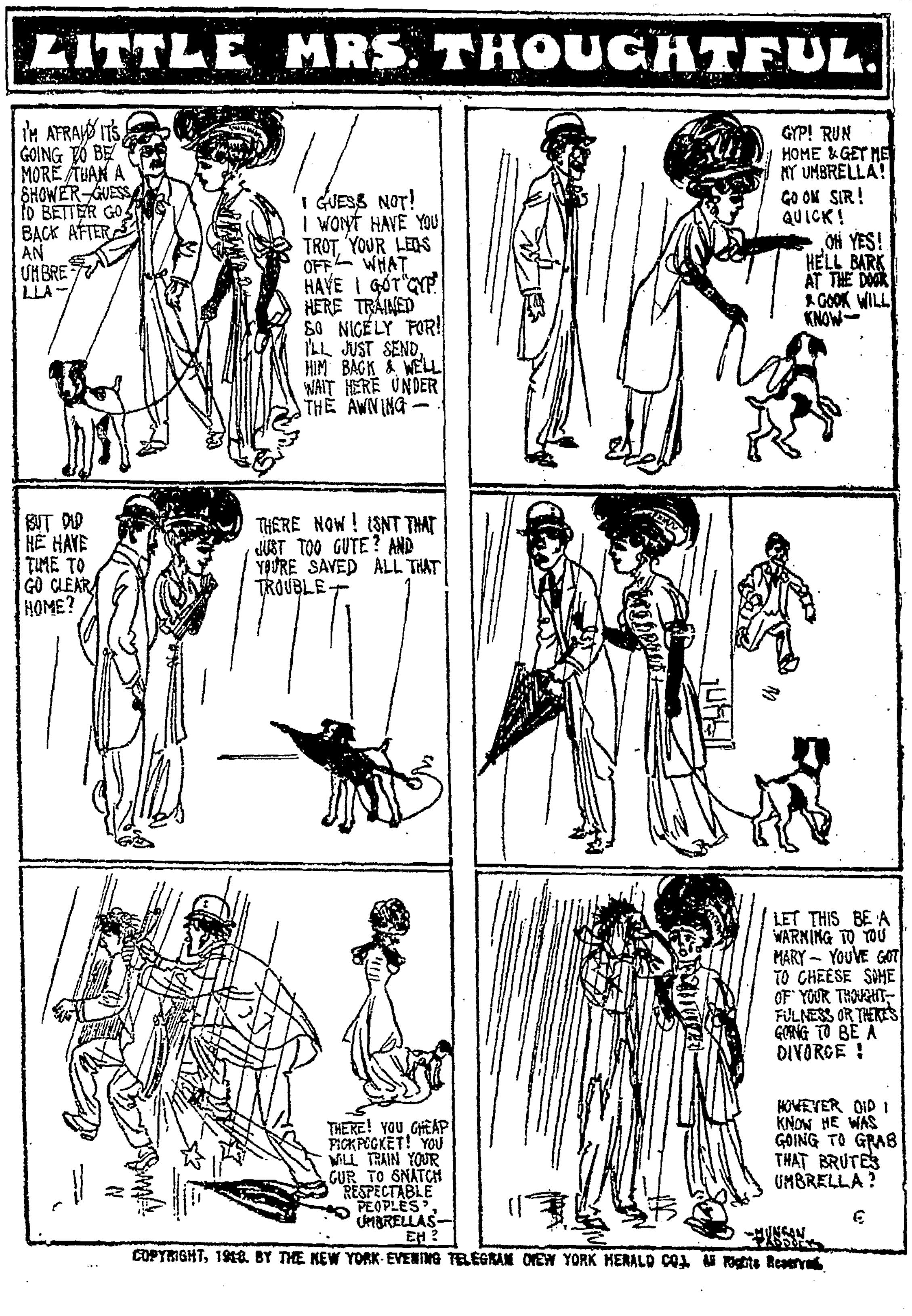
Private Lessons in all branches of dancing.

For particulars call the school or phone 2028.

How're Your Feet?

Corns, Bunions, Callouses, Ingrowing Nails relieved without pain. Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Pimples and Blackheads permanently removed without scarring.

MRS. ZIMMERMAN, Specialist
1010 Harrison St. (Near Washington.)
Phone 2341.


LITTLE MRS. THOUGHTFUL.
I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO BE MORE THAN A SHOWER—GUESS I'D BETTER GO BACK AFTER AN UMBRELLA—
I GUESS NOT! I WON'T HAVE YOU TROT YOUR LEGS OFF— WHAT HAVE I GOT "GYP" HERE TRAINED SO NICELY FOR! I'LL JUST SEND HIM BACK & WE'LL WAIT HERE UNDER THE AWNING—
GYP! RUN HOME & GET ME MY UMBRELLA! GO ON SIR! QUICK!
OH YES! HE'LL BARK AT THE DOOR & COOK WILL KNOW—
BUT DID HE HAVE TIME TO GO CLEAR HOME?
THERE NOW! ISN'T THAT JUST TOO CUTE? AND YOU'RE SAVED ALL THAT TROUBLE—
THERE! YOU CHEAP PICKPOCKET! YOU WILL TRAIN YOUR CUR TO SNATCH RESPECTABLE PEOPLES' UMBRELLAS—EH?
LET THIS BE A WARNING TO YOU MARY— YOU'VE GOT TO CHEESE SOME OF YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS OR THERE'S GOING TO BE A DIVORCE!
HOWEVER DID I KNOW HE WAS GOING TO GRAB THAT BRUTE'S UMBRELLA?
MUNSAN PADDOCK

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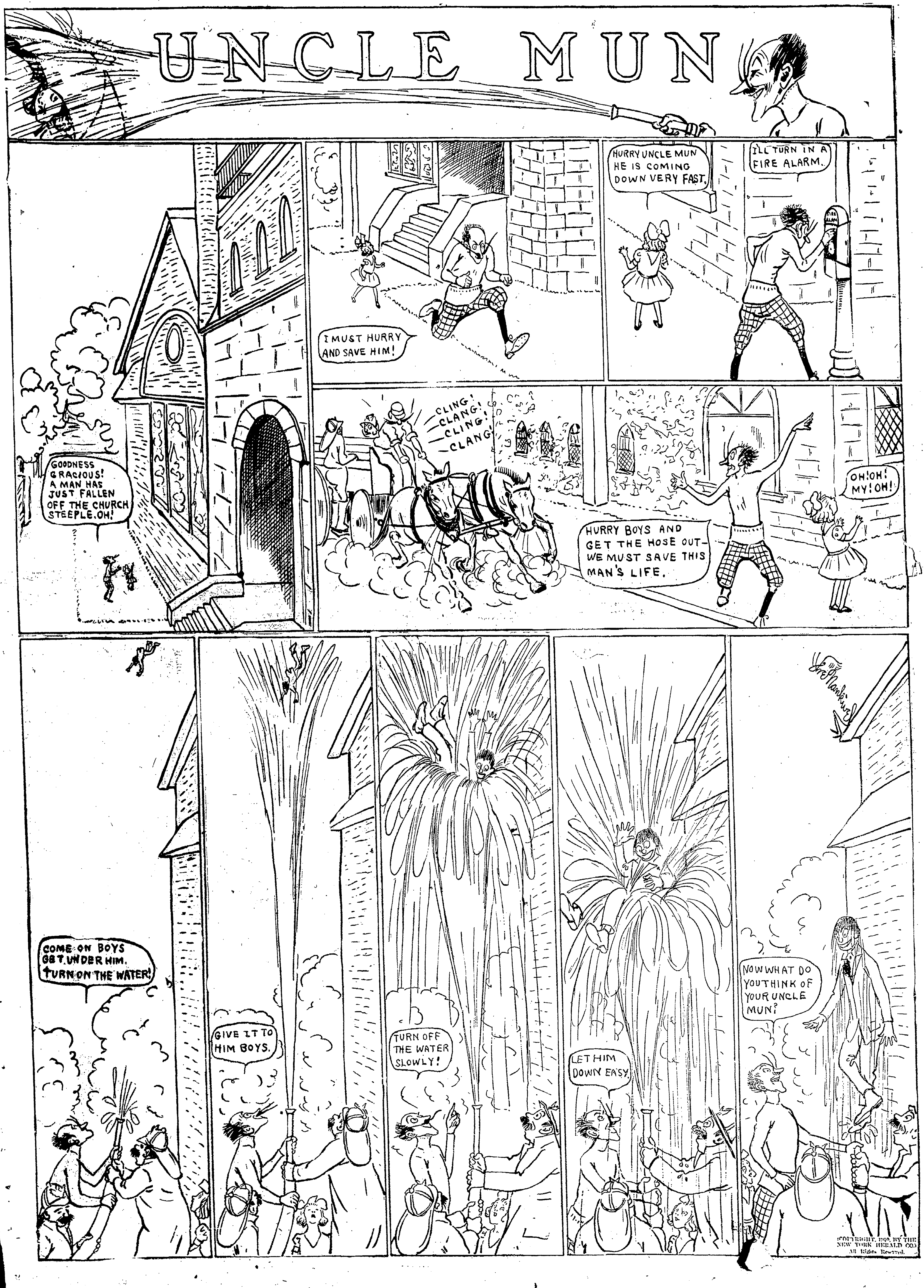
The First Newspaper Established in Northern Indiana.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1910.

All the News All the Time that is Fit to Print.

UNCLE MUN


GOODNESS GRACIOUS! A MAN HAS JUST FALLEN OFF THE CHURCH STEEPLE. OH!
I MUST HURRY AND SAVE HIM!
HURRY UNCLE MUN HE IS COMING DOWN VERY FAST.
I'LL TURN IN A FIRE ALARM.
FIRE ALARM
CLING! CLANG! CLING! CLANG!
HURRY BOYS AND GET THE HOSE OUT — WE MUST SAVE THIS MAN'S LIFE.
OH! OH! MY! OH!
COME ON BOYS GET UNDER HIM. TURN ON THE WATER!
GIVE IT TO HIM BOYS.
TURN OFF THE WATER SLOWLY!
LET HIM DOWN EASY.
NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR UNCLE MUN?
Fred Nankivel

A PAGE FOR MISSES

ATTRACTIVE PILLOWS for the SCHOOL GIRL'S ROOM

NEW Ones Needed Every Autumn by the Student Miss and Her Big Brother—the College Man

GIRLS who are going away to school or college or those who have brothers and cousins just starting upon a college career usually are interested at this season of the year in the making of new couch pillows. This is one sort of handiwork which will always prove a welcome gift, for there is constant demand in every household as well as among the college and boarding school fraternity for a fresh supply of new pillow covers.

For girls who rejoice in the possession of an all white boudoir the lingerie pillows are still the most desirable, and these are now made trimmed only with embroidery or needlework and generally without lace. These very dainty pillows are, however, only possible for certain rooms, and certainly will not be practical for the hard wear which must be looked for in the school sitting room, and of course the school boy or college youth would receive such a gift with a shout of derision. The stoutest of material and the most enduring colors are those most suitable for the average school girl's or boy's outfit, and if a great deal of work is to be put on the cover it is best to have them made of wash materials, for the entire destruction of a fine piece of handwork through the hard usage which robs it of its freshness prematurely is heartbreaking to the person who has spent so many hours in toiling over it, as well as to the person to whom it has been given.

Such atrocities are perpetrated in the way of embroidered pillows that it is well to go slowly in selecting the materials and designs and above all the colors, for our taste is more or less vitiated in this direction by the constant display of frightful combination of colors to which our eyes become accustomed. One may place no dependence whatever in Dame Fashion either, because many of the designs and combinations of color which become fashionable for embroidered pillows are wholly unbeautiful and will ruin all claims to harmonious furnishing which any room may possess. One must take into consideration not only the single pillow which one is making but the others with which it is to be used as well, and also the general coloring of the room. Of course when class or school colors are being used there is more latitude of color combination permissible than when only the coloring is being considered for its beauty alone, but even with these arbitrary colors to deal with one may if one will take the trouble make an artistic success of what would otherwise be an unbearable jumble of inharmonious colors and designs. You will find if you investigate the matter that the designing of a pillow is not too unimportant a matter for great decorators to take into their consideration, and that many artists of merit have bent their minds to the humble task of designing embroideries for such purposes.

IN a room having plain walls and floor coverings, pillows with striking geometrical designs are peculiarly effective. Heavy linen, crash, denim, &c., are largely used for the background of these pillows, and both plain and figured materials are employed, according to the design that one wishes to carry out. Two materials, one plain and the other figured, are used for some of the pillows, and they are trimmed not only with embroidery in linen thread but also with braid and an appliqué of material of a contrasting shade or a different tone of the same shade. While these striking designs are good for a room which is otherwise quite plain they are often quite confusing and unpleasant in a room having a design on the walls, unless it be a very small design giving the effect of a plain wall. The plain pillows should be used in a room with figured walls or the pillows should carry out the same design as the walls or upholstery. There are exceptions to this rule—in the case, for instance, of a room having a flowered paper. Pillows covered with striped material of the proper shade often look particularly well in such a room, and flowered pillows look well in a room having striped paper. The rest of the upholstery of the room is then, however, either in the design of the paper or nearly like it or in that of the pillows and couch cover, or absolutely plain.

A very good design for a heavy linen pillow was in striped and plain linen, the border of the striped linen being quite wide and mitred at the corners. The pillow was in violet and white linen and intended for a room furnished in two tones of violet and in black walnut. The centre of white linen was a square, on which were set four circles of deep violet linen. These were cut away in the centre, showing squares of white. Other smaller circles of the violet linen were set on between the large circles, and the whole was bordered and separated with narrow bands of cross stitch. This was on the inside square. There was no embroidery or trimming of any kind on the striped border except that each white stripe was finished with a little violet ornament in cross stitch. The entire pillow was made by hand, but it would look perfectly well if carefully made by machine and would then take very little time as well as being most inexpensive.

A VERY attractive design, suitable either for satin or lingerie as well as for the more durable materials, is made of a figured material with an embroidered wreath for its only decoration. The beauty of the design lies in the perfect balance of the wreath and pillow; it is just the right size and just sufficiently heavy. Blue and white handkerchief linen, a small white ring on a blue ground, was used for this pillow. The wreath was in white linen thread. In lingerie this pillow would look most attractive if made of figured muslin or embroidered batiste with the same style of wreath, while in satin or velvet the wreath would be made of vari-colored silks with a little gold thread or perhaps entirely of gold.

One of the pillows suitable for a college room is of white and red crash trimmed with narrow braid. This would be a good pillow in which to develop the Harvard red, for with the correct crimson could be used a neutral tint such as the room for which the pillow was intended was furnished in, and thus the college color could be had without the monotony of the plain crimson, which of course would be used for other pillows. For instance, if the walls of the room and the furniture coverings are largely in brown or tan, that color would look very well with the college crimson, as would also gray, dull sage green and other neutral tints. It would be necessary to avoid any combination which would suggest another college and to select a color to go with the crimson which would go into the background of the room.

This white and red crash has a border of plain dark material on which double bands of narrow braid are used to effect a striped design. The centre is of the light material, with a design made of applied pieces of the darker fabric. There is no embroidery, but so small are some of the pieces that if made by hand the pillow is not the affair of a moment.

A very charming white linen pillow which has recently been designed by an artist is trimmed with gray braid and red stitching. In each corner is a double circle of the red stitching made up of tiny circles so arranged that they somewhat resemble a vine. Between these are irregular four sided figures made of the braid. In linen color with yellow embroidery this design is very effective.

Pongee in different weights and colors and soft silk which has dull surfaces are materials which wear very well and are most satisfactory for pillows which are to be much used. These are also embroidered and trimmed with applications of silk of other color or different tones of the same color. For these materials Chinese designs or those having Chinese motives, are particularly good, and it is rather interesting to look up some of these designs and have them adapted to the purpose for which they are needed. This is the sort of thing that makes needlework interesting, and any girl who cares for it will find it infinitely more interesting than it has ever been when she takes the trouble to study out the designs for herself, or, if she is not sufficiently advanced in the art to make up her own designs, then at least she can study designs in pictures and antique embroideries and then consult a more experienced worker about how they may be used.

A PILLOW with Chinese designs was made of pongee in the natural shade, with embroidery of violet, purple and pink, all of rich but dull tones, and was meant for a room furnished in gray with touches of violet and yellow. The strong, heavy lines of embroidery are of purple, while the smaller, flower like designs are of light violet and pink. This design is very suitable for a satin pillow as well as for those of less elegant material.

Pink, blue and green linen thread are used in embroidering a quaint pillow in sampler designs. The pillow of white linen has graceful pointed designs of the embroidery extending from the four sides to the centre. Each design terminates in a double coil, and all four of these together form a circle in the centre.

The colors used in this design are all the deep, rather dull tones known as "old" pink, "old" blue, &c. The pointed designs are made up of slender vines in dull green, between which there is a group of round ornaments in dull pink which suggest flowers, although they are in reality nothing but circular disks. This whole side design has a line of the blue stitching around it which extends to the centre coils, so that the centre ornament is entirely of the blue. The colors used for this pillow are so entirely suitable to the design that it would probably lose much of its attractiveness if developed in many shades, even though they might be harmonious. Other shades which would be effective for this pillow are violet, pink and yellow on white linen, or red, blue and green on linen color or white.

For foundation pillows to go at the back of the couch as a sort of support for the other pillows those of leather are very good and they are not out of place with heavy linen pillows, although with light, delicate pillows they would look odd. Soft leather pillows in neutral tints, especially those in the suède, are excellent also to use with pillows which are covered in the college colors, and they go well in almost any room except those furnished in elaborate or very dainty styles.

Social Amenities for the School Girl

"DO not cry over spilt milk" is an excellent little motto to bear in mind. While there is still chance of a matter being prevented or helped then it is worth while struggling over to the full extent of one's power, but when there is no longer anything further to be done about it the only sensible part to play is to accept the situation as gracefully as possible.

It is the people who are always harking back—who are always saying, "Now, if that had not been done all would have been well," or continually making remarks in that strain—who are so very unpleasant as companions. There is no more unpopular being in the world than he who continually says "I told you so," and it is the element of "I told you so" in the girl or woman who is forever mourning over the unalterable which is so intensely disagreeable. Once the deed has been done it is well to take it cheerfully; or if that is too much to demand, at least say no more of it and let the matter drop from then on.

There is no disappointment so great that in looking back upon it one does not wonder at the amount of heartburn it caused. There may be griefs which it will take the soothing influence of many years to quell, but there is no disappointment which involves only the pleasure of a few hours, or perhaps a few days at most, which is worth the energy of being disagreeable about. Life is too short, and while one is still young habits of ill temper over slight occurrences are too easily formed for a girl to allow herself the luxury of exhibiting ill nature on any occasion whatever, and no matter what the excuse.

But worse even than a temporary outburst of temper is it to accept a disappointment quietly and apparently well, and then brood over it, and be disagreeable because of it for perhaps days to come. This last is also a distressingly easy habit to fall into and will do much to injure and ruin an otherwise fine character.

The "Christian martyr" attitude is another failing to be carefully guarded against. To be fine, perhaps, but no finer, than one should be by rights under any provocation, but to give it to be understood that one is not sufficiently appreciated by those at home—this is the attitude of the so called "Christian martyr." This person really enjoys doing the

action or giving up the envied treat for the mere pleasure of approbation from outsiders.

As great a mistake as to wail over what cannot be helped is it to worry over what may, and perhaps never will, befall. How many girls, for example, worry themselves almost sick about some dance at which they fear they will not have a good time? In all probability they will have the best time of their life, or, perhaps, at the last moment something may occur to prevent the dance coming off at all. A large majority of matters which are most worried over in this world do not amount to anything when the time comes, and a tremendous amount of mental strength has been wasted unnecessarily.

The best cure for worrying about things that probably will not matter much anyway, and also for brooding over what is past and does not matter at all, is to live just as much as possible in the present. Don't allow the fleeting joy of the moment to be dampened by thoughts of what might have been or what may come. The past is already dead, and there will be greater happiness in store than any fun that might have taken place had not something occurred to prevent.

Let the future take care of itself. Allow only the happy parts of the past to be remembered and look always for brightness in the present. If only what is pleasant is commented upon this will be the part that will stand out, whereas if the disagreeable is continually brought to notice it can quickly overshadow all else.

Cheerfulness is a much to be envied quality, but a "bright and sunny nature" is not such without effort, and often considerable effort. The possessor of a sunny disposition always looks on the bright side. She says inwardly, "What can't be cured must be endured cheerfully," and she sets herself diligently to look for what is funny and will amuse others as well as herself.

Every one knows the story of Lot's wife—because she paused to look back and give a moment's regret to all the happiness she was leaving behind her she was turned into a pillar of salt, an impediment in the road. The moral in this tale is worth remarking, that whoever stops to regret what is past and can't be helped becomes at once a worse than useless

Odds and Ends of Interest for the Girl Who Sews

HANDKERCHIEF MAKING.

HANDKERCHIEF making is fascinating work, and any girl who sews neatly may easily provide herself with a supply which will be a matter of pride to herself and of envy to her less industrious associates.

French or Irish linen of the finest quality should be used for any handkerchiefs destined to carry elaborate embroideries, and the greatest care should be exercised in the cutting of the squares. To draw a thread in the four directions is the only safe way, as otherwise the delicate material is apt to twist and become unmanageable.

When Armenian or any other very fine lace edging is used the handkerchief need not be hemstitched, although infinite care must be devoted to the hand hemming, as irregularly set stitches spoil the entire effect of the work.

Exceedingly narrow hemstitched borders are more than ever popular, and nearly always handkerchiefs so treated have corners embroidered delicately with wreaths, clusters or semi-detached butterfly and flower designs. Sometimes only one corner is decorated with a rather large and elaborate spray pattern, or a medallion will enclose a small initial. Only when there is no other decoration should a monogram be employed.

Fancy lace stitches are blended with the embroidery patterns, as in the case of the lily pads, which show petals of fine netting, and the butterflies, with transparent wings. Sometimes a girl who embroiders indifferently but sews with extraordinary neatness appliques lace motifs upon the corner of a handkerchief and then cuts away the material from the under side, but this is difficult to accomplish, and a slip of the scissors means ruin to the entire piece of work.

Scallop borders are exceedingly dainty, but that sort of work takes an immense amount of time and is so heavy in proportion to the fabric that it is easily torn. The better way is to buy a machine scalloped handkerchief of fine quality and embroider it daintily, than to devote hours of toil to a border which may be reduced to a ragged fringe the first time it is laundered.

SLIPPER LASTS.

THE girl who likes everything about her belongings dainty and in good order will probably have several of the little toe lasts with steel springs for her slippers. It makes a marvellous difference in the shape of a slipper if it is never put away without one of these lasts. But, useful as they are, they are not in any way pretty in their natural state, and the girl who keeps her closet looking dainty and attractive can make her slipper lasts ornamental too.

The way to do it is to cover the steel spring with ribbon to match her closet fittings which in their turn should match the decorations of her room. Buy satin ribbon a little wider than the strips of steel and sew together both edges of two pieces, making a cover for both sides of the spring. Slip the case over the spring and when it is in place pull the threads of sewing silk tight so that the ribbon will be gathered quite full on the steel. The sewing, by the way, must be a running stitch, with no back stitches so that it will pull.

When the covering has been firmly fastened in place and the fulness evenly distributed make a full bow of the same ribbon or a wider ribbon that matches it and sew it on the top of the curve. If one wants it a little more elaborate she can put another bow at the front a little above where the slipper touches the spring; this gives a fluffy and pretty effect. A shoe shelf holding a row of slippers supplied with these decorated lasts is a most attractive sight.

PETTICOAT LORE.

UNLESS the petticoat is correctly cut, fits smoothly and is of the proper length, the frock put over it will not hang well, and the girl who wears it will not look smart. Every fashion, however eccentric, has its compensations, and it may be said in favor of the present vogue of narrow skirts that the petticoats worn beneath them demand a wonderfully small amount of material and that very little labor need be expended upon their making.

In lieu of the be-frilled and be-flounced taffeta petticoat of yesteryear is an almost tube-shaped affair of messaline, flaring ever so slightly below the knees and finished with a deep hem or a narrow, scant ruffle. To make an almost perfectly fitting petticoat of this sort cut the material by a five-gored skirt pattern of the correct belt size, take up generous seams below the knees and turn back as many inches as possible for the hem in order to give weight to the garment.

Better than any of the twilled silks for summer service are the petticoats of striped, all white or all black China silk, made similarly to those of heavier material, but trimmed with embroidered or accordion plaited narrow ruffles.

With all manner of white wash frocks are worn unstarched petticoats of cross-barred muslin, batiste or lawn trimmed with scant flounces of self material or embroidered Swiss headed with a beading run with ribbon, bow knotted at the front. For lingerie gowns there are special petticoats and princess slips of hand embroidered fine linen bordered with hemstitching.

Petticoats of striped seersucker, chambray, grass linen or mercerized dark colored cotton, have rows of tucks above a two inch hem and are intended for use with golfing, canoeing and tramping costumes. For mountain service fancy flannels are made into short scant "divided" petticoats, faced with four inch wide taffeta ruffles.

GIRLS WHO TALK AND SEW

ONE of the most graceful arts that a girl can acquire is to learn to converse and keep her fingers busy at the same time. There are girls who can talk well and girls who do needlework well, but they rarely combine the two accomplishments skilfully.

One of the secrets of the art is to avoid doing in public any piece of work which requires close attention. Be clever at accomplishing a good deal by always having on hand certain kinds of work, or work at certain stages, which admits of its being done more or less automatically, and let this occupy your fingers, which will busily do a lot for you, while you make yourself agreeable conversationally to one or more companions.

Remember that courtesy requires you to give the person to whom you are talking, or who is talking to you, your first interest and attention and that your work must be the secondary consideration. If you reverse the order you will be thought very stupid, will be avoided as an uninteresting young person and had much better confine your work to hours especially set apart for it.

CHIFFON PARASOLS.

CHIFFON parasols are much in vogue in Paris this summer. Chiffon laid over a silk foundation makes the most sensible chiffon sunshade, but often the chiffon is laid in two or three thicknesses without any heavier foundation. An old parasol that is marked or faded so as to be no longer possible in its present condition can often be covered and made to look as good as new.

White can be covered with any shade desired, but a color has generally to have the same or a somewhat deeper tone laid over it. Combination of artistic contrasts are also seen—mauve over pale green, for example; pink and blue, yellow and lilac. There are innumerable combinations that are attractive and which make it possible to carry one sunshade with many different gowns.

There are many curious effects in the frames of the parasols this summer. Some have all the sticks that are used in a Japanese sun umbrella. Others, again, have the sticks turned down flat at the edges, giving a curious square effect.

It is always possible to get a pretty parasol for an extremely low price, but the handle is of course perfectly plain. The average girl uses a parasol so seldom that it is really worth while for her to try to have given her one really expensive parasol with a handle so good that it will be worth while having the stick recovered.

It will cost just about as much to have a frame covered as it would to buy a new parasol, but it is infinitely nicer to feel that the handle is of some value. If it be necessary to have a parasol for some one gown of peculiar shade then it is of course worth while, but for a white or some neutral color that can be carried with almost any dress the handle should be as good as her purse will allow.

Oriental Bags for Dressing Room

WHEN at boarding school girls are apt to acquire the bag habit, more from hasty attempts at neatness than from any real fondness for these attractive receptacles, but the habit remains with them usually, and even when grown to womanhood the sex finds new uses for bags and new ideas in the making of them.

In the outfit one young girl is getting ready to take on her first term at boarding school this fall is a dressing room set which will stand many trips to the laundry and will look as fresh at the end of the semester as when it was laid carefully and tenderly in her school trunk. This is a set of Oriental bags, one large bag for laundry—there are two of them just alike so that one can be washed while the other is in use—a smaller one for soiled handkerchiefs and one of a different shape to hold the neckwear that is to be freshened for another wearing.

The largest bag is made of four pieces of Chinese cotton, the design being a white ground with the figure of a Chinese woman in the centre. She wears richly colored garments and looks like a Japanese print. The four lengths of cotton form the two sides of the bag, two for the front and two for the back. They are fastened together with heavy white cotton in a fancy stitch, herringbone or feather stitch, and a three inch frill is left at the top, where a piece of tape is inserted crosswise to hold a narrow strip of wood which has holes in the end through which to run a pair of white cotton window loops to hang the bag up by.

An opening is left in the front section of the bag, between the two pieces of cotton cloth and just below the cross-piece of wood, so that there is a place to slip in soiled clothing. When the bag is hung against the dressing room door or the wall it looks much more attractive than some of the flowered ones that are more common than the novel Japanese print effects.

For the soiled handkerchief bag two strips of cotton, two towels they are, are sewed lengthwise together with a fancy stitch and the ends are hemmed down over an embroidery hoop which has first been wrapped with embroidery beading. The top of the bag gathers over the hoops, and where the round handle emerges from the fulness a bit of the embroidery beading is used to tie a pretty knot and to keep the printed cotton from slipping. The sides of the bag are not sewed up all the way. It is more convenient to leave them open for at least three inches.

The neckwear bag is the simplest of all. It is, in fact, a miniature laundry bag, one strip of the cotton towelling sufficing for the length and width. The frill at the top is narrower in proportion to the length of the bag, and a slim bit of wood perhaps four inches in length is slipped into the casing made by two rows of fancy stitching. These bags look very pretty and wear a long time.

There are some wonderful bits of old brocade and striped silk which can be bought now at bargain prices and made into charming little bags for holding ribbons, handkerchiefs, gloves, &c. These are invaluable to the girl who must live in small quarters and who cannot take all the time necessary to keep her belongings laid out in neat rows and piles in her dresser and chiffonier drawers. The prettiest of these bags are trimmed with narrow old gilt or silver galloon.

NEW JABOTS AND VESTS.

SMALL vests of linen or pique can be bought now, which for the jackets cut open to the waist line are almost indispensable.

The plainer tailor made waists, with wide ruche down the centre, are pretty with the coats cut in a deep V or U shape, but the lingerie bodices which have not the frill are too flat to be pretty with a wide open jacket.

The little white vest slips on under the jacket and has a piece of the material across the back, which, standing up just a trifle above the coat collar, protects the collar band of the waist from soiling.

This vest is double breasted, fastening with pearl or crochet buttons. Small gilt buttons are often seen, but gilt buttons must be used with care and discretion, as they have the power to make or mar the effect of an entire costume.

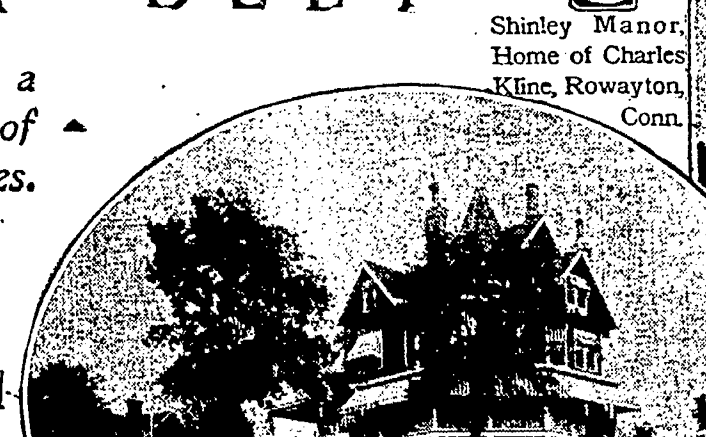
Jabots of all designs and materials are more worn than ever. There are the double jabot and the single jabot, jabots of equal width their entire length, and those which are very wide at the throat, narrowing into nothing toward the belt. Some jabots are placed at one side of the waist, others down the centre. Some are of finest lawns bordered with lace, others entirely composed of lace. Net and sheer lace are often combined, and again the jabot is made of embroidery edging. If the lace cannot be really good in quality it should not be used at all, a plain hemstitched lawn gathered or plaited piece being preferable.

The frill is best when fullest just at the top, its length being decided by the cut of the jacket with which the bodice is worn. With a colored linen coat a frill or jabot bordered with the same shade is always attractive. Vests of colored linen, light or dark blue, pink, green and tan, are worn frequently with the all white suits, while for a cloth coat the waistcoat may be of a contrasting tone. For a white serge costume the small waistcoats of pastel blue moire are charming, and give just the necessary additional warmth.

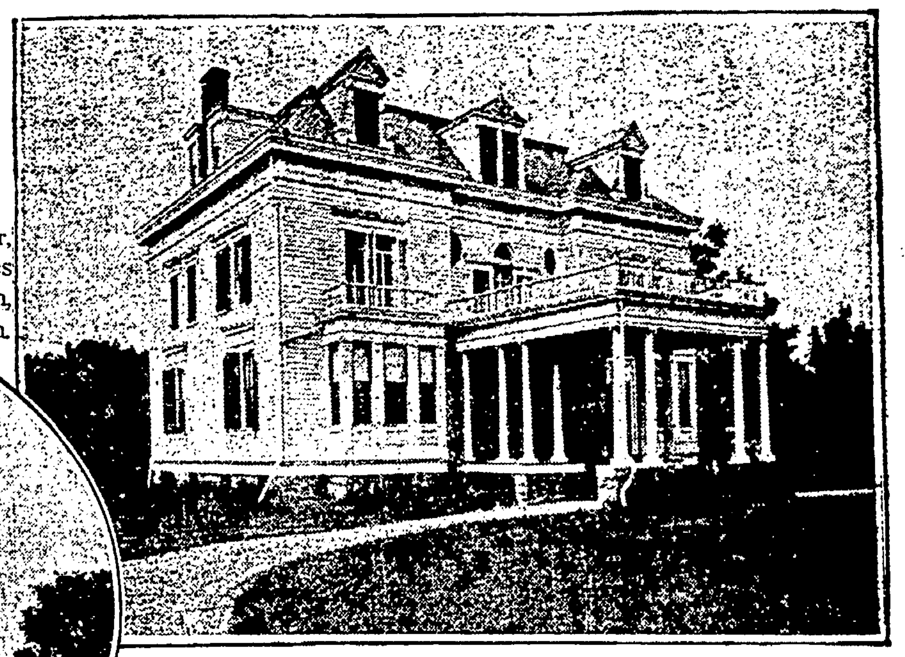
But at the top of the vest must fall the soft jabot. This is the principal touch at the moment which gives such a smart air to every French gown.

The GREAT AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT BELT

A RUN Along the North Shore of the Sound and a Glimpse at the Beautiful Homes of the Writers of the Plays That Have Won High Honors and Big Royalties.



Shinley Manor, Home of Charles Kline, Rowayton, Conn.

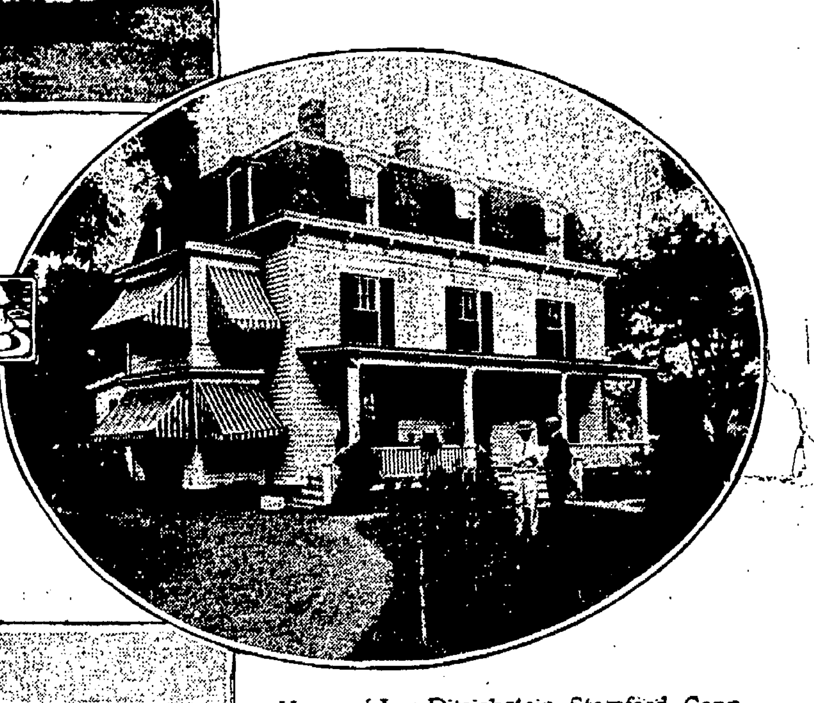


Home of Edward Milton Royle, Darien, Conn

Mrs. RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Bellehaven, Home of Mrs. Rida Johnson Young, Greenwich, Conn.

LEO DITRICH-STEIN



Home of Leo Ditrichstein, Stamford, Conn.

Home of the Late Clyde Fitch, Greenwich, Conn.

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HARTFORD, Conn., Saturday.

THE north shore of Long Island Sound has become the Great American Playwright Belt. With few exceptions all the important American dramatists have taken up their abode on this inspiring strip of land. And if anybody imagines that gaunt-eyed and sunken-checked Penury has these playsmiths in her grasp let him correct the notion at once. It is a fallacy that calls for immediate correction, for very many of the most palatial country estates along the north shore of Long Island Sound are the homes of makers of plays.

In this playmaking belt, extending practically from Pelham Manor to Rowayton, a distance of about twenty-five miles, will be found the homes of twenty-five dramatists, averaging one to a mile. There is not a town of any considerable size along the north shore of the Sound between these two cities that does not boast the possession of one or more dramatic authors.

While the "array of talent," as the native puts it, is being constantly added to by the arrival of some new genius, the Belt has had one important desertion. Eugene Walter, feeling the need of north shore inspiration ozone, located a couple of years ago at Norwalk, and straightway constructed one of the most important successes of modern time, "The Easiest Way." But he has left the Belt, and along with Channing Pollock has set up a rival camp at Shoreham, L. I., nearly opposite the hub of dramatic culture, Stamford.

It will, however, be observed that the deserters have stuck to Long Island Sound, and on clear days with a pair of opera glasses they can from the porch of the Parsonage observe the movements of the "vile opposition" on the opposite shore.

Then there is another collection of competitors that have raised their heads and signalled attention. This one, forgetting for the nonce the Edgar Smith libretto factory at Elmhurst, might be called the Potomac River Colony of Playsmiths. Paul Armstrong has a vast estate at Annapolis, and Paul Wilstach and Paul Kester are located in a fine old Colonial hall on the river at Gunston, Va. It is only fair also to disclose the fact that at Merrjewold Park, Sullivan county, N. Y., there is another aspiring camp of playsmiths. Charles Klein, now one of the stars of the Great American Playwright Belt, originated this haunt and anchorage of genius. The curious will find there residing Martha Morton, William C. De Mille and Harry Mawson. After Mr. Klein's removal to Connecticut Mr. De Mille purchased the Klein home. But these rival dramatic bivouacs, compared to the Great American Playwright Belt, located on the north shore of Long Island Sound, are lean, hungry and anaemic rivals.

It was the late Clyde Fitch who gave the first powerful impetus to the dramatic colonization of Connecticut. He built for himself at Greenwich a lovely Italian villa, filled it with rare works of art from all quarters of the globe and named it Quiet Corner. It was at this charming home that Mr. Fitch wrote some of his most popular plays. There, high above Greenwich, he drank "the pale drug of silence and evolved things." Connecticut was Mr. Fitch's native State. He loved its rolling country, its old stone walls, its lovely trees and general air of peace. This part of Connecticut is much like the loveliest of English country, well known to and loved by the dramatist. From his garden he looked over a wide expanse of green fields and abundant woodland. Here it was that the muse, with no discord loving clowns about, was given no janglish strain.

Through the Belt.

An automobile ride through the Great American Playwright Belt discloses one fact to entire satisfaction—"the play is the thing" that provides the country estate. Journeying from New York the first dramatic celebrity's home that we meet with is George V. Hobart's Ruraldene, at Pelham Manor. Here we find the author of "Broadway to Tokio," "Sally in Our Alley," "The Ham Tree," "Coming Through the Rye," "Wildfire," "The Boys and Betty," "The Candy Shop" and "The Yankee Girl" the lord of an expansive and attractive estate. The royalties from plays and the author's books, such as "John Henry," "Down the Line," "Back to the Woods," "You Can Search Me" and "Jim Hickey," must have been ample and continuous, for Ruraldene, comprising four acres of ground, is a charming place, beautifully kept. The house is a large one, the lower half being of bowlders and the upper of shingles. A new garage and stable has been built to match the home.

The dramatist's workshop is located on the second floor. The walls are packed with choice volumes, and there is a work table which is quite a wonderful affair, resembling the oval copy desk that is seen only in metropolitan newspaper offices. In fact, it is three big, flat topped desks joined into one. Then there are cabinet files and pigeonholes and all the other paraphernalia that one sees only in the workshop of an active literary man. Mr. Hobart is busy just now with next year's output. He has "Girlies" running at the New Amsterdam Theatre; Maclyn Arbuckle soon will appear in "Welcome to Our City;" he has about completed the adaptation of "Alma, Wo Wohnst Du?" in which Joseph Weber will star Kitty Gordon next season, and is giving all his spare time to "Sweet Sixteen," which he is writing for Lew Fields and for which Victor Herbert is composing the music.

One of the most popular diversions of Ruraldene is tennis, and here is one of the best equipped courts to be found along the Sound. But when it rains billiards is the game. Mr. Hobart is one of the most active of Lambs, and the week always finds several of them at Ruraldene. The guest rooms are abundantly supplied with various sizes of linen trousers and tennis shoes, so that there may be no excuse for not playing the author's favorite game. The Hobarts have two children, Georgia (called "Peaches" by her father), a girl of eleven, and Bayne, a lively boy of six.

Within a short distance of Ruraldene was the home of the much lamented dramatist Joseph Arthur, who wrote "Blue Jeans" and "The Still Alarm." It was only lately that Mrs. Arthur disposed of the fire engine that was so long a feature of the latter play.

One journeys a mile further to the east before coming, at New Rochelle, upon the home of Augustus Thomas, the author of a long array of successes, such as "Alabama," "In Mizzoura," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "Mr. Leffingwell's Boots," "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "The Witching Hour" and "The Harvest Moon." Augustus Thomas might very well be placed in the landed gentry class. On his estate Thomas Place, besides his own splendid home, the dramatist has built seven palatial residences. His own abode is located at the end of Thomas Place, facing to the north, and is completely excluded. From the front of the house there is a fine view overlooking a charming valley. Its interior is exactly what one might expect from a man of his wealth and culture.

Augustus Thomas is keenly interested in politics. His speeches indicate that he is a friend of the downtrodden and oppressed. When one sees how good dramatic fortune has been to him one can easily understand his desire that others should be as well provided for. Only the downtrodden need not apply for leases at Thomas Place! The Thomas home and grounds are just the places where one would be expected to toss his heart up with the lark. Things were not always so easy as this for Augustus Thomas, and yet at Thomas Place, in the words of George Meredith, "pleasure flows from the earth and sky, not the purse." Yet when summer comes the Thomas family moves to East Hampton, where the dramatist has another home near the sea.

New Rochelle is also the home of Francis Wilson, the author of "The Bachelor's Baby." But Mr. Wilson lately rented his residence and moved to other parts, so he cannot be correctly mentioned as belonging to the Great American Playwright Belt.

Where They're Thick.

Mount Vernon and its neighbor, Port Chester, have quite a nest of dramatists. Herbert Hall Winslow, the author of "The Vinegar Buyer" and other successes, and Charles Taylor, who wrote "The King of the Opium Ring" and other thrillers, are the notables of Mount Vernon. The two celebrities at Port Chester are Brandon Tynon and Frederic F. Schrader. Mr. Tynon's latest work was "The Passion Flower," but it will not be forgotten that he is the author of "Robert Emmet." At Frederic Whitney's beautiful home at Byram's Point Mr. Schrader has been writing the libretto of a comic opera which Mr. Whitney will produce next season. Mr. Schrader's most successful play was "The French Ball," in which Fanny Rice appeared for years.

Continuing along the Boston Post road for four miles we come to Greenwich, and there, at its millionnaire suburb, Belle Haven, we discover the first woman dramatist in the Playwright Belt—Mrs. Rida Johnson Young. The author of "The Lottery Man" has a large, roomy stucco house. It sets well back from the road, and is screened by many splendid oak trees. Mrs. Young has two acres in the heart of exclusive Belle Haven. Back of the house is a sunken Italian garden, and well away from the house is a roomy stable and garage, built of the same material as the house.

The dramatist does all her work in a room on the second floor, and she could not very well be called "a little ink lady" for the reason that she does all of her composing on a typewriter. All that is to be seen in this workshop are the photographs of several famous actors and actresses, a roll top desk, a typewriter and table, and a case of pigeon holes in which are kept copies of the many plays that Mrs. Young has written. She keeps her books in the living room downstairs, but there are not so many as formerly. Last winter when away on a visit, and the house closed, a thief entered and carried off the best discoverable in the way of books, furniture and silverware.

Mrs. Young has resided at Greenwich for nearly seven years, and all her successes were written there. At a little cottage on Steamboat road, near the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, she wrote "Glorious Betsy" for Mary Mannering, "Brown of Harvard" and "The Boys of Company B." During the three years that she has resided at her new home in Belle Haven she has written "The Lottery Man," "Ragged Robin," in which Chauncey Olcott has starred during the last two years, and "Barry of Ballymore," the new Olcott play for this season; "Naughty Marietta," the comic opera for which Victor Herbert has written the music, and in which Oscar Hammerstein will star Mme. Trentini during the coming season, and "The Candidate," which the Messrs. Shubert will present during the present season. The dramatist is at present at work on a new play for Helen Lowell, who is now appearing in "The Lottery Man," and which the Messrs. Shubert will present during the coming season. Mme. Trentini is at present the guest of Mrs. Young, studying her rôle in "Naughty Marietta."

Another dramatist of this area is Julian Street, the novelist and playwright. Mr. Street is at present in Europe. He was lately the guest of George C. Tyler, manager of Liebler & Co., on an automobile tour in France. He has a spacious estate in Dublin road, North Greenwich.

Passing Clyde Fitch's Quiet Corner, we come to Randolph Hartley's workshop, Toussaint, at North Cos Cob, a little over a mile from Greenwich. Mr. Hartley's distinction lies in the fact that he wrote the first American libretto of a grand opera ever presented in Europe. His "Poia," with music by Arthur Nevin, was produced in Berlin last April. Mr. Hartley is at present at work on a new grand opera, to be called "Twilight," music by Mr. Nevin, which will be given at the Grand Opera House in Berlin next year. The home of the Hartleys, Toussaint, is as quaint an old homestead as can be found in Connecticut. The house was built by a Huguenot exile about two hundred years ago. Mrs. Hartley is known to the stage as Emily Wakeman, lately appearing with Laurence Irving at the Comedy Theatre.

About a mile further along on the Hardscrapple road we come to the home of Howard Thurston, the magician. Here will be found two dramatists busily at work on plays for next season—Frank Du Pree and Howard Hall. Mr. Thurston and Mr. Du Pree are collaborating on a drama to be called "The Unseen Power." Besides assisting in the construction of the story, the magician is providing certain illusions that will be an important feature of the play. Mr. Howard, who is the author of "The Man Who Dared" and other melodramas, is engaged in reconstructing that good old thriller, "The Corsican Brothers." Mr. Thurston is to supply certain magic effects that are calculated to add to the effectiveness of the drama.

A Surcharged Atmosphere.

Cos Cob has still another celebrity, the same being Harry Fitch Taylor, the author, artist, actor and playwright. His best drama is "The Trauscosco Trail," which Henry Jewett presented three years ago. A comedy by Mr. Taylor named "Who Is Sylvia?" will be presented by Liebler & Co. during the season.

Riverside is but a mile to the east, along the old Post road, and here we find the atmosphere surcharged with drama. All sorts of big and important things are taking place at Riverside. For one thing, Charles Leonard Van Utten is at work on a poetic drama of a world embracing theme. So it is that the world's eye will be focussed on Riverside, for poetic dramas are not written every day in the week. This town has the second woman dramatist in the Playwright Belt, Ivy Ashton Root. Mrs. Root resides in Lockwood avenue, and her house is one of those old fashioned homesteads that seem dear to the hearts of playwrights. Her best known plays are "The Greater Love" and "The House of Cards," the latter written for Mary Mannering.

Then there is Lincoln Steffens. He will soon break forth as a dramatist, which should cause many a cringing malefactor to shake in his shoes. He has a fine old homestead adjoining the Riverside Yacht Club.

Last, but by no means least in the matter of importance, is that best seller and fecundacious dramatist, Irving Bacheller. He is really the star and glittering literary orb of Riverside. It has been said that a novelist cannot write a play. This does not apply to the one in question, for he has turned two of his best sellers into successful dramas, the same being "Eben Holden" and "D'ri and I." This author-playwright has one of the finest estates on the Sound. His property is on the shore.

Stamford, four miles further along on the Boston Post road, has long been a favorite haunt of the play-writing fraternity. We find there Charles Rann Kennedy, Leo Ditrichstein and Henry Miller. Mr. Miller is so well known as an actor that his excursions into the playmaking realm have generally been overlooked. Yet he has had a finger and the whole hand in the making of many successful dramas. If he had cared to be known as a playwright instead of an actor he would, very likely, have achieved a glowing fame. Many a play, fresh from the pen of the dramatist, has received the finishing touches from his adept hand. Yet the only time that he has consented to have his name used in this particular was as co-author with Hartley Manners in "Zira."

Mr. Miller's farm, Sky Meadow, is one of the most charmingly located estates in the entire Playwright Belt. It is situated about seven miles north of Stamford, and from the door yard of his quaint old house one can figuratively shake hands with the stars. An admirable sight for an observatory is Sky Meadow. When Mr. Miller's new house is completed he will have an estate that will be the most attractive the country round. As there was a good old house, suitable for present purposes, he built last year a splendid barn, a roomy farm house, a dairy, an ice house, and put in a water plant that, by the use of compressed air, supplies the home and all parts of the place. On clear days you can see Long Island Sound, and every day from Sky Meadow you look down on all the farms, homesteads, villages and church spires for miles around.

Up Around Stamford.

About a mile from Sky Meadow is the home of Charles Rann Kennedy, the author of "The Servant in the House" and "The Winter Feast." This house and property are exactly the sort of thing that would appeal to an Englishman. He has twenty acres of ground, cut up by old stone walls. There are a fine orchard, a garden and a view of a lovely valley which is uninterrupted for several miles. Although not yet named, it should be called the Haven of Repose. At present there is only an old New England homestead of the kind you see so many hereabout. The old beams are of oak, rough hewn, and the shingles on the sides of the house and roof are of the hand made variety. On the chimney of this old house cut in stone we read:—"Oct. 21, 1776. E. H." Mr. Kennedy proposes to build a new home, modelled after an old Norman castle. Here it is that the author of "The Servant in the House" and his wife, Edith Wynne Matthison, will make their future abode and entertain their friends. Mr. Kennedy has been at work on a new play which Henry Miller will produce at some future time.

Returning to Stamford and continuing along the Post road for a couple of miles we come to the home of Leo Ditrichstein. The author of "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Are You a Mason?" "Before and After," "Vivian's Papa," "The Ambitious Mrs. Olcott," "All on Account of Eliza" and "Southern Romance" has an estate of twenty acres and a stanch New England house, all bespeaking wealth, comfort and repose. The house is upward of two hundred years old. The dramatist has made some important additions, but these have not interfered with its architectural beauty. The shingles on the sides and roof are of the hand hewn variety and the nails hand made. This fine old place is on the Boston Post road. Running along one side of the property is Noroton River and in the front of the house, across the road, is Cove Pond, an inlet of the Sound, which is a quarter of a mile away. One of the treasures of the house is an old Franklin stove. The dramatist has just completed a new workshop, located on the second floor. Here he has a fine library, his writing desk, a large open fireplace, and on the walls many rare theatrical souvenirs. Mr. Ditrichstein has resided here for five years. The actor-dramatist lately completed a new play that David Belasco will present next November, with Mr. Ditrichstein in the leading rôle. This play has been named "The Concert."

Continuing along the Post road we come to Darien, where we find Edward Milton Royle, the author of "The Squaw Man" and other successful plays. He has located about a mile out of the town and called his place The Wickieup. The Royles (Mrs. Royle being known to the stage as Selena Fetter) have one of the most important estates to be discovered in the Playwright Belt. They have twenty acres of ground and an expansive New England homestead. The builder of this house knew not the architecture of a Harlem flat, for he built his ceilings high and the rooms big and ample. The dramatist has his den on the first floor. He works at a large, flat topped table in the centre of the room. The walls are crammed with books. The Wickieup is a place of elbow room, ease and comfort. A feature of the place is a lake of nearly three acres in extent, and in winter the Royles have found skating admirable sport. There are nearly eight acres of old oaks, a fine vegetable garden, a big chicken yard, several acres in apple trees, a pasture for the cows and horses and a roomy stable and garage.

Like the other dramatists of the Playwright Belt, the Royles are well prepared for winter, for they reside at the Wickieup all the year around. As a place of residence the dramatists do not seem to hanker for the city.

In the cosey village of Darien Mrs. Bronson Howard, the wife of the lamented dramatist, has purchased a home. It is less than a mile from the Wickieup to the home of Mrs. Howard. But a little way along the road we come to Cedar Gate, where Charles Bernard, the author of "The County Fair," makes his home. Mr. Bernard no longer writes for the stage, having found commercial pursuits more to his liking.

Charles Klein's Home.

A mile or two further on and we come to Rowayton, which owes its present fame to the fact that Charles Klein makes his home there. The Klein estate is called Shirley Manor. There are about ten acres, and the house is perched on top of a knoll of an extensive view providing height. The old dwelling has been added to in all directions, with the result that the author of "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse" has ample accommodations. The workshop has been located on the third floor, a sort of noiseproof den at the top of the house. There are the dramatist's desk and cabinet files, and on the walls has been hung a set of flashlight pictures of all the Klein successes—"A Mile a Minute," "By Proxy," "El Capitan," "A Paltry Million," "The Charlatan," "The Honorable John Grigsby," "Dr. Belgraff," "The Royal Rogue," "The Cipher Code," "The Auctioneer," "Mr. Pickwick," "Red Feather," "The Music Master," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Daughters of Men" and "The Next of Kin."

A few days ago Mr. Klein put the finishing touches to his latest play, called "The Gamblers," which he will produce under his own management this fall. The play for Rose Stahl, called "Maggie Pepper," was completed earlier in the summer.

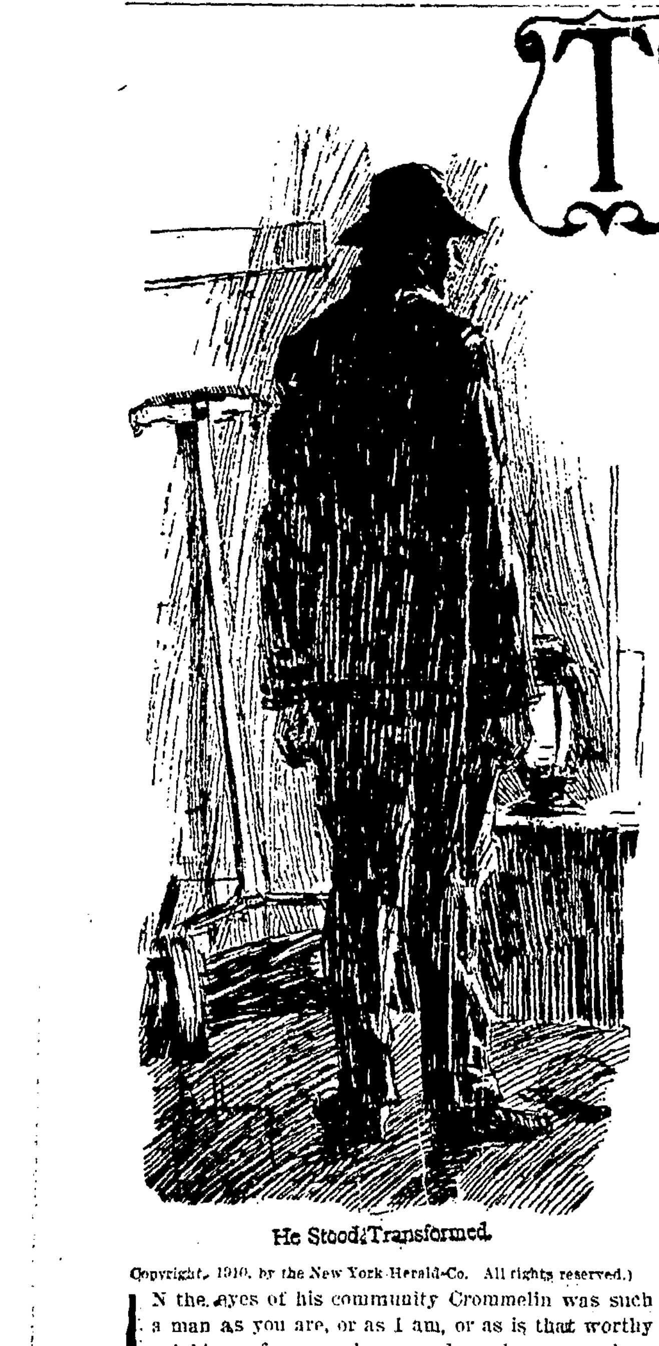
One of the popular diversions of the dramatist is playing an orchestrelle and billiards, the table being located on the third floor of the house, adjoining his den. In the way of outdoor sport there is a-plenty. Shirley Manor is provided with a finely equipped tennis court. At Bell Island, on the Sound, a half a mile away, the dramatist has built a bungalow, now occupied by his son Philip and wife. There is a good beach here. About two city blocks from Shirley Manor there is an arm of the Sound, and on this Mr. Klein has a boat house and anchorage for his yacht, the O. K. Automobiling, too, is a favorite sport of the owner of Shirley Manor.

It is a three mile run to South Norwalk, where Porter Emerson Brown, one of the "younger choir of dramatists," is to be found. The earth, air and sky of the Great American Playwright Belt have evidently agreed with Mr. Brown's temperament, for since locating there he has written "A Fool There Was," "The Spendthrift" and "The Little Mother," a new play for Mabel Taliaferro. He is now at work on a new drama to be called "Money," the same being a picture of New York life. Mr. Brown has a comfortable old house, plenty of room, a good view of field and farm, and is in close proximity to the waters of the Sound.

We now approach the edge of the Belt. Six miles up the road, at Greens Farms, Richard Le Gallienne, who has made a dramatization of "Orestes" for William Faversham, is located at an old farmhouse. The author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl" is at work on a new play, but particulars of this are held in abeyance. Now that Mr. Le Gallienne has entered the Great American Playwright Belt and got the habit, it is more than likely the case that he will forsake the poetic music, the prose pastel, and go in for royalties and a vast country estate. As Bethel, near Danbury, is not far away, I may as well include Sydney Rosenfeld, the author of many successes, such as "The Vanderbilt Cup," "The Black Hussar," "Prince Methusalem," "Nanon" and "The Lady and the Tiger."

THE TRANSGRESSION

By Horace Hazeltine


He Stood Transformed.

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IN the eyes of his community Crommelin was such a man as you are, or as I am, or as is that worthy neighbor of ours, whom we have known so long for a just and conscientious citizen. One would as soon have suspected the parish priest as have suspected Crommelin. And no one knew this better than did Crommelin himself. It was this knowledge indeed that had eventually decided him. It was this assurance that had made for him transgression possible.

Though the gestatory period had been prolonged the temptation had been born full grown and virile; yet of such strangely unaccustomed visage as to shock and affright him. Contemplation, however, and the familiarity thus engendered, had tended, after a little, if not to make comely, at least to soften the forbidding features of his impulse, and so, by degrees, in spite of a lingering repulsion, he reached the stage of determination. He would rob Ellery Stephenson.

Enwrapped by the deep shadows of his little vine girt piazza, he sat [illegible]. The warm, midsummer night was still and breathless. The unrippled river which stretched in shallow breadth before his door was like a great slab of polished purple porphyry, reflecting the pale light of stars. Now and again on the black valance of the privet hedge or amid the blacker plumes of the cedars fireflies fitfully flickered.

To his left beyond the hedge's border, in massive gray silhouette against the night sky, blotting out a share of its lamps, rose the ostentatious summer home of his victim; and Crommelin, leaning forward in his scarred and rickety porch chair, regarded it long and intently with the quickened interest of the imminent invader.

In appearance, as in character, he was the reverse of all ordinary conceptions of the outlaw. He was neither brawny nor agile. He had passed his forty-fifth year post, with hair thinning and paling into a fitting frame for high, intellectual brow, grave, near sighted eyes and gentle, kindly, inefficient mouth.

Against the tide of adversity he had ever made but feeble buffet. In a small town, humbly peopled, he had found his profession of the law wofully unremunerative; and so life had been a continual pulling at ends which never quite met. He was himself inured to self-denial. His own needs were small. His wife, too, was content with a miserable little. But his daughter was neither content nor considerate. The sum of her petitions was exceeded only by the sum of her desires. And thus she had come to stand for her father as an animate reminder—nay, as an animate rebuke—of his inadequacy.

For the changed conditions to which his child's unrest was due Crommelin blamed Stephenson, who had flaunted his wealth until comparisons had become humiliating contrasts. He blamed him, too, for the advanced assessment on the Crommelin property—a reflection of his own improved real estate—bringing with it an increase in taxation beyond reach of limited resources. And the exigency of the moment was a delinquent tax bill and a scant four days in which to save the Crommelin homestead from the auction block.

Planning the Deed.

From behind him within the house the rasping whir of a clock announcing its intention to tell the time broke harshly into the silence, and Crommelin started guiltily, with every nerve a-tingle, and straightened abruptly, with lean hands clutching hard on the arms of his chair. But, as in a quick succession of strokes the hour of midnight was signalled, he smiled grimly behind the masking dark, commanded his resolution, stood up, and with a deep breath lifted his small, indecisive chin and squared his narrow, drooping shoulders.

Another moment and he stepped from the piazza to the gravelled walk and thence to the lawn and moved away under the cedars, a shadow beneath shadows, coming eventually abreast of the privet hedge. Here he gained a closer, less interrupted view of the near side of the Stephenson dwelling and saw it dark from roof to plinth. Creeping along the fringe of turf that divided the grounds from the sandy river beach, hugging the gloom of the arching foliage, he made sure that the windows of the imposing Colonial columned front showed no glimmer of light. At the far corner of the grounds, turning to his left, he dodged stealthily from shrub to shrub, until the third side of the house came blankly into view.

There remained now only the rear to be inspected. But as he had determined on this as his point of entrance, and as he had yet to make certain preparations for his adventure, he excluded it from his preliminary survey. That the house slept he entertained no doubt.

Skulkingly, with unrelaxed caution, he had effected his return, and was climbing the gentle slope of his own weed grown lawn, relieved almost to ease, when suddenly the shock of the unexpected checked him in gasping affright. The next instant he was made aware that the object which had brushed roughly against him was his own Scotch collie, and as, still trembling, he whisperingly commanded the dog to silence he congratulated himself that the incident had occurred when and where it had. He would provide against repetition by locking Shep in the tool house.

The tool house was at the back, on the edge of the garden, and thither he gropingly made his way, with the dog at his heels. Now that his fright was over the animal's presence heartened him. But the squalor of the place, dimly illuminated by a lantern, inflicted a fresh wound of discontent. The tools were few and old. Some of them were broken and useless. He [illegible] his toe against a disabled lawn mower. The scythe, its fractured blade red with rust, stabbed his [illegible]ated his grievance.

From a jumble of dusty sacking, old carpet and worn out clothes in one corner he extracted a suit of faded, frayed and stained overalls, and after removing his coat and waistcoat put it on. Then adding a limp and rusty hat that had once been black, and pulling it low on his grizzled head, he stood transformed. From a piece of the sacking he cut a mask with two perforations to serve as eye holes and affixed bits of twine at the side to tie back of his head. Laying this for the moment at one side, he proceeded to rip from an ancient overcoat the lower half of a capacious sleeve, in which, in turn, he made a three-sided incision. When the sleeve section was drawn down over his lantern, effectually darkening it, the incision became a flap to be lifted at will and so shed light in any desired direction—a rude imitation of the old style dark lantern.

The Masked Man.

These preliminaries completed, Crommelin adjusted his mask, with something of a qualm. It seemed to him the very sign and symbol of the outlawry in which he was about to engage. For just a moment his heart threatened to fail him. He considered postponement. In the four days remaining something might happen to make his crime unnecessary. A miracle might be wrought in the shape of a client with a liberal retaining fee. And then he remembered that to-morrow and on the nights following his opportunity would be less favorable. To-morrow his wife and daughter would return. To-night, save for the presence of the old colored serving woman, who went to bed early and slept soundly, he was at home alone. If he were to act at all it must be now. He had no right to trust to accident, to remote possibilities.

Stephenson, moreover, deserved a lesson. No man was justified in parading his riches before the unfortunate and then tempting them by leaving his back door habitually unlocked and his treasures unguarded. And this was what Ellery Stephenson had been doing. It had become a habit of his, indeed, to boast of the honesty of the community in which he had chosen to make his summer home.

"No one thinks of locking their doors down here," he had repeated again and again. "I never think of locking mine, and many a time I have had a thousand dollars and more in cash in the top drawer of my desk. Indeed, it's very rarely that I haven't several hundred dollars there.

Cromellin had heard him use those very words, one evening, as, walking in his garden beyond the privet hedge, he chatted with a guest from town. They had suggested nothing to Crommelin then except to bestow an added emphasis upon the term "pompous braggart," which long before he had found reason to apply to his ostentatious and unsociable neighbor. Others in the village had heard Mr. Stephenson express himself in much the same manner. Some regarded it a compliment. The less conscientious considered it a reflection on their courage if not on their sagacity; and there had been threats made, which Crommelin, though he believed them idle or jocose, had nevertheless reprehended. And now, that which then had seemed to him too iniquitous to speak of, even in jest, he was himself actually about to perform.

Hastily, with a distinct effort of will, he took up his muffled lantern, opened the door just wide enough to permit the exit of his own body, and closed and latched it on the imprisoned collie. Passing to the rear of the tool house, he took the path through the garden, cut diagonally across his withered strawberry beds, and, finding a gap in the privet hedge, squeezed through it into the Stephenson grounds.

The Lively Imagination.

There was here a little grove of young plum trees, which formed a convenient shield for his approach to the back of the house. Nevertheless he moved timorously, with rapidly beating heart. His project had now become instant, and that which in theory had appeared simple and easy began to loom big with danger and possible failure.

On the edge of the grove he paused and ran his gaze up and down the high, gray wall of the sleeping dwelling. The windows were, without exception, dark. From all but one the red and white awnings had been raised. This one was on the second floor, directly above the trellised kitchen porch, and the lowered awning so obscured it that Crommelin could not tell whether the sash was up or down.

In his nervous trepidation he could fancy Stephenson, himself sleepless because of the heat, sitting beside this rear seaward window watching through the gloom. What if those discerning eyes should pick his figure out of the black? What if, as he crawled up the three porch steps, a revolver should flash in quick report and he should drop dead or too wounded to stagger away, and so be discovered and his family forever disgraced?

He stood a long while looking up at that window. Once he thought he saw something white move there and drew back in excess of fear. But after a time his reason prevailed. He chid himself for cowardice. He recalled once again the urgency of his need. He reviewed the occasions on which this man, his next door neighbor, had passed him by without so much as a nod, as though he were not worth his notice; the occasions, too, when his wife and daughter had been as rudely ignored by the feminine Stephensons. He called up a mental picture of the portly pretender, with head high and shoulders back, strutting his garden paths, lolling in one or another of his motor cars, driving his thoroughbred trotter to a runabout or guiding his thirty foot steel launch over the river waters. He gathered together all the crumbs of the man's history as gossips had dropped them: that he had been an errand boy, a counter hopper, a floor walker, and had finally made a fortune in the mail order business by mixing poor soap with poor premiums to the gulling of poor people.

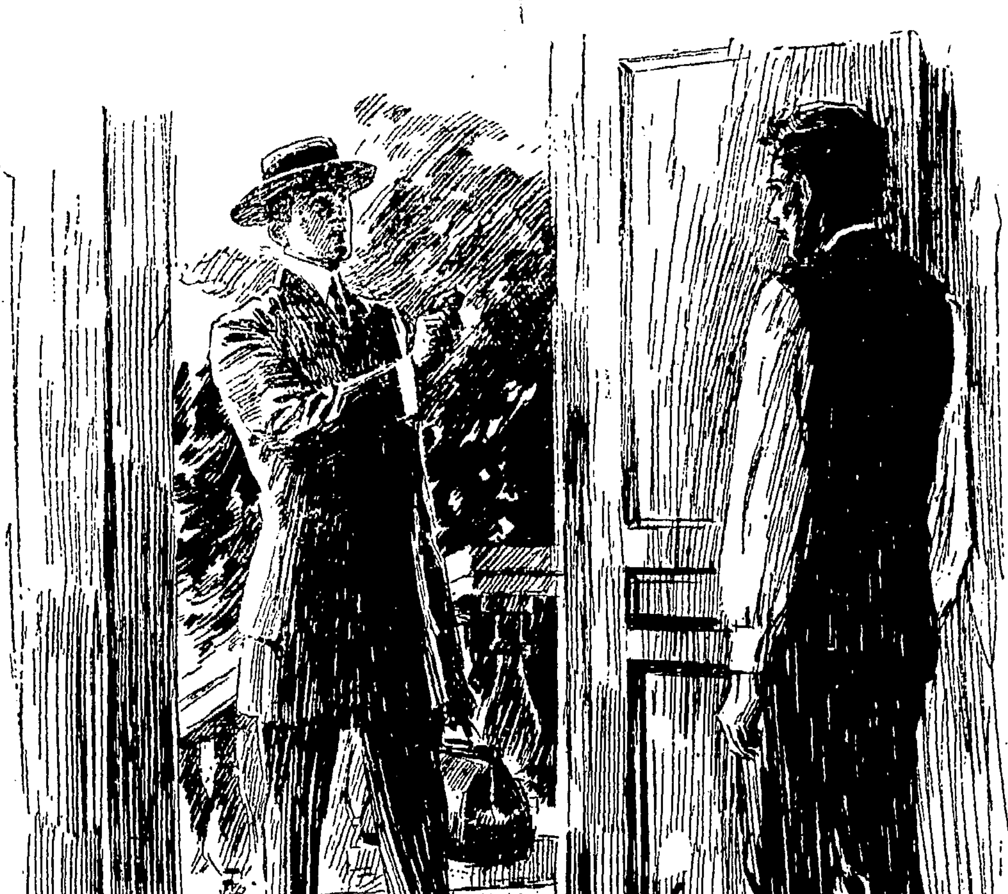
The arraignment acted upon Crommelin and his cowardice as a counter irritant. It reawakened his indignation; it aroused his retaliation; it forced him boldly forward to his reprisals. He forgot the lowered awning and all that it might hide. Briskly he crossed the tennis court, swiftly he passed beneath the grape arbor, and unfalteringly, but with careful effort at quiet, mounted the three steps to the trellised porch.

The arrangement of the lower floors was moderately familiar to him. Several times during the winter, while the mansion was untenanted, he had accepted the invitation of the caretaker to take a look through. He knew, therefore, that the room which Stephenson dignified as his "study" lay just beyond the dining room to the right, and that its windows overlooked his own premises.

Having found the kitchen door not merely unlocked but wide open, he paused a moment to remove his shoes, and then, with the lantern flap lifted for an instant only to get his bearings, he passed from kitchen to butler's pantry; gained in turn the dining room, skirted on tiptoe the great round mahogany table, with its encircling chairs, and reached at length his goal.

The Fight in the Dark.

With infinite caution he had proceeded thus far, measuring each step with hand extended against collision with furniture; pausing each second with alert ear to catch the slightest warning sound. And now, with one foot across the threshold of the study, he came to a full halt; arrested not by sight or hearing, but by smell. The reek of a smoking kerosene wick filled acridly his nostrils. A lighted lamp had been permitted to die out unnoted. Possibly the person it had served had fallen asleep over a book, and was still present.


He left this ring of yours in my hand.

Fearing to breathe, lest he betray himself, Crommelin strained his hearing for that which he dreaded; and went shiveringly cold at his reward. Clearly there came to him the soft murmur of a long, deep-drawn respiration.

In craven panic his impulse was for flight, but his faithless nerves denied him. His limbs were powerless. From his limp fingers his lantern slipped with vicious note of alarm to the bare floor at his feet, precipitating disaster. The sleeper awoke with an exclamation; sprang up and stumbled toward him through the dark. There was the sudden shock of the impact; and Crommelin, all at once desperately alive to his danger, clutched wildly with the instinct of self preservation at the bulky figure which pressed so heavily, so overbearingly, against him.

So contending they moved in a circle, each panting for breath, each striving for the supreme instant.

For a moment the two swayed back and forth, each hugging the other, wrestlers without science or skill, enveloped by the rayless black. If his adversary possessed the advantage of weight, Crommelin's compensation was in his stockinged, shoeless feet, which, gripping the waxed floor, preserved his equilibrium. The other slipped and slid, now this way, now that, unable to throw, unable to force back. So contending they moved in a circle, each panting for breath, each striving for the supreme instant.

Then suddenly a chair was overturned, and simultaneously Crommelin was dragged forward by his ponderous antagonist, who, losing his balance, toppled backward. In a mad effort to save himself the man whom Crommelin was sure must be Stephenson gripped hard on his arms. Then abruptly that grip relaxed, slackened, and, as he drew frantically away, ran lingeringly until it reached his hands, when it tightened again, so fiercely that it required effort to shake it off. With which he heard the body drop heavily, jarringly, to the floor; heard the resounding, horrid blow of the head upon wood, and turned away dazed, sickened, yet with the impulse of flight and the avid craving for safety, for security, subconsciously dominant.

How he found the door in the dark he never quite knew; how he circled the dining table; how he gained the butler's pantry and the kitchen beyond. His wits returned to order, really, only when he was out again under the starry sky in the still air of the summer night, running in stockinged feet across the close cropped, rolled turf of the tennis court to the sanctuary of the little grove of young plum trees, his shoes and his lantern left behind him, his undertaken crime futile, his pursuit and detection still a terrifying possibility.

He paused here to look back. He had small doubt that the house had been aroused by the encounter, by the scuffling, the overturned chair, the heavy fall of the master.

A Tormented Mind.

He expected to see lights, to hear cries of alarm; but the darkness and silence still prevailed, unpenetrated and unmarred. And at this he was seized with a fresh torment, as memory echoed again that resounding thud of skull against unyielding floor. What if Stephenson should have been killed by the accident! Before God the responsibility would be his. Could he hope for immunity from man's discovery? They would trace him, perhaps, by his shoes. The half sleeve about the lantern would be fitted to the other half in the old overcoat in the tool house. Therefore he must hide the [illegible]coat or burn it. He must, too, blot out his shoe prints in the soft soil of the strawberry beds. And both of these precautions must be taken at once.

He hastened forward, harassed, hysterically astir with impatience. Irritably he snatched off his mask, which must be disposed of, too. Perspiration was pouring from every pore of his face and neck, but it went unheeded. He squeezed roughly through the gap in the hedge and started across the garden on his toes. Half way to the tool house the frantic half bark, half cry of the imprisoned collie arrested him with a new apprehension. He knew that excited canine note too well to mistake its meaning. There was some one within the grounds besides himself. Swift as he fancied he had been, his suspecting pursuers had been swifter. They had headed him off. They had found him absent, which would be almost equal to conviction in itself.

Agitatedly he began to divest himself of his overalls. To be discovered so clad at such an hour would lend added weight to the other circumstances. The jacket of faded jean lay now among the withered strawberry vines, and he had started to remove the breeches, when, suddenly, the white of his socks, showing pale against the dark, proved to him the idleness of his attempted deception. The combination of these socks, with the discarded shoes, which must eventually be discovered, was too damningly condemnatory to be gainsaid. And so, once more, he stood, quakingly inert, peering through the sombrous night for a glimpse of the moving shadows which he knew must be there. And all the while the dog's distressed whining bark continued without cessation.

Discretion bade him dissemble, and obediently he dropped to his knees, determined to lose himself in the dark of the garden patch by lying prone upon the soil. But once more the unforeseen perversely betrayed him; for one knee, coming in contact with the keen edge of a forgotten hoe, wrung from him against his will a little cry of pain as he sprang back to the upright.

At the same moment a man's figure emerged from the dimness of the lane, less than a dozen yards away, and a voice rang out in question:—

"That you, Mr. Crommelin?"

Denial in the circumstances, he realized, was useless. Hiding was now out of the question. With a tremor he commanded his voice.

"Yes," he answered. "What do you want?"

"Got a telegram for you," the voice flung back. "Couldn't find a soul about the house; but seeing your door was open thought you must be near by."

The Telegram.

Crommelin, partly reassured, joined the messenger in the lane.

"Telegram!" he exclaimed. "Telegram at this time of night?" Instantly his thought was of his absent wife and daughter, his own danger for the time forgotten. The man who had brought it he recognized and he told him he might sign his own book. It was too dark for him to see to write.

"All right," was the reply. "I'll make a guess at the time. Must be about twelve thirty ain't it?"

Crommelin, striding off in his anxious haste to ascertain the contents of the little envelope in his hand, was scarcely conscious of either remark or question; but later both recurred to him in all their grim significance, as fixing the moment at which he was met coming from the direction of the scene of the assault. A lawyer himself, he realized fully the importance of such evidence. What a fool he had been to fancy that because of a past blameless record, a past honorable and unquestioned standing, suspicion's finger would be turned aside! It was as if some cunning and malignant Nemesis had first tempted him and then trapped him. At every turning he had left behind him, like the "hares" in a paper chase, the marks of his trail.

In his little, plainly furnished sitting room, alone now with his threatened safety, his jeoparded liberty, the opened telegram in his shaking fingers, the last feeble, tottering props of his courage broke and crumbled, and he fell prey to an overwhelmingly poignant anguish of spirit. It was not only that he had tried and failed, not only that he had yielded to temptation to meet the inevitable disgrace, but that it had now, at the very instant of his undoing, been proved unnecessary.

For the message which had so alarmed him had been a hand reaching out to lift him.

"Cousin James died suddenly this afternoon," it read. "They say you are his principal legatee."

Cousin James! He was worth a hundred thousand if he was worth a cent. Poor Cousin James, who prided himself so much on his family! Ah, well! He would be spared knowledge of his kinsman's degradation. Why, it was he who had given him the seal ring with the Crommelin arms. The seal ring which he wore on——

The Missing Ring.

And there his musing abruptly turned again: for, extending his little finger for reverential view of the gift, Crommelin saw that the ring which he had worn habitually for a score of years was gone. And then, in a flash, he remembered the slipping, sliding hand which had run from sleeve to wrist, and from wrist to fingers; and from which he had finally jerked himself free, with a torture for that very finger joint.

He rose to his feet and began pacing the worn carpet. What could be delaying them? he asked himself. Back and forth he walked with bowed head until he grew leg weary. Then he sat down again and waited. The hours dragged their slow trains of minutes; and still he waited—waited—constantly expectant.

The dawn, painting gray his window panes, found him waiting yet, white eyed. The sun burned through the glass in flames from the crimsoned east, and, sleepless, he tarried.

When the clock struck eight he went into the dining room and sat at table, but he did not eat. As he sat there the knock sounded on the door—the knock he had waited for so long.

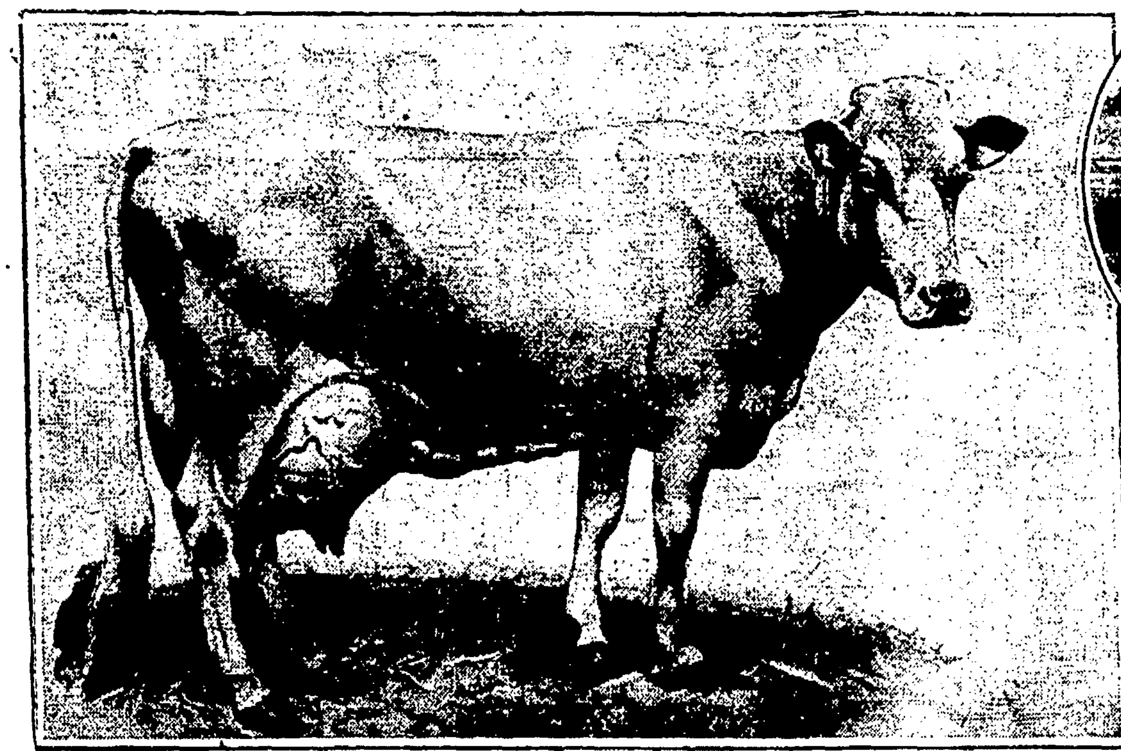
He rose as one joyed over a suspense ended, passed along the narrow hall, turned the key and then the knob, and flung the door wide. He was still in his shirt sleeves, still in his white stockinged feet.

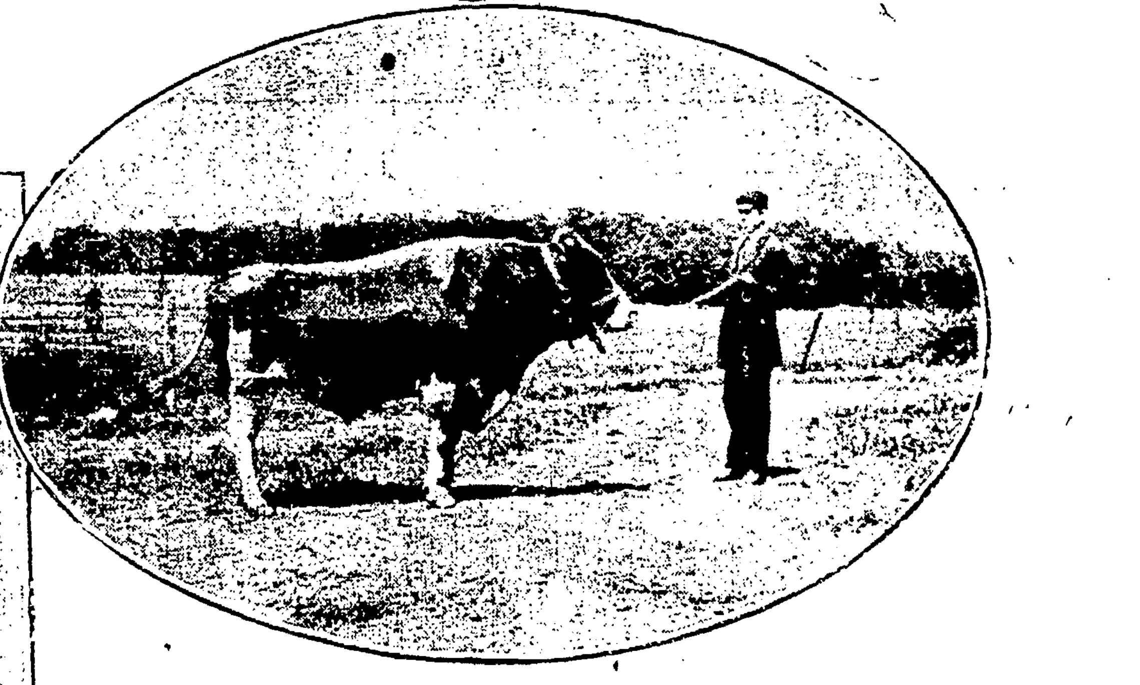
But what he saw made him think he had fallen asleep and dreamed. Ellery Stephenson, fresh shaven, smartly garbed, stood before him, smiling, it seemed to him, a little embarrassedly.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you, Mr. Crommelin," he began. "You'll pardon my calling at such an hour, but I'm off for town on the 8:20 train, and I wanted—indeed, I felt I must see you before I went. You see, I've never attempted to intrude upon you before. That's my way. I realize my own shortcomings. I'm a self-made man, and—well, I know how it is with you old family people who count ancestry above vulgar money. I couldn't help feeling I'd rather you'd speak first. So, as I say, I've kept to my side of the fence. But it seems there was a thief around here last night who robbed you first and then tried it on me. He didn't get anything at my place, though. I surprised him. We had a little scuffle, and—this is really a good joke, Mr. Crommelin. He left this ring of yours in my hand. I recognized it at once, from the cut of the Crommelin arms in that book of 'County Families' which I think a relative of yours compiled. Mr. James Crommelin, wasn't it?"

The STORY of PONTIAC RAGAPPLE

E. H. DOLLAR'S $8,000 Cow and How She Became the Nucleus of a Dairy Herd That Is Famed for Living Up to Its Owner's Name


The $8,000 Cow


Mr. E. H. Dollar and His Oldest Bull

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

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LISBON, N. Y., Saturday:—

ST. LAWRENCE is the largest of all the counties of New York. For a great many years she has reigned supreme over them in agriculture—in fact she is to-day, despite the great advance of Western farms, one of the leading agricultural counties of the nation. Of large cities or towns she has none, but her broad, level acres have sent many and many a successful man out into city life. That in itself has been a drain upon her vitality, and agriculture has not particularly prospered there recently.

Because of the nature of the soil and of their location St. Lawrence county farmers long ago turned to dairying as their occupation. How poorly some of them have done in that in recent years may be quickly shown by a single illustration, fairly typical:—

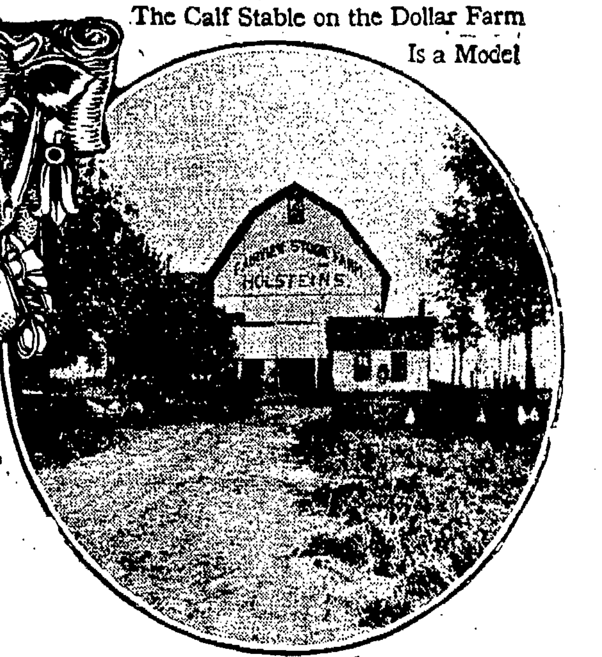
A farmer who admits he is discouraged and sees no hope for New York State agriculture has a rented place within a dozen miles of Canton, the county town of St. Lawrence, upon which he keeps a herd of seventeen cows. These cows only give him eighty pounds of milk to draw to the factory each day, and eighty pounds would be no great daily record for a couple of Holsteins fed and kept in best condition.

As the matter stands, that farmer would to-day do best to sell those seventeen cows, as not one of them is worth her keep to him. Every one is a loser, and that farmer could far better afford to shut up that farm and go over to Ogdensburg to get a job on a trolley car or a lake boat. A good many of them are doing that very thing. They are tired of working a farm—hard, hard work every minute of it—only to find at the end of the year that they are a little deeper in debt than at the close of the preceding twelvemonth.

Against such cases, altogether too many of them in Northern New York, the very practical agricultural college of St. Lawrence University at Canton is struggling. That little college is essentially a poor man's college, and is mighty proud of that. Lacking endowments or any other sources of heavy income, the men who feel a vital interest in the agricultural future of the North Country are working in a simple and practical way to gain the best end with the resources closest at hand. A farm almost gone to weeds right at the edge of the college campus has been bought and redeemed.

The Calf Stable on the Dollar Farm Is a Model

Four Lovely Daughters of the Same Sire—Lady Korndyke Pauline de Kol—Pontiac Agnes—Pontiac Pet—Pontiac Darkness—Each with an Average Record of More Than Thirty Pounds of Butter a Week


The Dollars' Big, Generous Barn

One of the Prize Bulls of the Dollar Farm

The farmers' boys go to the school at Canton—for a few weeks if they cannot make a full year out of it. They are not taxed with any of the regular college conditions, but they are turned loose upon that farm in order that they may see for themselves the astounding readiness of the fine, rich soil of St. Lawrence to respond to a little cultivation, a little decent care. Last year that farm raised cabbages of a grade that fairly astonished the agricultural sharps of the North Country. Those cabbages were of themselves educational. They sent the farm boys back to those great, broad acres with a real hope and a real inspiration for their future.

So St. Lawrence has inspiration in her to-day of the most practical sort. She has Dr. Gunnison's very practical institution there at Canton—and she has Dollar.

E. H. Dollar had turned his back squarely upon the farm and had struck out cityward. As a boy he was discouraged by every one of the doleful tales that came to him. This farm after that was sinking. He could drive that whole county over—a county that was once the agricultural pride of the great State of New York—down to De Kalb and to Hermon, over to Potsdam, up to Lisbon and Madrid, and the same thing was dinned into his ears. There was nothing in farming, all the clever boys on those North Country farms and in the villages were going down to the city. One had become a big publisher, another had risen to the highest point in the Post Office Department—the list of city successes of St. Lawrence was spun at length.

The March Cityward.

Do you wonder, then, that young Dollar left his old farm home there at Heuvelton and joined the march cityward? He went down to a business college in Albany, and there they taught him stenography and typewriting. It was far better to have a good job as stenographer in New York city at $25 a week than to be grubbing on a lonely farm—and going deeper in the hole every year. It was going to be city business for young Dollar.

But things do come that shape men's lives anew, and when Mr. Dollar was called home a dozen years ago to the deathbed of his father a promise was asked of him. He was an only son, and he was asked to stay upon the farm and take care of his mother. That promise was given and kept to the letter. Mr. Dollar said goodby to his dreams of city success.

The broad farm which had been in the possession of the Dollar family for seventy years was his immediate problem. It had not been a money maker for some years. The elder Dollar had made a profit for himself by occasionally raising a fast horse and selling it at a good round figure. That was not real farming, though, and the market for all save draught horses, with the development of the automobile, has been getting poorer all the while. Young Mr. Dollar eliminated the horse question and squarely faced the problem of that two hundred acres of unprofitable land. It was his plan to make those acres yield a profit—there were no two ways out of it—and it was not an easy problem for the man inured to city ways.

He decided that it must remain a dairy farm—soil conditions were enough to direct that. There were forty-two cows in his herd, all of them Holsteins, after the fashion of the North Country, and they were giving all told less than seven hundred pounds of milk a day—a losing proposition. To-day Mr. Dollar has forty cows that he considers only medium in his herd which give 1,500 pounds of milk a day. But that anticipates.

He knew the herd was losing, because the books balanced wrong at the end of every year, but for a time he could not put his finger upon his loss. Then he decided that the books themselves were wrong. The average farm method of keeping accounts would put a schoolboy to shame. Those accounts tell no story whatsoever, and this in a day and generation when scientific accounting presses its delicate and discerning finger upon the weak points of any business.

Mr. Dollar found that few farmers had any system in their bookkeeping. He had been working in several well systematized offices in New York, Standard Oil among them, and he decided to take a few of the modern city office methods to bear upon his farm. For an early step he decided to keep an individual record of each cow—what she ate and what she yielded. That made constant and tedious weighings of forage and of milk and some mutiny among Mr. Dollar's farm help, but he stood his point, and before he had been on that Heuvelton farm—he calls it Fairview—two years he knew the cows that were extravagant to own. He took good care to get rid of that stock and to buy cows in their place that promised to give decent revenue.

"It isn't so hard," he said the other day, "to insist upon a cow being worth her feed—and a little more, too. So as not to be too personal, let me tell you of a neighbor of mine who has also adopted common sense, businesslike methods, by which he is proving the worth of every cow he owns. He has a small farm, a small herd. There are fifteen cows in it, and their average yield last summer was $150 each. That was a profitable herd; each cow during her working season was bringing him in about fifty cents a day profit. The entire herd netted him in milk profits $2,250 for the season, and his farm had given him his living. That was only a very small herd, as I told you, but it shows a man the possibility of a big herd."

Mr. Dollar has 120 head of cattle in his herd, and that herd is the envy of every farmer in the North Country. There are ninety-five cows in the herd, seventy of them of milking age, and last year their average production in milk reached the astounding figure of 12,000 pounds. The cows are milked three times a day, to the distress of the farm help, but that is one of the things that contribute to the great yield of Fairview, and the farm help must stand it. Mr. Dollar pauses in the midst of his talk to speak of the farm help.

Help the Big Problem.

"That problem of farm labor is the great problem of North Country agriculture to-day. We are hard pressed for help. To-day one of my neighbors tells me that a man has quit him. Yesterday a similar complaint came to me from over in the next town. Our work is hard, but it is neither grinding nor killing. Men grow strong and live to great age under it. We pay $30 a month and give a man his board. When he comes to figure out his cost of living he will have to have a pretty good job in the city to beat that. And yet we fairly have to beg workmen to come to us."

He pauses to call attention to the milking machines that lie on a shelf in the cellar of his big, comfortable barn.

"There is a clever idea—the milking machine," he tells you. "But half the time they lie idle because they require competent help, and I've told you that competent help is not always to be had here for the asking."

You narrowly scan this farmer—this big-minded farmer who brought the intense business methods of the city to bear successfully upon his native acres. You wonder if he is getting discouraged again. He must read your unspoken question intuitively, for he laughs and says:—

"I am convinced that the labor question is going to solve itself for us. Mr. Brown, of the New York Central, is even now working out a plan to encourage immigrants to go straight out into the fields to seek employment as soon as they reach the United States. My conviction is strong enough so that I have bought the farm next to this and thrown it into Fairview."

You ask questions and find that Fairview now has 440 acres—a big, practical working proposition for a farm east of the Appalachians. Mr. Dollar begins to tell you his ambitious hopes for a well planned set of new farm buildings close to his comfortable house.

"This old barn," he says, "has been here a good many years."

You look closely up into its solid floor rafters and they make that statement fact. Rough hewn, they bear tribute to the honest master builders of the North Country farms—a full half century ago. But that barn is as clean and as sweet as a Fifth avenue restaurant. You could eat a meal from its immaculate floor with almost the same degree of comfort.

All of which reminds one of a famous meal that was once eaten upon the floor of a big dairy barn down on Long Island.

That dairy had been refused a clean bill of health by the Board of Health authorities of the city of New York and its owner was in despair. He felt that the inspection had been a farce and that he was reaping the result of a refusal to indulge in a bit of "practical politics" in the shape of a cash gift. The average dairyman would have pocketed that refusal and perhaps started in to manufacture butter and cheese. But the Long Islander was more of a power in real politics than the inspectors had guessed. He brought pressure to bear just south of Central Park, Manhattan, and the Commissioner of Health and some of his subalterns went down on Long Island for supper. To their surprise that supper was served in their host's cow barn, not in the house. The Health Commissioner said flattering things about the absolute cleanliness of that barn. Then he was told of the action of his deputies. The Long Island dairyman was shipping his milk in to a select city market within the next forty-eight hours.

Mr. Dollar leads you out of the immaculate cellar of that cow barn into his power plant, as he calls it. A small gasolene engine—there is hardly a worth while farm the whole length and breadth of New York State without one—operates a dynamo of sufficient capacity to light his house and his barns.

"I don't like kerosene around a house or a barn," he says, simply, "and I'm not entirely convinced, either, of the safety or convenience of a small generator for illuminating gas upon a place like this. This dynamo does the business. We keep it humming during the early evenings, when we are busy in the house, or here in the barns, and then during the 'wee sma' hours' we fall back on a storage battery that the dynamo can charge during a dull hour or two in the day. I'm sorry that I haven't some water power to generate my current, but we are doing the next best thing."

Pontiac Ragapple.

This competent man seems destined to do the very best thing. He leads you across to a long, low, neat structure, typical of the most modern sort of farm buildings in the State, and you peer within. Cleanliness and sunlight are there in abundance, and there are some fifty of the youngest Holsteins, in addition.

"Some of these fellows are the show stock of tomorrow," he says, with a laugh.

You laugh too—then remember. When you are coming over on the branch railroad that leads from De Kalb through Heuvelton to Ogdensburg Mr. Britton, the conductor, with the inscrutable wisdom of some railroad conductors, has divined your errand and says:—

"Ask Dollar about that eight-thousand-dollar cow."

You ask. Mr. Dollar laughs once again.

"Pontiac Ragapple," he says.

Then you slowly worm out the history of the cow that put the young clerk out of the business offices in downtown New York into the rank of the first-class agricultural men of the land. Pontiac Ragapple was one of a lot of Holstein heifers that were being sold out of a herd over in Eastern Michigan—at a State institution near Pontiac. An expert cattleman from the East had bought twenty-eight head out of that herd—and refused the Ragapple—even though she had been offered to him at $200. A little later Dollar went out to Pontiac and bought the Ragapple for $600; she seemed to have the making of a good cow.

When four years ago she maintained an average of thirty-one and a half pounds of butter a week the farming experts throughout the country began to hear of Dollar and his Fairview Farm up in St. Lawrence county. One of them, with a big, showy Massachusetts place—D. W. Field, of Brockton—went up there and set a record mark by buying Pontiac Ragapple for $8,000. After that Dollar was established.

Nowadays he thinks *nothing* of five-thousand-dollar cows. Only the other day he sold a heifer to a Syracuse hotel man for something close to $4,000. He has a bull, Pontiac Korndyke, which is to-day the only living bull with four daughters each with a record of thirty pounds of butter a week. Those four Korndyke girls—Lady Pauline De Kol, Pontiac Agnes, Pontiac Pet and Pontiac Darkness—are the inspiration of the North Country, a country famed for three-quarters of a century because of its dairying, four great hopes on which the renaissance of its agricultural power may be laid.

"How do you do it?" you ask Mr. Dollar.

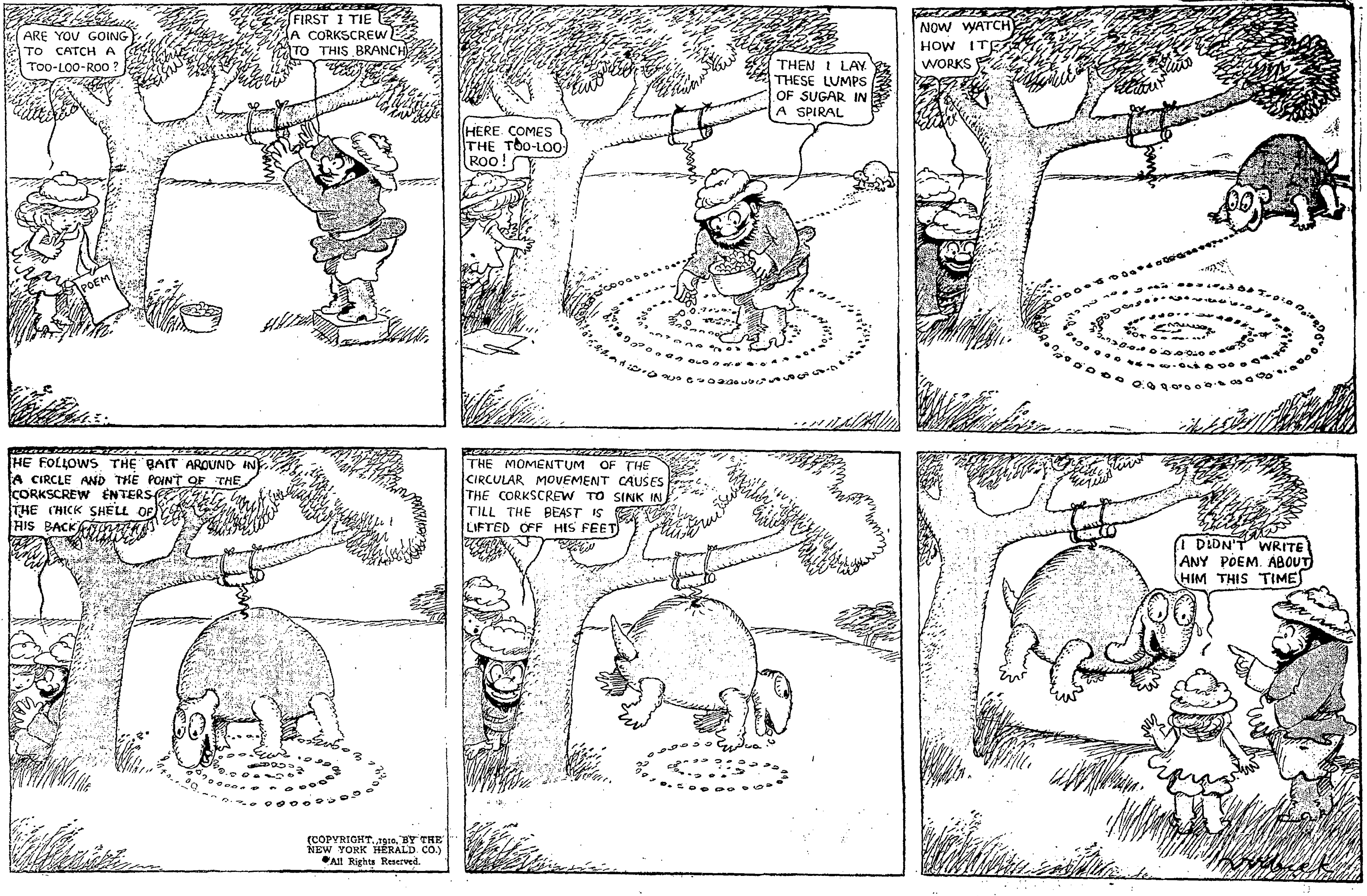
"Cleanliness and care—and three milkings a day," is his reply. "It is just as easy to raise a five-thousand-dollar cow as a five-hundred-dollar one, a matter of attention, a little care given as to holding back on too early a development, a little care to feeding, and—three milkings a day."

You turn to go. As you turn a message comes out from the village. It is a telegram that has flashed all the way across the continent from far distant British Columbia. The British Columbia government wants to buy one of Mr. Dollar's little heifers. It is going to pay $1,500 for the downy little animal, and that without even a sight of her. So much for good reputation.

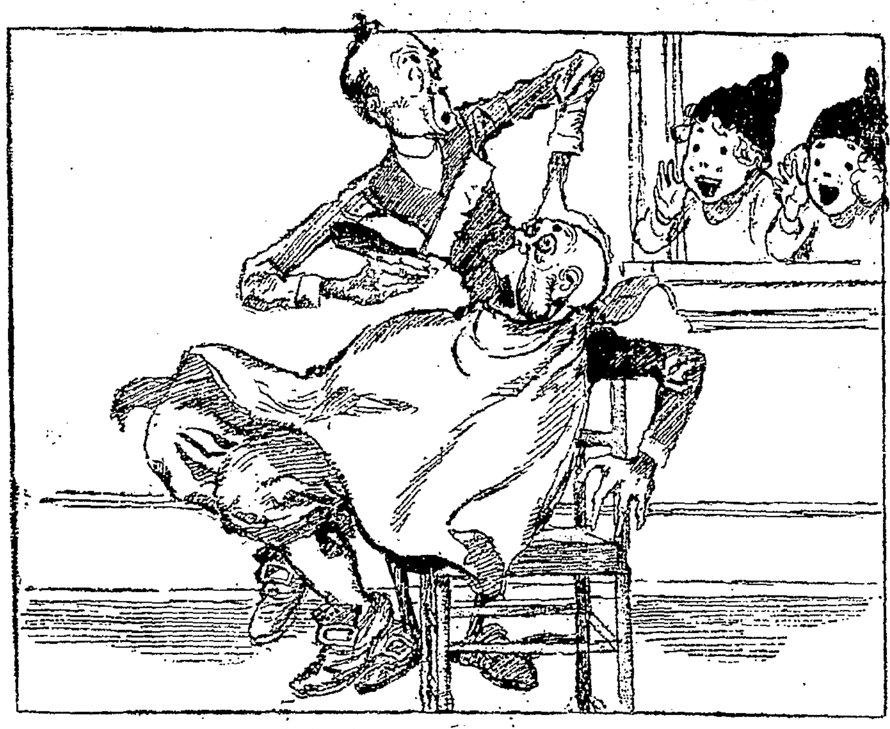
"Good reputation does matter," this city trained farmer admits.

Good reputation does matter! Good reputation is laying the very foundation stones of the career of a North Country farmer, who is hardly out of the years of his boyhood.

THE LOONY LYRICS OF LULU

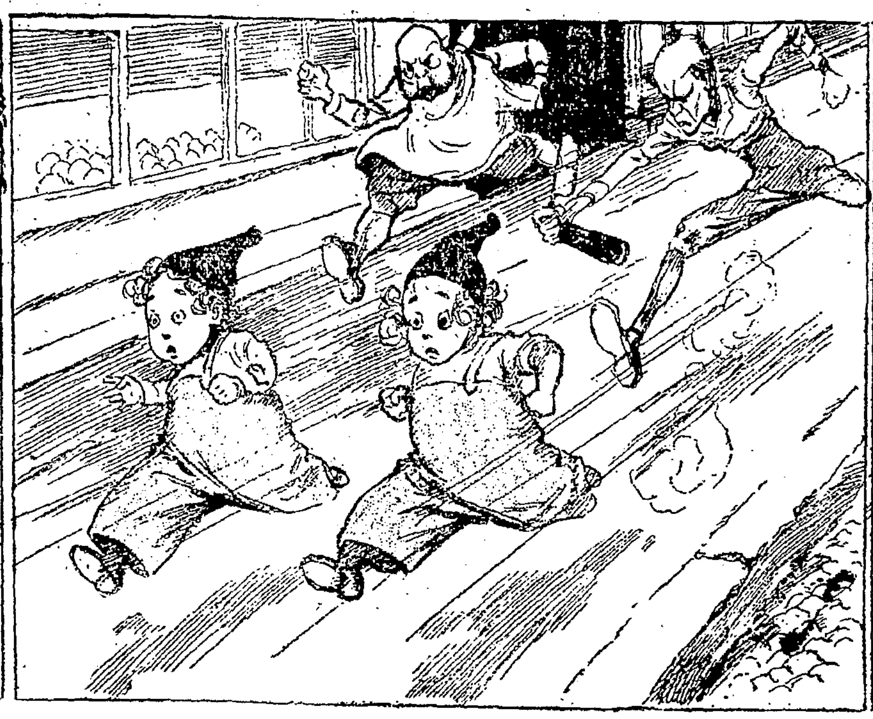

ARE YOU GOING TO CATCH A TOO-LOO-ROO?
FIRST I TIE A CORKSCREW TO THIS BRANCH
POEM
HERE COMES THE TOO-LOO-ROO!
THEN I LAY THESE LUMPS OF SUGAR IN A SPIRAL
NOW WATCH HOW IT WORKS
HE FOLLOWS THE BAIT AROUND IN A CIRCLE AND THE POINT OF THE CORKSCREW ENTERS THE THICK SHELL OF HIS BACK
(COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.) All Rights Reserved.
THE MOMENTUM OF THE CIRCULAR MOVEMENT CAUSES THE CORKSCREW TO SINK IN TILL THE BEAST IS LIFTED OFF HIS FEET
I DIDN'T WRITE ANY POEM ABOUT HIM THIS TIME

JACK and JILL in FAIRYLAND

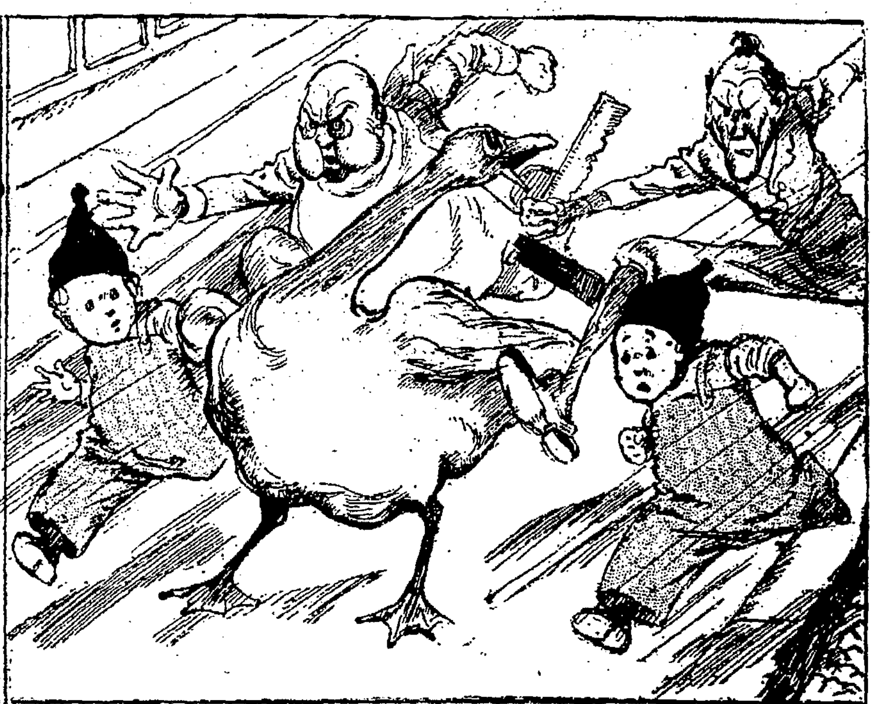


1.—When Billy the barber shaved his father with the rusty razor—

Jack and Jill
Scared Bill
By yelling over the window sill!

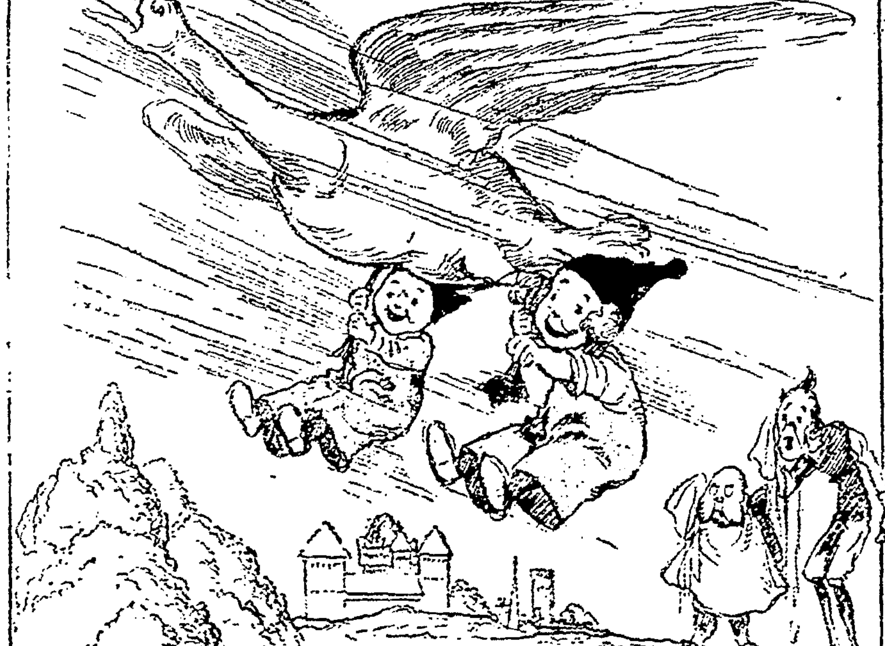


2.—So they raced after Jackie and Jill like mad,
Did Billy the Barber and Billy's dad.

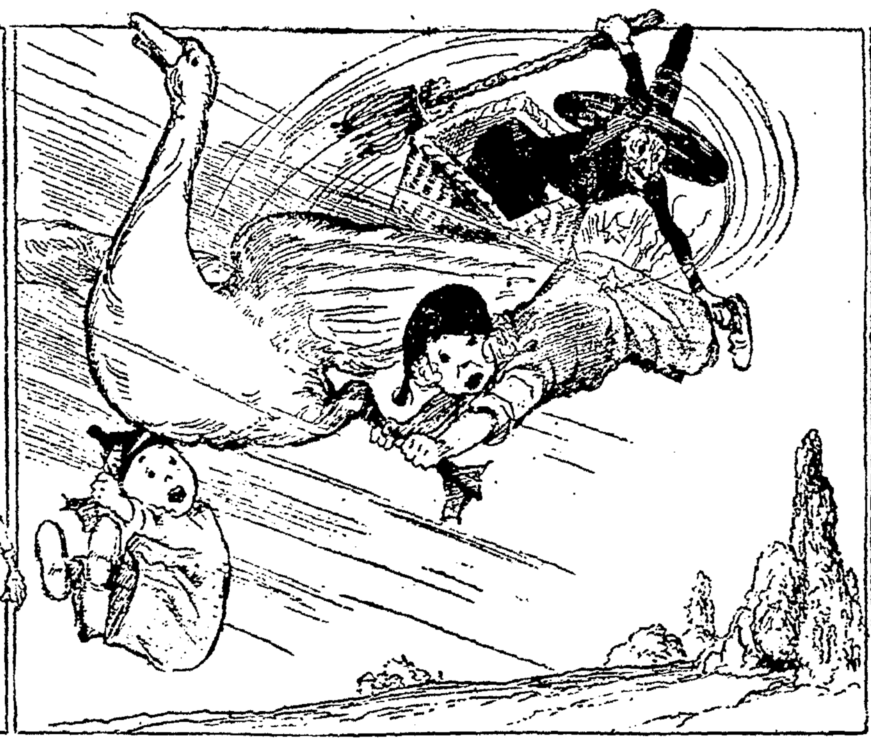


3.—And goodness knows what Jack and Jill would have done if Old Mother Goose's goose hadn't been about. When she saw the razor in Billy's hand she thought he was after "It must be Xmas time," said she, and—

Quick as the wink of a winking eye
Started to fly!

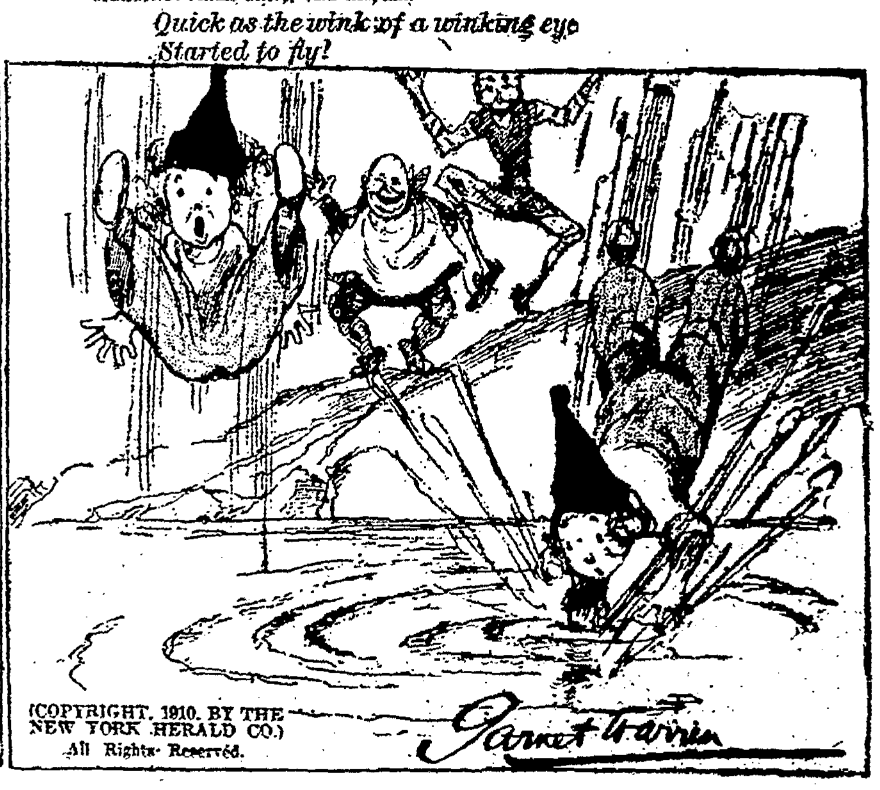


4.—Then Jack and Jill took hold with a will,
And away in the sky they flew,
As swift as a train or an aeroplane:



5.—Then what do you think happened? The old witch who flew so high to sweep the cobwebs off the sky had seen the whole affair in the barber's shop. She caught up with the goose somewhere in the sky and—

Started her broomstick on Jack and Jill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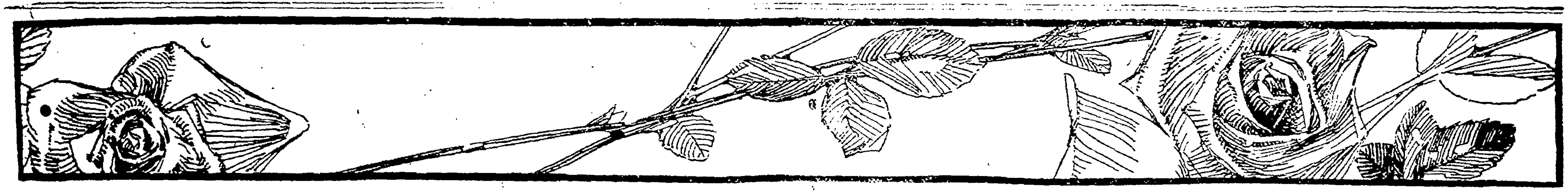
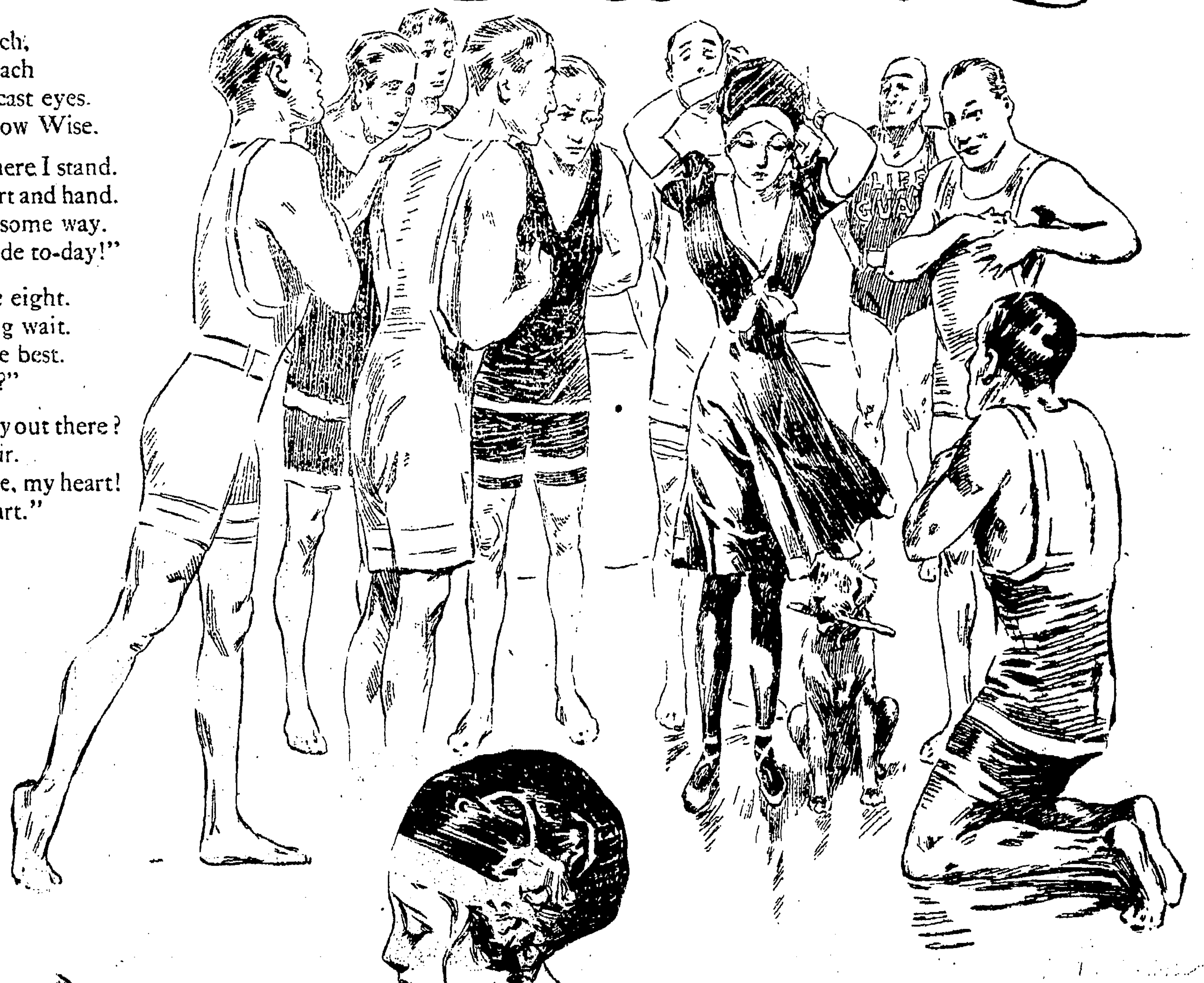
Garrett Price

6—Jack fell down upon his crown
And Jill came tumbling after,
To the great delight of Billy's dad.



THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West — Drawings by W. H. Loomis

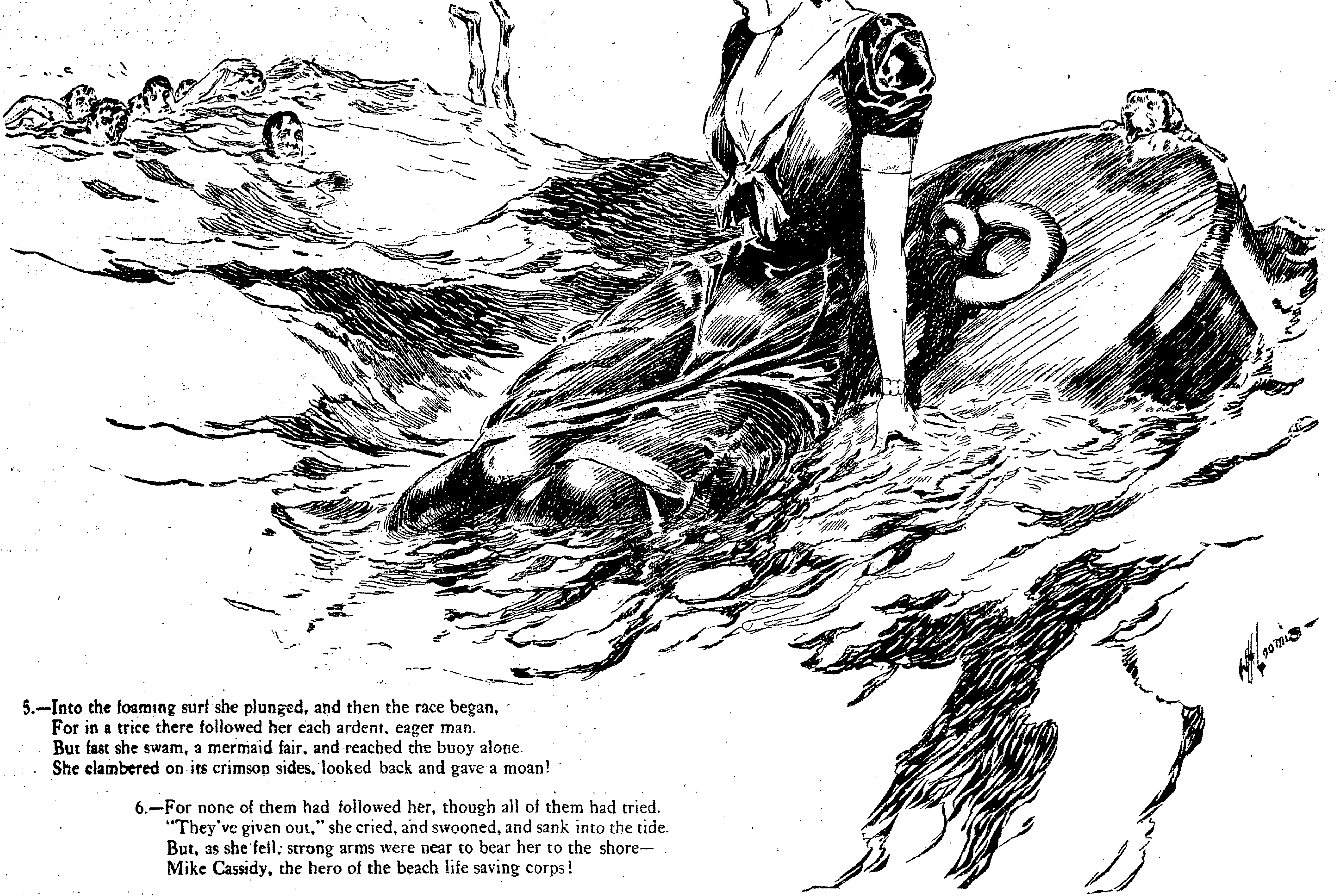


1.—Imagine if you can this scene: A sunny, wave-kissed beach,
Eight stalwart chaps in bathing suits, the eager gaze of each
Fixed on a nymph in brief array, who stands with downcast eyes.
And who is she? No! Yes!—it is the charming Widow Wise.

2.—"Good gracious!" hear her falter. "I don't know just where I stand.
Eight charming men—each offering me his wealth, his heart and hand.
I like you all. How can I choose? Come, do suggest some way.
Perhaps to-morrow"— "No," they cried, "you must decide to-day!"

3.—Then up spoke Teddy Livingston, the spokesman of the eight.
"Yes, none of us can longer bear this doubting, ling'ring wait.
We all adore you, as you know—each thinks his love the best.
Come, can't you conjure up a plan to put us to the test?"

4.—"I can," the Widow Wise exclaimed. "You see that buoy out there?
I'll swim to it and you pursue. The race shall all be fair.
Who'll catch me first shall have my hand, and, I shall hope, my heart!
I'll set the pace and you come on. Be ready for the start."



5.—Into the foaming surf she plunged, and then the race began,
For in a trice there followed her each ardent, eager man.
But fast she swam, a mermaid fair, and reached the buoy alone.
She clambered on its crimson sides, looked back and gave a moan!

6.—For none of them had followed her, though all of them had tried.
"They've given out," she cried, and swooned, and sank into the tide.
But, as she fell, strong arms were near to bear her to the shore—
Mike Cassidy, the hero of the beach life saving corps!

7.—"The cowards!" cried the Widow. Mike laid her on the sand.
"But I'll make good my offer. Mike, I offer you my hand!"
"Well, thank ye kindly, Mum," said he, as crimson blushed his neck,
"But I've a wife an' seven kids, and mebbe they'd object!"

8.—The Widow bit her trembling lips and hurried home to dress,
A shamefaced little creature, I am willing to confess.
"Next time I set a man a test," she thought, with flashing eyes,
"I'll first find out what he can do!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.

THE STONE OF SUCCESS

By Mary E. Mitchell.

IF an American boy of about twenty years ago could have looked down upon Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, he might have seen what would appear to him a circus procession winding its glittering way through the streets, past the grey bamboo houses, past the glistening, golden palaces of the King, splendid in their barbaric magnificence, past the gay bazaars busy with noisy traffic, out into the country roads and up toward the hills beyond. And the same boy might venture many a guess before he would alight upon the true purpose of this gay train of soldiers and grandees, and great elephants, brightly trapped, walking with dignified and ponderous tread. For just such a parade was peculiar to Mandalay, that city of "the sunshine, and the palm trees, and the tinkling temple bells."

Around the Burmese capital rise the Ruby Mountains with jungle-covered slopes and wild beast-haunted forests, holding in their clefts and recesses stores of rich red treasure. The King of Burmah was called the "Lord of the Rubies." He owned all the mountain mines of precious stones, and when a valuable gem was found, a runner from the hills bore the glad news to the palace. Then the King would order out his troops with all the trappings of state, and the procession would set out on the mountain road to meet the ruby, welcome it and escort it back to the monarch and the royal treasury. For, next to the sacred white elephant, no possession was so cherished by the Burmese royalty, as was the ruby.

In 1886, Burmah was annexed to England and the British government took the mines. The processions no longer wind their welcoming way to the hills; the elephants are busy "pilin' teak, in the sludgy, squdgy creek," and the ruby has lost a bit of its charm by becoming merely a valuable article of commerce, instead of an almost sacred treasure.

All through the ages the ruby has been called the stone of good luck. According to the old stories, whoever owned a ruby would never fail in anything he undertook, for that beautiful jewel held in its glowing red heart a magic power which always brought success. No matter how dangerous the task, the ruby was sure to give courage and victory. In the days of ancient Greece, when a rich man wished to express to a friend good wishes for wealth or honor, he sent to him a ruby engraved with the figure of an orator. To-day, the ruby is considered the luckiest of stones, though the good fortune, as we see it, lies in the owning of anything so precious, for even the diamond is not so valuable a gem.

The ruby is the stone of July, and the fire which abides in its red heart is truly typical of that burning month of summer. According to legend, however, this fire varied with the fortune of the owner. A popular superstition in regard to the ruby was the belief in its power to foretell danger or disaster by the changing of its color.

It was a favorite talisman and love-token in the time of the Crusaders. Many a gallant knight, clothed in armor, has borne to battle his lady's heart in the shape of the burning gem; or has ridden out to wage war with the unbeliever, leaving a pledge of his true love in his sweetheart's keeping,—a red, and flaming ruby.

Henry V wore a magnificent ruby at the Battle of Agincourt and it proved to be a stone of success for him. Queen Elizabeth had a weakness for jewels. Mandeville says that she displayed to him "a fair ruby, great like a racquet ball." Sir John's stories, however, will always bear a little pruning. Elizabeth presented a ruby ring to each of her favorites, the Earls of Essex and Suffolk. There is a sad little story connected with Lord Essex's ruby. When that noble, sentenced for treason, was in the Tower awaiting his death, he sent the ring, the gift of happy days, to the Queen. Perhaps it would have softened her heart with its memories of old time friendship, but she never received it. Instead, it fell into the hands of Lady Nottingham, who, by her husband's advice, withheld it. When she was dying, Lady Nottingham sent for the Queen and confessed. "May God forgive you!" cried Elizabeth. "I never can."

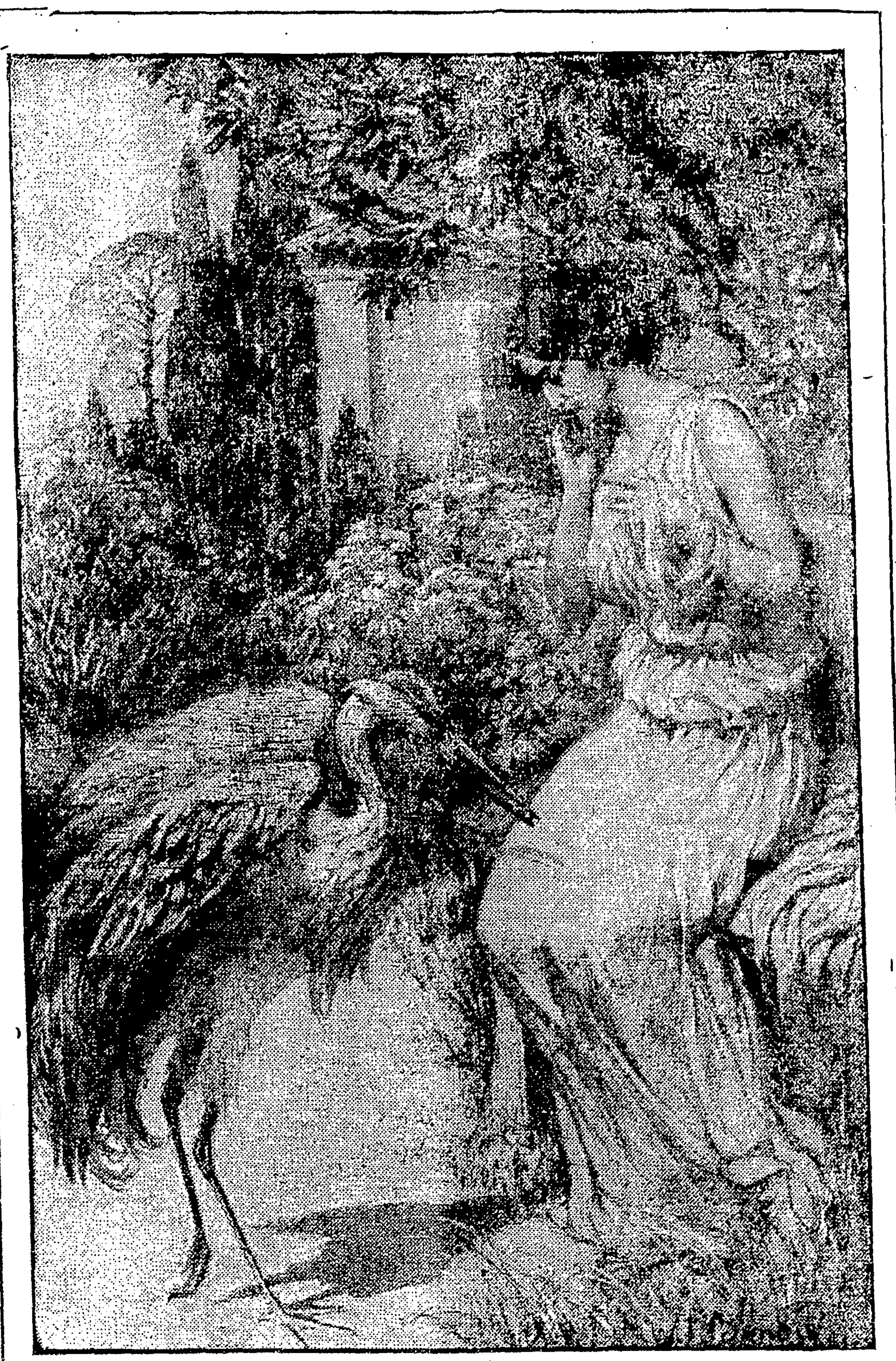
The Coronation ring of Scotland was set with a ruby. It was the custom to send this jewel with the messenger who notified the heir of his coming to the throne. When James the Second made his unlucky flight across the Channel, he had the ring concealed in his person, and it narrowly escaped being taken by the fishermen who searched their royal passenger for gold. The ring is now in the royal collection at Edinburgh.

The finest ruby in the world is owned by the King of Burmah. The largest European ruby is in Russia and is the size of a pigeon's egg.

There are three ways of obtaining the ruby: by cuttings made in the hill sides; by boring into the clefts and seams; and by washing the ruby gravel. The small stones are of little value, but a perfect ruby of five carats is worth five or six times as much as a diamond of the same size and quality.

After all, what is a ruby? The man wise in science will at once say that it is transparent and colored variety of corundum, possessing properties of double-refraction and electricity; that its color is of the heart of the solar spectrum, that its name "rubino" signifies red, and that the Oriental is the only true ruby. But all that means so little; it explains nothing of the beauty and mystery of the stone. It does not tell how that light, caught from the deepest tint of the heart's blood came to be held in the tiny crystal; nor how the fable grew up about it and the fairy tale clothed it with its charm. Why try to analyze it? Rather take it as it is, a bit of petrified glory out of the great warm earth, set in a shining circle of myths and fancies.

There is a very old story, or legend associated with the ruby. It is told by an ancient Latin writer:



THE CRANE, PUTTING OUT HIS LONG BILL, DROPPED SOMETHING INTO HER LAP.

THE CRANE'S GRATITUDE.

A Bit of Greek Folk-Lore.

Heraclea sat at her door, her baby on her knee. Before her, at the foot of the hill-slope, lay Athens the Beautiful, the Violet-crowned. Beyond the low, flat roofs of the city rose and fell the many-tinted waters of the Gulf, sparkling in the happy light of day. Warm breezes scented with wild thyme lifted the dark tresses of the mother's hair and fanned the little one's cheek.

But Heraclea's heart was heavy. The battle of life had been hard since Callias left her, twelve weary months ago. Phorion was a wee baby when the fever had carried off his father and left the still youthful mother with three children to keep from hunger. Heraclea did not often find an idle moment in which to sit, as she was sitting now, a lazy part of the sleepy noonday world.

As she sang to her baby boy a shadow fell across Heraclea's sunny door-way. A tall, handsome man was coming up the little foot-path with that leisurely carriage which characterized the Athenian of the better class. A flush came to Heraclea's cheek as she recognized the newcomer. It was the wealthy and noble citizen Euclemion to whom she was in debt, and a quick little anger stole into her gentle heart as he gave her a kindly but patronizing greeting. She remembered the past if he did not. Callias had once done Euclemion a great service, so great that in the warmth of the moment Euclemion had said that no favor could be too great in return. Yet when Callias had fallen upon ill times and gone to his friend for help, Euclemion had lent him money, it is true, but at a high rate of interest, and he had said nothing of his former gratitude. Callias had concealed his hurt, but Heraclea never forgot it. The home in Athens was given up, the little house on the hillside taken and the debt gradually paid. The once warm friends stood only in the relation of debtor and creditor. Then came Callias' death, and Heraclea, helpless in her poverty, had humbled her pride and borrowed once more from Euclemion.

Heraclea laid her boy softly in the shoe-shaped osier cradle and greeted her guest with a dignity worthy of a Greek matron. He refused to be seated, saying that his chariot awaited below.

Little Phorion, roused by the voices, stretched and sat up in his cradle.

"That's a fine boy of yours, Heraclea!" exclaimed the visitor. "What is to become of him?"

The mother snatched the baby in her arms. "I know not, oh, I know not!" she cried. "Nay, mother's little one, my red carnation, do not grieve," she continued, as Phorion began to whimper.

"Heraclea, I came to-day to speak of the debt; the time for the interest is at hand, but I have changed my mind. In a twelve-months give me that boy and I will forgive you the obligation, yes, and more: I will pay you a sum over and above," said Euclemion.

"Give you my Phorion!" cried Heraclea. "Give you my baby! Have you not a tiny one of your own? Surely you have enough children to bless your hearth."

Euclemion smiled, a little scornfully.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I have children enough to bless my hearth. My youngest is but a six-months old. In a few years this boy will be of the right age to—to tend him. He shall grow up with him and serve him."

The truth, with all its brutality, broke upon the mother. She remembered now; she had heard of debts being cancelled in that way, with the sanction of the law. Gently putting Phorion on the ground she rose to her full height.

"And so you, you, Callias' friend, come for his child as your slave!"

"And why not, Heraclea? You cannot feed these great children much longer. It will be many a day before your other boy Glaucon can help you; especially if you let him keep at the schools instead of putting him to work in the fields or shops. I will give you the year in which to decide; when it is ended the debt must be paid in good coin or—Phorion. Let this thought grow in your mind."

"The debt shall be paid," said Heraclea. "I will work night and day. The gods will help me. As for selling my child to be a slave, I will tell you, Euclemion, I would rather see him laid by his father in the tomb yonder."

But Euclemion only smiled as he turned and went down the slope.

"Mother, Mother!" cried a fresh voice, that of Glaucon, and two strong arms were thrown about her, as she stood with her face in her hands. "What is it? and why has that man troubled you?"

It was a lithe young figure which held her and the thick black curls brushed her cheek, so tall was her big boy.

"No, no, my Glaucon, I am not troubled; he is but an evil dream that vexed me. Now it is passed. I will think of him no more."

"I hate him," thought Glaucon.

"Mother," he said aloud, as they stood, their arms entwined, while little Phorion on the ground called lustily for attention, "Why do you not let me go to work? I am big and strong."

Heraclea smiled down at her boy as she took his slender hands in her own.

"The gods have given you a great gift, my son. Some day my Glaucon will be a famous sculptor; we must keep these hands for their true work. Meantime learn all you can."

As the little group stood in the sunshine a flutter and whirl overhead drew their eyes upward. For a number of years a couple of cranes had been accustomed to feed in the garden of the house, welcome and fortunate guests. Now, there was a great commotion about the wall, a hurried flapping of wings and hoarse cries of distress. Suddenly, one of the cranes fell, a fluttering white heap, directly at Heraclea's feet. She stooped and touched it with a gentle hand.

"Nay, Master Crane, it is a friend; do not glare so fiercely. See, Glaucon, its leg is broken; oh, it is cruel, poor bird." So together they worked until a splint had been bound about the fracture and the hurt was soon healed.

Time went on; the golden summer days passed and the air was tinged with the chill of approaching winter. The big birds as usual took their flight to their southern home.

When the Spring returned it brought no awakening gladness to Heraclea. To be sure, little Phorion waxed strong again; he was able to play out once more in the warm sunshine; the color crept into his wan little cheeks and the sweet curves came back to his dimpled limbs. But his mother's heart was agonizing over the thought which had grown to a dreadful certainty. She no longer could hide the truth from herself. There was no possibility of her paying anything toward the debt.

One day Heraclea told Glaucon the fate which was hanging over them. The boy's grief and anger were piteous to see.

"It cannot be, Mother!" he cried. "Our Phorion! Euclemion is a wicked man. Can nothing be done?"

Heraclea shook her head. "It is within the law, my son."

Then Glaucon, with a look which sat strangely on his boyish face, declared that he would offer himself in Phorion's place; that he would bury all his hopes in slavery that the little lad might grow up in freedom.

"Did ever mother have such a son?" thought Heraclea proudly; but she only said, as she put her arms about him and looked into his clear, true eyes:

"Nay, my Glaucon, you are your father's eldest son and the head of the home. It is as the gods have willed. The luck has departed from the house; even the cranes have not returned to us."

It was a warm, spring afternoon a week later, and Heraclea sat once more at her door.

A soft stirring and fluttering overhead, roused her for a moment.

"The cranes have returned," she said to herself. "It is too late. What good fortune can they bring?" and she put her face down to her lap and burst into sobs. A slight touch on her shoulder brought her back to the present and she raised her head. A great white bird stood by her side.

"Master Crane!" she cried. "Why, Master Crane! Did no one welcome you back, poor bird? Oh, it is a sad house to which you come, Master Crane."

The crane maintained his solemn and unruffled dignity as Heraclea stroked the glossy neck. Then, putting out his long bill, he dropped something into her lap, and with a sudden whir was off to his nest. Heraclea looked in astonishment. "The pretty red glass!" she exclaimed aloud. "To think of Master Crane's bringing a gift. Let no one say that a bird does not have a grateful heart."

A little stone lay in her hand like a crimson drop. She fingered it curiously, and entering the house she laid it carefully on a shelf.

Glaucon came in before long, sad and tired, but with a look of resolve on his young face.

"Mother," he said and hesitated. "Mother, I have found work in the market. To-morrow I leave the school."

Heraclea's heart rebelled within her, but she said nothing. She would not make the sacrifice harder for her good boy. So she only kissed his cheek and laid her hand softly on the dark curls. Then, to divert his attention, she told him of the crane's gift.

"Is that it upon the shelf?" cried Glaucon. "Why, Mother, in the dark corner it shines like a lamp. One could almost see by its light." Heraclea looked in astonishment; a red glow illumined the shadows in which it lay.

"What can it be?" she exclaimed. "Is it the work of demons?"

Glaucon took the little stone between his thumb and finger and carried it to the light. It was glowing like a drop of rich red wine.

"Old Cleon, the goldsmith, is wise in such matters," he said. "I will go and bring him," and before his mother could remonstrate the boy was off and down the hill.

Glaucon forgot his tired limbs as he sped over the slope to Athens.

Old Cleon was in his shop. He growled a bit at the long walk on the wild goose chase of a boy's notion, but he was fond of the bright-faced, willing lad who had more than once done him a favor, and, leaving his stall in the care of his apprentice, he bade Glaucon lead on.

Heraclea received Cleon as a distinguished guest. Chloris brought water for his tired feet and simple refreshments of bread and fruit. Heraclea put the crane's gift into his hand. A change came over the rough face. The eyes under the shaggy brows lighted up with a glance so keen that it seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the little crystal. For some time he said nothing; he tapped and weighed the tiny stone and held it up, peering at it in all lights. Then he turned to Heraclea:

"I know not how you came by this," he said, "but there is none such in all Athens. If it is yours, you are favored of the gods. Never but once have I handled such a ruby."

The sun rose brightly on the little house the next morning. Heraclea and Glaucon had been too happy to sleep. Phorion was theirs, and peace and prosperity and Glaucon's future were secure. It was almost too much joy to come at once: Ah, the blessed crane!

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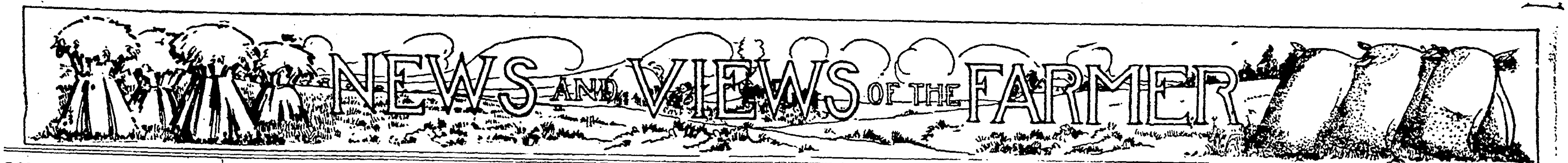
NEXT WEEK **STIMULATING HIS INTEREST** BY DAISY RHINEHART



NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

SOME VERY COMMON CAUSES OF COLIC

By S. C. Miller.

When a farm horse is working hard it does not pay to let him eat grass when it is green. He will thrive, work better and remain healthier and more enduring if fed "hard feed" during the busy season. The soft, washy, green grass is palatable of course, but it makes the horse soft and flabby, keeps the bowels too loose and is apt to induce colic.

If the horse has no work to do he may go on pasture right along and have little grain and when his work is done in late summer he may enjoy the fall pasture made green again by rains. The pasture also is a good place for the brood mare as it promotes flow of milk.

We find that severe attacks of colic often are caused by allowing the hot, tired horse to eat grass at the road side when he has made a long trip to town.

The trouble, too, is prone to come on when horses are suddenly fed new hay or new oats. Both new hay and new oats should be fed in small quantities gradually at first, and along with old hay and oats until the horses become accustomed to the change.

Either the new feed is so palatable that the horse eats too much of it, or it contains some ferment that sets up indigestion and formation of gas.

Water very seldom causes colic. Nature intends horses to have all of it they want, at any and all times and so provided it does no harm. We may cause trouble by withholding drinking water for long periods of time and then forcing the hot, tired horses to drink too much of it at noon and especially just after eating grain.

Allow the work horse adequate supplies of cool, pure water often when he is at work and he never will take too much of it or suffer ill effects from drinking. Indeed the water so given will be likely to prevent sickness and always is appreciated and beneficial.

In addition to making changes of food gradually it also is well to very gradually increase the amount of food. Allow free access to rock salt and do not give any kind of condition powders or stock food.

If an attack of colic comes on the following mixture, given as one dose, usually will be found effectual: Turpentine, one ounce; fluid extract of cannabis indica, one-half ounce; raw linseed oil, one pint. Repeat in half to one hour if found necessary.

TO KILL WEEVIL IN WHEAT.

Make the bin or crib as near air tight as possible then on top of the wheat place a large saucer or similar vessel containing carbon bisulphide, close the doors and let it remain for six hours then open the doors and windows for several hours before entering and every mouse, rat, weevil, etc., will be dead.

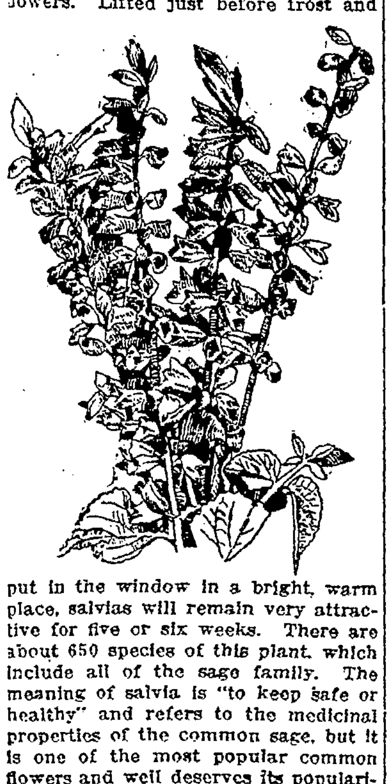
This carbon bisulphide is very inflammable and on no account must any flame be allowed around it. I use it for many purposes. Saturate a ball of dry horse manure with it, push the ball down into a rat hole, plug up the hole and the work is done.

I effectually dispose of fruit tree borers by injecting carbon bisulphide into the holes with a syringe and promptly plugging the entrance with [illegible] wax.

The stuff is cheap and not dangerous to human life if it is not inhaled. Cribs, granaries, etc., can be cleared of all animals and insect life by using it as directed.—Bradley Hancock, Jr., Fruitdale, Alabama.

SALVIAS AS CUT FLOWERS.

The Salvia splendens, or scarlet sage, makes a beautiful vase flower, although it is not seen in vases as often as it should be. Grown out of doors, it should be bedded in large masses and does best where the sun shines freely. If well cared for it will maintain its beautiful splendor of deep red from midsummer until frost cuts it down. It is important that the soil shall not contain too much nitrogen, as in that case the plants make too rank growth and produce few flowers. Lifted just before frost and put in the window in a bright, warm place, salvias will remain very attractive for five or six weeks. There are about 650 species of this plant, which include all of the sage family. The meaning of salvia is "to keep safe or healthy" and refers to the medicinal properties of the common sage, but it is one of the most popular common flowers and well deserves its popularity.



SOME DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

It has been demonstrated that calves do not inherit tuberculosis from their dams. They contract it after birth in every case where it appears. Feed calves from tuberculous cows on milk from healthy ones and they never contract the disease, unless infected in other ways.

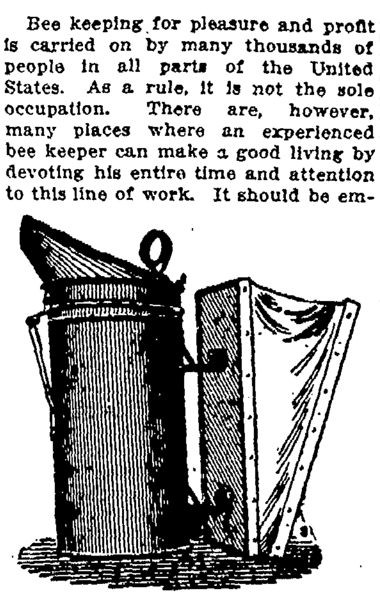
There is no farm animal that yields as much per day as the cow. This indicates that the cow must be liberally fed, for it is impossible to get large milk returns from an underfed cow.

BEE CULTURE A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY

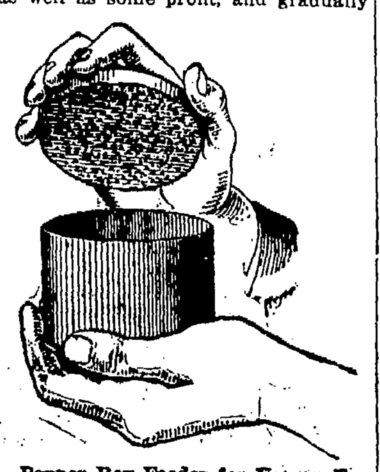
The Honey Bee Is The Means of Obtaining For Human Use a Natural Product Which Would Otherwise Be Lost To Us

By E. F. PHILLIPS, Ph. D.

Bee keeping for pleasure and profit is carried on by many thousands of people in all parts of the United States. As a rule, it is not the sole occupation. There are, however, many places where an experienced bee keeper can make a good living by devoting his entire time and attention to this line of work. It should be emphasized that it is unwise for the average individual to undertake extensive bee keeping without considerable previous experience on a small scale, since there are so many minor details which go to make up success in the work. These must be thoroughly understood before there is any hope for continued success. It is, therefore, most desirable to begin on a small scale, make the bees pay for themselves and for all additional apparatus, as well as some profit, and gradually to increase as far as the local conditions or the desires of the individual permit.



Smoker.

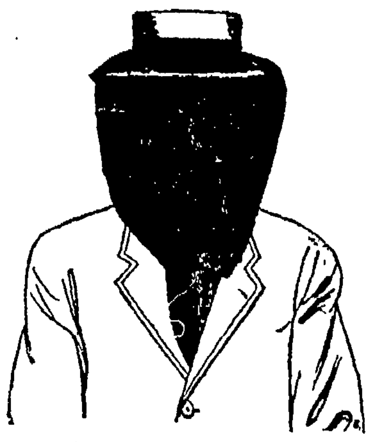


Pepper Box Feeder for Use on Top of Frames.

The annual production of honey and wax in the United States makes apiculture a profitable minor industry of the country. From its very nature it can never become one of the leading agricultural pursuits, but that there is abundant opportunity for its growth can not be doubted. Not only is the honey bee valuable as a producer, but it is also one of the most beneficial of insects in cross-pollinating the flowers of various economic plants.

Bee keeping is also extremely fascinating to the majority of people as a pastime, furnishing outdoor exercise as well as intimacy with an insect whose activity has been a subject of absorbing study from the earliest times. It has the advantage of being a recreation which pays its own way and often produces no mean profit.

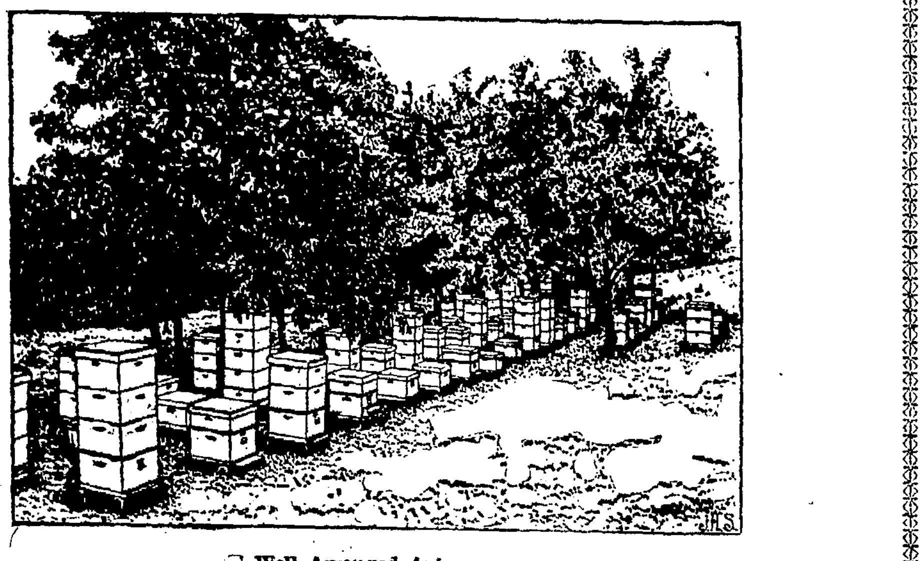
It is a mistake, however, to paint only the bright side of the picture and leave it to the new bee keeper to discover that there is often another side. When any financial profit is derived, bee keeping requires hard work and work at just the proper time, otherwise the surplus of honey may be diminished or lost. Few lines of work requires more study to insure success. In years when the available nectar is limited, surplus honey is secured only by judicious manipulations and it is only through considerable experience and often by expensive reverses that the bee keeper is able to manipulate properly to save his crop. Anyone can produce honey in seasons of plenty, but these do not come every year in most locations and it takes a good bee keeper to make the most of poor years. When, even with the best of manipulations, the crop is a failure through lack of nectar, the bees must be fed to keep them from starvation.



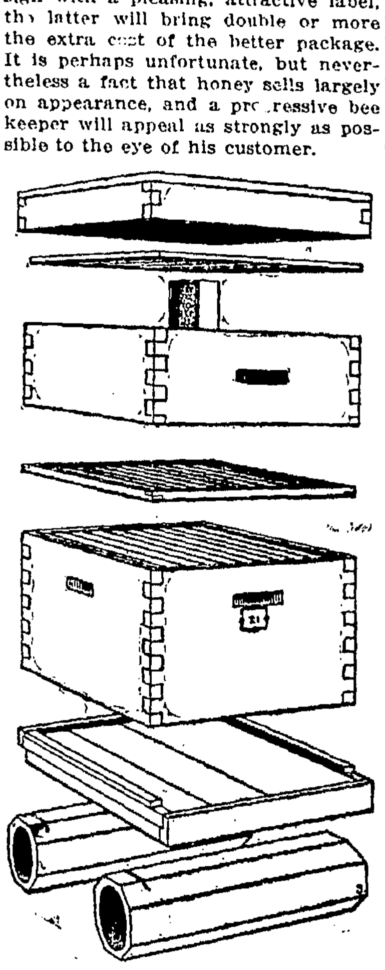
Bee Veil With Silk Tulle Front.

The average annual honey yield per colony for the entire country, under good management, will probably be 25 to 30 pounds of comb honey or 40 to 50 pounds of extracted honey. The money return to be obtained from the crop depends entirely on the market and the method of selling the honey. If sold direct to the consumer, extracted honey brings from 10 to 20 cents per pound, and comb honey from 15 to 25 cents per section. If sold to dealers, the price varies from 6 to 10 cents for extracted honey and from 10 to 15 cents for comb honey. All of these estimates depend largely on the quality and neatness of the product. From the gross return must be deducted from 50 cents to $1 per colony for expenses other than labor, including foundation sections, occasional new frames and hives, and other incidentals—not, however, providing for increase.

Above all it should be emphasized that the only way to make bee keeping a profitable business is to produce only a first-class article. Too many bee keepers, in fact the majority, pay too little attention to making their goods attractive. They should recognize the fact that of two jars of honey, one in an ordinary fruit jar or tin can with poorly printed label, and the other in neat glass jar of artistic design with a pleasing, attractive label, the latter will bring double or more the extra cost of the better package. It is perhaps unfortunate, but nevertheless a fact that honey sells largely on appearance, and a progressive bee keeper will appeal as strongly as possible to the eye of his customer.



A Well Arranged Apiary.



A Ten-Frame Hive with Comb-Honey Super and Perforated Zinc Queen Excluder.

CANKER SORE MOUTH IN PIGS

A COMPARATIVELY SLIGHT AILMENT AND EASILY CURED.

By A. S. Alexander, V. S.

Most farmers are familiar with the ordinary forms of sore mouth in young pigs which is a comparatively slight ailment and readily cured.

It is indicated by redness and swelling of the gums and lining membranes of the mouth and may result in a few shallow ulcers.

Dipping the head of the affected pig over and over again daily in a warm two per cent solution of permanganate of potash usually suffices to quickly restore normal conditions of the membranes, provided the pigs occupy clean pens, are properly fed, have good constitutions and are sufficiently exercised.

It is an altogether different matter, however, when pigs are kept in filthy quarters, where they are fed improper food and are deprived of adequate exercise, sunlight and fresh air.

A filth germ, known as Bacillus Necrophonus, usually is prevalent in such places and finding access to small cuts or sores upon the membranes of the mouth and skin of the nose quickly produces deep eating ulcers which in time may even affect the bones of the snout. The disease now present is termed "necrotic stomatitis" and is a most serious and deadly malady.

It may be prevented by providing brood sows a clean, disinfected, whitewashed, airy, sunny, fresh bedded place in which to farrow. The bacillus mentioned is present in the manure of swine hence the necessity of keeping the farrowing pen clean.

Also it is well to wash the udder of the sow with a two percent solution of coal tar disinfectant before the pigs are allowed to suck for the first time and to repeat the washings at least once daily for a week or more.

As an extra precaution the little sharp teeth found in the mouths of some pigs at birth should be carefully nipped off with pincers to prevent them from lacerating the tongue or from scratching the noses of the pig's mates during play or fights.

When the disease is seen mix limewater freely with the food of the sow, clean up, disinfect and whitewash the pens and put in fresh bedding. Scrape each ulcer thoroughly and then lightly cauterize with lunar caustic or dilute nitric acid. Split open each boil or round bunch on the nose and saturate with tincture of iodine.

Afterward use tincture of iodine freely once daily on sores outside of the mouth and apply a five percent solution of permanganate of potash to the ulcers on the gums and lining membranes within the mouth.

LEVEL CULTIVATION SAVES MOISTURE.

W. C. Palmer, North Dakota.

Level cultivation saves moisture. When the land is ridged it is put in a condition for getting rid of moisture, as there is more surface exposed and the furrows make a splendid place for the rain to run off. Where there is too much moisture it is an advantage to throw the soil up around the plant and to leave the furrows for the surplus rain to run off in.

In the Northwestern states we need to put forth every effort to save the moisture and the more level we can leave the surface the less there will be of it exposed to the air, wind, and sunshine, and then when it does rain it will have to soak in as there will be no channel for it to run off in. Then again the ridges and furrows are bad in that the soil in the ridge dries out so that the plant roots do not have as much surface soil to grow in as under level cultivation and it is out of the surface soil that the plant gets nearly all of its food. Deep plowing and level cultivation is the best way to save moisture, to give the plant roots feeding surface, and to keep the soil in fine tilth. This applies equally well to corn, potatoes, vegetables or trees.

NOTES FROM THE HOG LOT.

Do not worry much about disease in hogs. Try to keep them right, and you will be troubled but little.

Getting the most out of swine is nothing less than putting the most into them.

Do not sell the sow that raised a big spring litter and suckled them well.

TOO LAZY TO GROW COTTON.

The British Government has failed in its attempt to make Egypt a rival of our South in cotton growing. A few years ago considerable uneasiness was felt in this country lest the British would be able to develop the industry along the Nile to the extent that it would hurt our cotton growing. But after spending millions of dollars irrigating areas and in experimental work the crop last year was smaller than the year before.

Laziness on the part of the natives is the principal cause. They will not work but prefer to steal or beg for a living. One enterprising planter took over a large number of our Southern negroes in the hope that they would make ideal laborers on his cotton plantations but in a year or two they got as lazy as the natives and also refused to work.

In that country a strip of cotton is all that a man needs in the way of clothing and as all he has to do to secure his food is to steal a few bananas every day work seems to him a useless effort.

The British Government is very much discouraged over the experiment so far and it looks as though the future is not likely to hold any further terrors for our American growers unless some enterprising Yankee invents some mechanical cotton picker and adopts plows and cultivators that will run under their own power.

Don't use wooden milk pails. Tin makes the best milk containers for any purpose, provided the seams are smooth and there are no sharp angles to catch and hold minute portions of milk in which bacteria can breed.

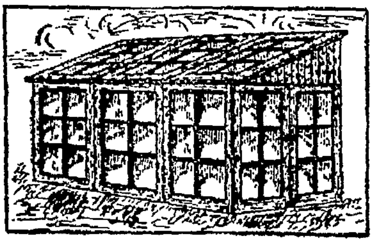
A HOMEMADE FRUIT EVAPORATOR

While the house or room illustrated was designed only for drying fruit, it may be used for raising early plants or for several other purposes.

The house is made of storm sash. The rear wall and the two gables are of six-inch flooring. The size will of course depend on the size of your storm sash; these come in various sizes, and may be secured of any lumber dealer or mail-order house. They cost from 90 cents to $1.50 each.

A frame of 2x4-inch timbers is first built, and the sash fastened to same with screws. Three two-inch holes are bored in the rear wall, close to the top and covered with screen wire, to allow the steam and moisture to escape.

One sash on the end is hung on hinges for a door.



FRUIT EVAPORATOR.

The fruit is spread in shallow trays, with screen wire for the bottoms. These trays are placed on brackets, and the fruit is away from the dust, dirt and insects; and when dried it will be clean and fit for food. Should a sudden rain come up, you do not have to rush around and gather up the fruit from the shed-roof.

The house may of course be built any size, but one built with 10 sash will be found ample for an ordinary family.

The house should be well painted, and be placed on a slight elevation.

It is inexpensive, easily built, and provides a way to save the surplus fruit, that goes to waste on many farms, from year to year.

A surprisingly high temperature will be attained in this house in an ordinary sunshine.—J. E. Bridgman.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

No good orchardist would ever shake apples from the tree to be sent to market, although many people continue to do it.

Fruit of every kind should be thoroughly cooled before being packed for the market. Even strawberries packed while warm from the field and sent directly to the cars unless allowed to get chilled will quickly deteriorate.

If the strawberry bed has borne two crops plow it up and set out late cabbage.

We have known some bad cases of illness to occur from eating sauce or pie made from very immature windfall apples.

Wash milk things first in cold water and then scald them. To scald them first makes it much harder to get them absolutely clean.

HOW TO MAKE THE SOIL PAY

MIXED AND DIVERSIFIED FARMING AND STOCK RAISING.

By W. M. Kelley.

To maintain the fertility of the soil, to cultivate it to the best advantage, to raise its products at the least expense, to secure the best farming implements, to select the best livestock, to feed them in the most intelligent manner and to build up a permanent system of agriculture should be the end and aim sought by a system of mixed or diversified farming.

There are but few sections of any state that are especially well adapted to the production of any one staple and there can be no solid or permanent system of agriculture unless it is pursued in its various branches, hence, diversified farming is essential to success in most sections of the country. By this we do not mean to say there is no room for the specialist but what we do mean to say is that the specialist must make his cropping system or branch of live stock feeding dependent upon diversified farming and animal feeding and returning all the manure to the soil or else buy large amounts of commercial fertilizers if he maintains the fertility of his soil. What we need is a class of men who possess sufficient strength of mind to guide them into paying back to the soil, by way of manure or fertilizer, a portion of what is borrowed by way of crops that are removed from the soil and taken to market.

A farmer may be a feeder of livestock, a breeder of pure bred stock or a specialist in potato growing, fruit growing or dairying and make the rest of his farming subservient to his one chosen branch, thus maintaining his soil in a fertile condition without buying large amounts of fertilizers or manures.

The great point to be observed in diversified farming is to make each branch pursued fit nicely into the whole general scheme of management, to eliminate all waste and plan the cropping system so that all crops will not be dependent upon care and attention at the same time. A great deal of the success of mixed farming depends upon the manner in which it is mixed and as a usual thing the man who attempts to do too many things will make a failure of them all. This is one reason why many agricultural men are advocating special lines of production.

However, special lines of crop production or stock feeding does not necessarily mean that we must exhaust the fertility of the soil. There are many specialities that will afford all of the advantage of specialized farming as well as of diversified farming, although they may possess few of the drawbacks of either.

CLIPPING SHEEP TOO CLOSE.

It is a great mistake to clip the wool right down to the skin because the hot sun will very quickly cause it to blister.

The sheep's skin is very tender, having been covered for a year with a heavy coat of wool, and when exposed to the hot sun the result will be the same as when a boy strips his heavy clothing and exposes his skin to the sun's rays for several hours while swimming.

Machines clip much closer than hand shears and they should be adjustable so they could be set to leave the wool about one-half inch long.

Newly clipped sheep should be kept under cover for a day or two until their skins becomes a bit tough and then they can better stand the hot sun.

Some large flockowners say that when they shear closely they save so much more wool, an eighth of an inch or so on every sheep. As a matter of fact the growth of wool is about so much each year, and if one gets an eighth of an inch more this year, he gets just that eighth-inch less next. So, the only time when it would make a difference would be when a man was going to sell his sheep before another shearing.

Wild strawberries transplanted now will bear next spring and be in pretty good form a year later.

It would be better if you could keep all pigs of about a certain size together, though you can not always do this.

AMERICAN WINDMILLS IN TURKEY.

Consul George Horton, of Saloniki, in his annual report states that as the greater portion of the land in that section of European Turkey lacks running streams and as water for cattle and irrigation of gardens must be obtained from deep wells, windmills are beginning to make their appearance. It has been found that those of American manufacture stand best the strain of the heavy winds. At the Thessalonica Agricultural Institute, an American missionary institution, a Chicago windmill is doing good work and shows not the least sign of yielding to the elements. The director thinks of supplementing this with a petroleum pumping engine.

MAKES THE BULL RUN THE SEPARATOR.

At the Springfield Illinois State Fair last year we asked a woman who was watching the work in the dairy section what power she used to run her separator. "We make the bull do the work," she replied. "We have a treadmill and as our bull is gentle and kind we just have him step along till the work is done. It is good for him because it gives him good exercise. The power is even because he is as steady as an engine. We hand him a bite of something good to eat occasionally and he is satisfied. We milk twenty cows and the separator takes care of all the milk in about half an hour, but it would be a long and hard job with a small hand separator."

One King road drag in the neighborhood is worth more than all the dogs in the country.

GOOD HOUSES FOR OUR DAIRY COWS

By W. R. Gilbert.

In dairying the first consideration is a race of healthy cattle, but in as much as sanitary accommodation is inseparably linked with robust constitution and proper feeding in maintaining the health of the animals the provision of airy, sanitary buildings must be a matter of the first importance.

It is a positive certainty that a healthy race of cattle cannot be maintained indefinitely in circumstances favorable to the propagation and development of disease germs, and consequently, the condition of the sheds in which the dairy cattle are accommodated is a very proper subject for thorough inquiry and systematic inspection.

The subject is an important one from the point of view of the general public, but it is of even greater moment to farmers.

The first essentials in the proper housing of cows are sufficient ventilation and sanitary arrangements that will facilitate the thorough cleansing of the buildings.

In the housing of cows, as indeed, of all classes of stock, it is essential to discriminate between air space and ventilation. The two terms are not synonymous as every practical farmer knows. Fresh air is essential to the maintenance of health but large cubic area is as little a guarantee as it is an essential of good ventilation.

Now, it is a fact that those who should know better, make their demand, in respect to fresh air in cow sheds, for air space, rather than for frequent air renewal, and by way of showing the mistaken value of this idea, it may be pointed out that it is quite conceivable that the air of a cow barn containing 600 cubic feet of air space, and imperfectly ventilated, may receive less fresh air than that of another of half the capacity that is well ventilated, and at the same time be colder and less comfortable for the cows.

The ventilation in many of the existing farm buildings is admittedly defective, but instead of constructing spacious new buildings at heavy cost it would be much more reasonable and equally effective to devote attention to the subject of ventilation.

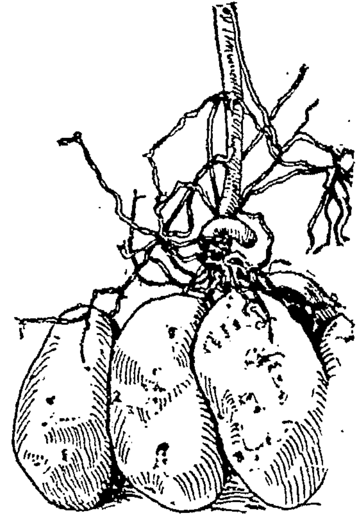
In the present knowledge of such matters the imperfections of the existing buildings could be rectified at comparatively little expense, and the sanitary conditions made to comply with the regulations necessary to maintain health and to prevent the pollution of the milk.

BIRDS IN RELATION TO THE FRUIT INDUSTRY.

A reasonable way of viewing the relation of birds to the farmer is to consider them as servants, employed to destroy weeds and insects, for whom sufficient food and needed protection is generously provided. In the long run, no part of the capital invested in the farm or orchard is more certain to pay big interest than the small sum collected as toll by the birds that harbor near the premises. Deductions from the extensive investigations undertaken in response to numerous complaints concerning depredation by birds in orchards and vineyards on the Pacific coast, show that the food habits of the seventy species, whose stomach contents were under examination, indicate that but four species common in California, can be regarded as of doubtful utility. These are the linnet, California jay, stellar jay, and red-breasted sapsucker. Therefore, when all the known methods of protecting fruit have been exhausted, or can not be profitably employed, a reasonable reduction of the numbers of these offending birds is permissible: but the more the food habits of birds are studied, the more evident is the fact that with a normal distribution of species and a fair supply of natural food, the damage to agricultural products by birds is small as compared with the benefit.

LEFT-OVER POTATOES.

Sometimes potatoes left in the ground over winter will produce good crops the following year. Of course such instances are rare and are not easily accounted for. The photograph from which the accompanying cut was made was sent by a man living at Stamford, Conn. He says this hill was from seed which remained in the ground all winter and grew strong, vigorous plants the next spring. The ground had been heavily fertilized for rhubarb.



FIGHT QUACK GRASS NOW.

Get to work now on the small patches of quack grass. Set them apart for special attention during the rest of the season. Keep the underground stems from being dragged to other parts of the field. If the patches are too large to smother with tar paper, dig up the grass, shake out the roots and underground stems carefully and haul them from the field and burn. A five or six-tined fork will be found a valuable tool for this work. If dead the roots and stems may be plowed under to increase fertility. Look the patches over every week to catch any plants that may have been i[illegible] or that may have developed.

SKIBBY THROWS A SCARE INTO THE SPITZES

By William Chester Esterbrook

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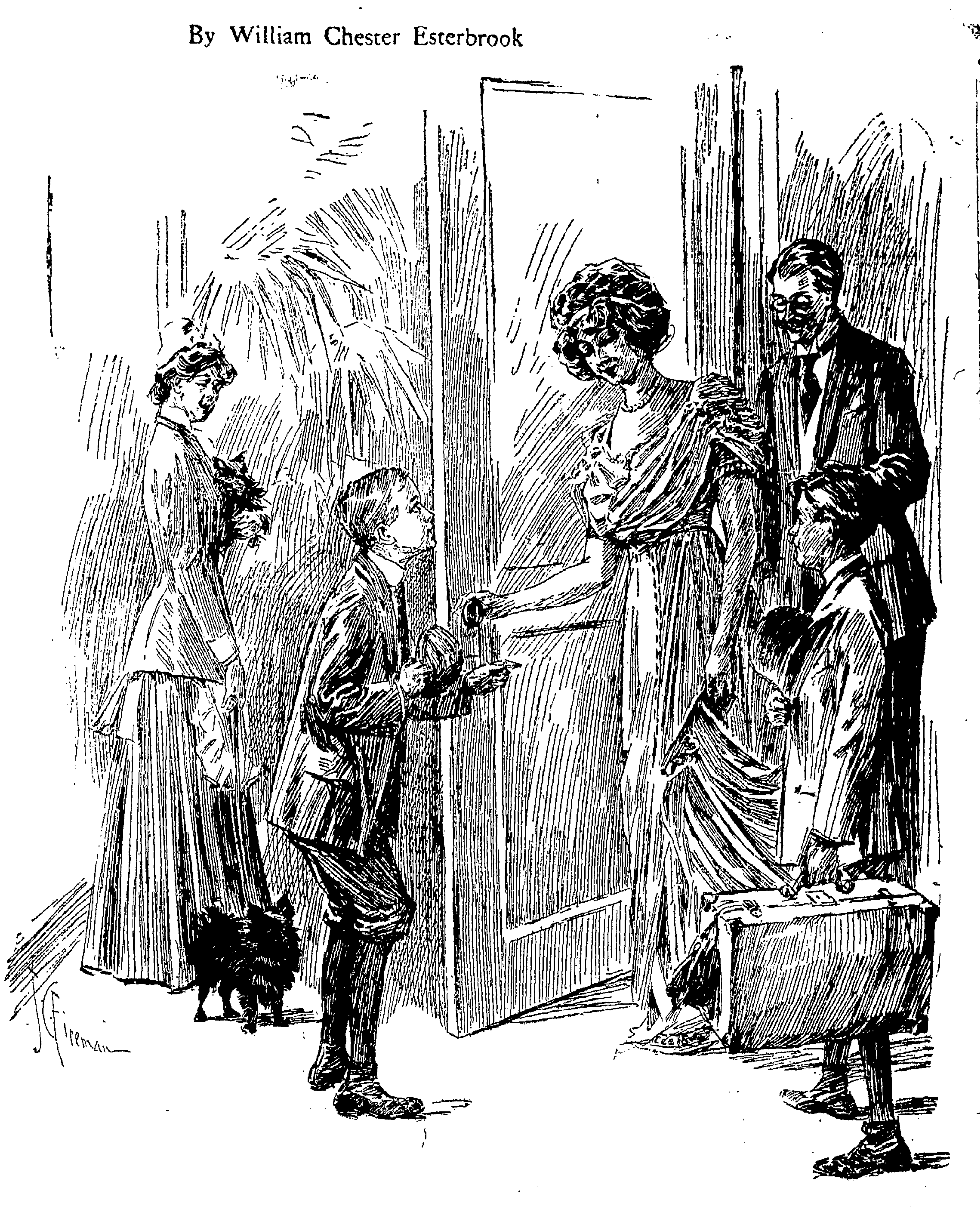

The Madame looked down at the little figure in astonishment.

WALTER SKIBBONS entered Charley's Short Order House and took his place at the counter beside the two men who had preceded him there.

"Hash for me," said one of the men at the waiter's inquiry.

"A gent takes a chance!" the waiter bawled through the passway to the cook.

"Hash for me, too," said the second man.

"'Nother sport!" the waiter called to the cook.

Skibby came next.

"Cow suds and a grape wedge," he said, at which the waiter grinned amiably as at a fellow craftsman and slid a glass of milk and a piece of grape pie to the counter.

The word "sport" in the waiter's second interpretation to the cook brought to Skibby's mind the fact that Sport Reme, whom he had not seen in two weeks, was accustomed to get his luncheon at this place, and he decided to prolong his pie and milk with the hope of meeting that erratic youngster.

But Sport didn't come. The waiter, who knew him very well, had not seen him for some time, he said. He didn't know what had become of him.

Later Skibby stopped at Hofbrun's grocery, two squares down, where Sport had been working.

"No, he don't vork here any longer alretty," said a warty individual of Teutonic extraction. "Hofbrun ist done gone busteded. Yes, two veeks ago. I puys oud vot is left und I don't need no poys to help me, so I let dot Sport kit go. No, I don't know vere he ist at."

It was a rather bad piece of news, Skibby thought. Juvenile Judge Dugane had worked hard to get the grocery job for Sport, and Sport, on his part, had actually made good. But he was one of those boys who always need a strong hand under the elbow. Now, with the Judge away on his wedding trip, Skibby, knowing Sport as he did, felt that the latter's reformation was inevitably jeopardized. It was too bad that Hofbrun should have "gone busteded" during the Judge's absence. The very fact that Sport hadn't shown up during those two weeks of idleness did not augur well!

Archie Reme, or "Sport," as he was most commonly called, lived with his aunt. His parents were dead. Until Judge Dugane had taken him in hand he had been a pretty "tough kid." Skibby wondered if he still lived in the same tenement. In any event, he believed he'd seek him there.

On his way down to that part of the town in which Sport and his aunt last resided his attention was attracted by three huge letters that a bill poster had just pasted to a billboard across the street. Patiently he waited for the other letters to be added, and when the billposter, balancing the last lithographic blanket on his brush, slapped the paper alongside its fellows and dextrously ironed it out, a name was completed which warmed the cockles of Skibby's heart.

It was the name of a great actress familiar the country over. She was to play a week's engagement in the city, beginning within the fortnight.

Watching His Career.

Her last season in the city, two years ago, had been marked by an episode which Skibby had cherished as a priceless memory. He himself at that time had just come under the influence of Judge Dugane and was making a heroic effort to live "straight." The great actress had for years been interested in Juvenile Court work, making it a point to study the progress of modern Juvenile Court methods in every city of her itinerary. She gave a dinner in her private car at the depot yards for Judge Dugane, Miss Marvelle, now his bride, and a few other guests. She had asked the Judge to bring four or five of his boys down with him, and Skibby had been one of the elect.

The scene in the car that night had left a lasting impression on the lad. He had never forgotten the lavish luxury of the appointments, the beauty and graciousness of the actress herself nor her wholly unaffected interest in the kids, who did their various little stunts for her amusement. She seemed delighted with Skibby's imitation of various animals, making him repeat portions of it time and again. And after a glorious treat to things they had never before tasted she insisted on sending them all home in a cab.

Would she come again in her private car, he wondered, and with whom would she dine now, with the Judge and his bride both away? And would she go "hot footin' it" around the Juvenile Court as she had done before? And who would show her the new Detention House and the new public bathhouse and all the other institutions the Judge had fought for and obtained since her former visit? Of one thing he was certain—she had long ago forgotten all about him and the other kids who had helped entertain her that night in the car. He made certain of another thing, too, as he walked on in the direction of Sport Reme's home—he'd see her in at least one show if he had to "soak" all his possessions for the price!

He was agreeably surprised to find that the Remes had not moved. Was Sport at home? he asked of Mrs. Reme, who came to the door.

"No, he's playin' his engagement," said Mrs. Reme, a very conscious pride in her faded eyes and more of it in the lift of her shabby shoulders.

"He's—wot?" Skibby asked, staring at her uncomprehendingly.

"Why, don't you know Archie's on the stage!" she exclaimed, as if it were utterly impossible for any one in town to be ignorant of the fact.

"Stage!" Skibby gasped, still goggling.

"Yes, indeedy; no more groceries for him," his aunt declared, her faded eyes enlarging hopefully. "He's actin' every day from one till eleven down to The Midget. And they give 'im nine a week, too!"

Skibby could scarcely take it all in. Sport Reme on the stage! Why, it was only a little more than two weeks ago that Skibby had watched him "sort" eggs at Hofbrun's! Why hadn't Sport let him know something about this sudden and wonderful change in occupation? "Wot's eatin' 'im dat he freezes all up over it?" he demanded of Sport's aunt.

"Oh, that's because he simply ain't had time to see you about it," Mrs. Reme explained. "The very day Hofbrun failed Archie went to see the theatre people, and they said they'd give 'im a tryin' out. When they decided they wanted him, then we had to hustle to get his clothes ready for his act. He jest ain't had no time to see nobody!" Mrs. Reme defended, loyally if ungrammatically.

Skibby left her with the promise that he would go right down to The Midget, which was a tiny "mixed" house for moving pictures and vaudeville.

"He comes on every hour for about ten minutes," Mrs. Reme said, adding with the zest of newly acquired professionalism, "that is, it only lasts about ten minutes unless they keep bringin' 'im back. He says they bring 'im back somethin' fierce."

It was a little past one o'clock when Skibby reached that not very aristocratic portion of the city which took its histrionic pabulum from the five cent Midget. He bought a ticket and filed in with the nondescript crowd.

Nearly every seat in the house was occupied and the show began almost immediately. Vaudeville predominated over the moving films. Sport came fifth on the programme.

He was billed as "The boy phenomenon, Archie Reme-Remeau, in his marvellous song hits, 'The Dying Messenger,' and 'Oh, Say, Hear Me Lay, About the Great White Way.'"

Skibby had to smile at the name. How like Sport it was to cop a swell handle like that last and hang it with a little short line to his own. Oh, Sport was all right, all right!

"The Dying Messenger" came first, preceding Sport's actual appearance by eight bars from a squeaky violin and a piano. Sport was dressed in a messenger boy's uniform, which Skibby would have at once sworn was the identical one worn by little Mike Masaro before he left it off to take charge of his father's news stand. But it didn't matter about the costume. In Sport's voice, in his manner, in his entire interpretation of his song there was, despite the handicap of his twelve short years, the indefinable something that makes for stage success and that is as far above all schooling as the sky is above the grass. The Sport Reme who two weeks ago was sorting eggs in Hufbrun's grocery was not the Sport Reme whose untrained but plaintive voice now piped the tragedy of his lines straight into the hearts of his listeners.

There was a roar of applause when he had finished, and he appeared again almost instantly for his second song arrayed in a dress suit and a monocle. Skibby wondered if it were not the dead uncle's suit, cut down to fit, that his aunt had refused to let him wear to the Judge's wedding reception. Worldly applause had evidently brought even Mrs. Reme around.

The Gallery Critic.

His second song was as irresistibly funny as his first was pathetic. Skibby saw immediately the difference between his own splendid powers of mimicry and the bigger power possessed by Sport—a power that enabled him to become the character instead of merely imitating it. Skibby was a blasé theatregoer, and he had hung over the gallery rail of too many good shows not to sense artistry if it were around. For the first time in his life he admitted to an admiration for Sport Reme. Sport Reme who had got his nickname in the gamin world from trying to "fly high," who without a cent to his name, in patched trousers, bare feet and a dilapidated hat, never failed to have the air of a "dead game sport."

Sport's aunt had not exaggerated when she said, "They call 'im back somethin' fierce." They did that now, and he came before the curtain a half dozen times with a professional bow that Irving himself would have found it difficult to improve upon.

When the next stunt came on Skibby left the audience and hurried around to the rear to see Sport. Those who had just finished their acts and those whose work was soon to begin were passing through the narrow stage entrance. Skibby waited, and after twenty minutes perhaps Sport appeared.

"Hello, Skib, w'y ain't ye on de inside?" he asked. Skibby liked to hear the "de" and the "ain't" again; somebody had completely coached the gamin speech out of those two songs!

"I ain't been no place else," Skibby replied. "I chucks it when you comes off."

"Well, how was it?" Sport asked, eyeing Skibby nervously.

"It's sure alright," Skibby replied cautiously. He knew how Sport "swelled up."

"It beats bell hoppin' in a grocery store," Sport declared. "Dere ain't nuttin' like it, Skib."

"Ye ain't bustin' yerself passin' de good word around among yer fren's," Skibby remarked sarcastically.

"Say, now, I ain't had no time for nuttin'—I finds my perfesh puts society on de bum," he added, with an imitation of regret that was simply delicious.

He threw back his head, blew a whiff of cigarette smoke through his nostrils and gravely inserted his right hand beneath his left lapel. He was the same old posing Sport again, and, after all, Skibby liked him that way best.

It lasted but a minute, however. "On de dead, kid, it's got everyt'in else beat to a frazzle," he said. "Down dere at ole Hofbrun's I sorts eggs and sprouts spuds, and all de time I t'inks wot's de use? Down dere I works wid my fingers, but my head don't get a look-in. Here I works all over. I eats dem songs alive! And say, when ye gets de crowd to goin'! W'y, kid, I'd sooner go on singin' fer me eats dan to go back to ole Hofbrun's fer all de dough in de world! I never t'rows de Judge down here. W'y! 'Cause I like de work. I like it like a kid likes his girly. See!"

For the first time in all his posing, forlorn little life he had bared his heart. Yes, Skibby saw, and the sight brought him nearer to Sport than he had ever been before. Why, Sport liked the stage just as Judge Dugane liked the Juvenile Court work! Their hearts were in it.

"Ye sure deliver de goods," Skibby encouraged.

The Newspaper Critic.

Instantly Sport's old manner asserted itself. "Say," he remarked nonchalantly, "don't believe all about me ye see in de papers. I ain't autorizin' nobody to say nuttin'. But I can't keep de press from gettin' gay."

He started to show Skibby the tiny newspaper clipping which the Midget management had paid for at so much a line, when a "cop" came rapidly down the alley.

"I t'inks I'll move on, Skib," Sport said uneasily, concealing the cigarette in his palm. "Come down to de house some time of a mornin'. I rises 'bout ten."

And Archie Reme-Remeau vanished around the corner just as the "cop" entered the stage door.

All the way home Skibby pondered over Sport's case. Why had he been so anxious to get out of the cop's way? he wondered. Had he been doing something that would spoil all his present prospects for success? Sport was a queer combination. But Skibby knew one thing—this work for the Midget was giving him the time of his life. What a fine thing it was to know just what work would make you feel that way! "To succeed a man ought to love his work," he had once heard the Judge say. Skibby began to wonder what he himself was best fitted for. He'd like to make his work the one thing. He'd like to like it "like a kid likes his girly!"

"Mammy," he said when he got home, "how can a feller tell wot he can do best?"

"That's a pretty hard question, laddie," she said with one of her quizzical smiles. "Only the Lord knows what most people's fit fer—and He ain't givin' it away!"

Skibby told her of Sport Reme.

"Well, now, that shows mebbe he's a genius," she said thoughtfully.

"Wot's a genius?"

"A genius, laddie, is a man whose work chooses him instead of him choosin' his work."

"I wish my work'd come snoopin' round fer to get me pretty soon now," Skibby said a bit sarcastically.

"Mebbe it will and mebbe it won't; ye can never tell. And if it don't ye'll always thing you could 'a' been a genius at somethin' or other. Every old dub that's failed thinks that. Yer pa got a notion into his head years ago that he had the makin' of a great soldier in him. And like enough he'll go down to his grave thinkin' they're missin' 'im wherever they's a war goin' on! But I dare say he's a much better carpenter than he'd 'a' been a gin'ral."

During the next few days Skibby went infrequently to the Midget. He had an eye out for the great actress, and it was to see her that he was saving his nickels. On the afternoon preceding her first appearance Sport sent him a ticket—he was to try out a couple of new songs, and would Skibby come to hear him?

Skibby went. The house was crowded as usual. He listened indifferently to the part of the programme which preceded Sport's number.

Then something happened. Just what it was Skibby at the moment could not conjecture. There was a delay, the sound of excited voices on the stage, a minute's silence and then the manager appeared before the curtain red and perturbed.

Three acts of the remaining programme would have to be omitted, he said, and named them. They were all acts in which "juveniles" took part—Sport's song, a dancing act of two little girls and a skit in which a five-year-old boy appeared. Otherwise the programme would remain the same. Those of the Midget's patrons who were not satisfied to remain could get their money back at the box office. The management would have a new and complete programme ready for to-morrow.

By the time he had finished Skibby was half way to the entrance. He wondered what Sport had had to do with it and why the change had come, just before Sport's act. In the alley at the stage door he found a deal of confusion.

No Fault of Sport's.

The cop whom Skibby had seen there once before was leaving the theatre with the two little girls who were to have danced; they were perhaps twelve years old. They were soon followed by the five-year-old boy and the two men of the "skit." Sport came out a few minutes later. Tears were actually in his eyes and on his cheeks. His chin quivered so that he couldn't talk. In the valise he carried were his "properties." Skibby could see a corner of the messenger's suit that had not been tucked in securely.

Skibby was glad of one thing at least whatever had happened had evidently been no fault of Sport's. His coming out unmolested by the cop proved that.

Sport didn't try to explain till they were three squares down the street. He had control of his chin by that time and anger soon dried the tears out of his black eyes.

"It's dem Humane guys," he said, with a catch in his voice. "Dey've been makin' trouble fer de Midget and all de odder shows wot uses kids. De cops says dey're goin' to pull every picture joint where dey finds a kid under sixteen. Dat cuts me outen every show in town. Now ain't dat my luck? W'yes somebody always gettin' my goat, Skib? Does dese Humane guys t'ink it's a better cinch fer me to grub in a grocery fer twelve hours dan to come down here and sing fer twelve minutes? Wot's de use? Dem guys t'ink dey're givin' me de glad hand when dey're puttin' me on de bum! I say, wot's de use?"

Skibby, who knew his ups and downs so well, found it pretty hard to tell him just what the use was. He knew that it was a dangerous frame of mind for Sport. The poor kid's dream had been completely shattered, and his remark to Skibby a few minutes later, that he'd "get on de toboggan" rather than go back to such work as he had been doing at Hofbrun's, was no idle threat.

As they were disconsolately wandering down the street Skibby's mind grasped futilely at first one plan and then another that might be interposed between Sport and the inevitable. If the Judge were only there! But he wasn't, and there was an end of it!

At the next corner they came squarely upon a billboard. Against the dead white of its background was a name in black letters that towered above their heads.

"Dat's wot gets my eye, Skib," Sport said. "I'd sooner have a rep like hers dan be de President. * * * It's a sure t'in' I won't cop neider one," he added, the catch again in his voice.

Skibby didn't need to tell him about that night in the car. That was an old story to every gamin in town. He was still gasping at plans, and one again began to show itself murkily.

"Dere ain't no hurry, Sport," he said, as they were about to pass a confectioner's; "come in and have one on me."

He wanted time to think, to weigh carefully the gauzy hare-brained thing that had suggested itself at the name on the billboard back there.

They had two sundaes apiece and Skibby stretched them till his plan was quite worked out. Then he picked up Sport's valise and paid the bill.

"Ye're comin' wid me now, kid," he said determinedly as he led the way down the street.

He outlined his plan while they hurried along. "Ye've sure got yer nerve, Skib," was the only comment Sport made, and that he was wholly sceptical was plainly evident in his tone.

They didn't halt till they had reached the side entrance of one of the great downtown hotels. The morning paper had been full of the actress' arrival there. Newspaper men had swarmed to interview her, but had come away with scarcely more than a "look-in." The "madam," they said, was more difficult t'approach than the President himself.

Skibby was determined that he and Sport should see her. That was the reason they chose the side entrance and went up by the stairs instead of the elevator. The paper whose every detail of description Skibby had greedily absorbed gave the floor and the suite occupied by the madam and her entourage. The boys managed to reach that portion of the hotel unnoticed.

They would have been blind indeed had they failed to locate the Madame's own door. Within two minutes a messenger boy hurried up to it and another messenger hurried away from it with a handful of yellow slips. A huge bouquet of roses was sent up and disappeared within. A foreignish looking secretary came to the door to inspect a pile of cards on a platter. "Tell them all that the Madame is not to see anybody to-day," he said, with a dismissing wave to the bellhop.

"Come away, Skibby, 'fore we's fired out," Sport whispered. "We don't stand no chanct here. We can't see her!"

Indeed, nothing in the world seemed more impossible of accomplishment, but Skibby was persistent.

The Spitz Poodles.

A moment later two maids emerged from the Madame's room with a Spitz poodle apiece. Skibby knew those dogs. They had been with her two years ago. They were duly admired and praised that night in the car. The Madame said she wouldn't take anything for them.

"Careful now, Marie. Remember they haven't had an airing for three days," a voice called through the slightly opened door. Skibby didn't need to be told whose voice it was.

He stepped forward quickly, but the door closed, leaving him standing helplessly before it. Then it clicked open again and the secretary looked at him, his foreignish blue eyes fairly gimleting him. "What do you want?" he demanded peremptorily.

"I wants to see de—de Madame," Skibby said, feeling a sudden sinking of the stomach.

"Clear out," he commanded, "before I call the porter."

The door snapped shut. Skibby saw his last hope vanish. He turned about. The maids were half way to the elevator, the Spitzes frisking gleefully about them.

Skibby's mouth took on a sudden curious shape. A perfect pandemonium of dog sounds filled the hall. It was as if all the Spitzes in the world had been pounced upon and were being torn limb from limb. The two dogs in the hall looked about wonderingly and then added their howls to the general din.

The door opened and the secretary shot out, followed by the Madame.

"What have you done to them, Marie, what have you done to them?" she cried, rushing frantically down the hall toward her pets.

Skibby's mouth resumed its normal shape and three-fourths of the noise ceased. The Spitzes immediately became quiet.

Skibby approached the amazed little group. "It's all my fault," he said, addressing the Madame. "I makes dat noise. I'm de kid wot stringed de animals dat night you gives de supper to Jedge Dugane down in yer car. I jest had to see ye and de dago gazeboo he wouldn't let me in. I'm sorry I t'rowed a scare into yer dogs, but I t'ought mebbe if ye'd come out I'd stand a chanst to speak wid ye."

The Madame looked down at the little figure in astonishment. Then she began to laugh. She laughed till she had to hold on to the maid for support. And the secretary laughed too. They laughed solos, they laughed duets and when the maids began they laughed in a chorus.

Did the Madame remember him! Well, indeed she did! He must come right in, yes, and bring his friend too.

A half hour later people in that part of the hotel heard the Madame's piano sound forth the chords of an accompaniment to the clear, resonant tones of a boyish treble.

A week later, when Madame's private car—which she had forsaken for the hotel during her stay—pulled out of the depot yards four boys and a woman waved a frantic farewell to Sport Reme, who waved back from the rear platform. The woman was Sport's aunt and the boys were Mike Masaro and Bob Gilford and Jake Brown and Skibby.

The Madame was going to put Sport in a school of her own choosing. A portion of the time was to be spent in a long preparation for the stage.

"Tell de Jedge when he comes back dat I'm goin' to make good, Skib, he can 'pend on dat. And say, kid, chase down sometimes and have a word wid my aunt," was the message he left Skibby.

Then there had been more farewells till the car vanished from sight down the long stretch of tracks.

Germs from the Comets.

THERE was much speculation as to what would happen when the earth passed through the tail of Halley's comet and became sprinkled by star dust. A few observers have announced that the thousands of tons of meteoric matter and cosmic dust that are annually precipitated upon the earth are permeated by life germs. Darwin described a shower of strange organisms, covering an area of over a million square miles, proving by its extent an origin probably beyond the limits of our atmosphere. In a fall of yellow snow at Peckeloh, Germany, Weber found myriads of germs. A most remarkable cosmic shower occurred in 1755 in Northern Italy. The precipitation embraced an area of about two hundred square leagues and was an inch in depth in places, the Alps also being covered with a yellow snow to the depth of nine feet. In October, 1846, a shower of microscopic organisms was observed in France.

In the fourteenth century the so-called "black plague" suddenly came upon the world and carried off nearly fifty million victims. It was apparently a specific germ disease and spread much faster than the lines of commerce could carry it. It seemed to be everywhere, on land and sea. An old chronicle says:—"The impure was actually visible as it approached with its burden of death and a dense and awful fog was seen in the heavens."

On several occasions peculiar clouds have accompanied plagues. What caused the "Black Plague" and why has it ceased from off the earth? On the theory that the plague was caused by cosmic germs its widespread character is understood. Its cessations might be ascribed to the earth swinging out of range of the cosmic dust carrying the germs, which, not finding proper environment on the earth, ceased to multiply and so became extinct.

The old type of "spotted fever" could be accounted for on like grounds. It is almost unknown now and much resembled the "black death" of 1366 and 1367, which is now an extinct disease. Between the years of 1861 and 1864 an epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis largely prevailed as a practically new form of disease and was widely spread and very fatal. The epidemic of this disease has all but disappeared. Here, then, we have a group of epidemic affections coming unannounced and as quickly disappearing. Demonstrated theories do not fully account for this phenomenon.

Child Logic.

"A BRIGHT, inquisite child may prove a more formidable cross-examiner than the most skilled of legal men," observed Dr. William Hall Siéberst, who delights in child psychology. "The youngster is an unconscious logician and the mind works immediately from cause to effect and vice versa, with some most amusing results. In the uptown section where I live a babe was born and one died during the night in the same apartment house. The small boys of the two families were chums, and when Tom saw Fred the next morning he said:—

"'I had a little brother go up to heaven last night.'

"'Oh, that's nothing!' said Fred, proud not to be outdone. 'I had a little brother come from heaven last night!'

"There was a pause and Tom's small brow wrinkled in perplexity, and he finally said, 'Maybe it's the same baby.'

"And if little people can thus easily solve a great problem they may suddenly present a staggering proposition for the adult mind and at the same time just as readily dispose of it. A Sunday school superintendent, a friend of mine, tells the story. He had delivered an address before the school on the creation, and had been at pains to make his meaning clear so that even the youngest of the children might understand. He has some reputation as a corporation lawyer and is a most adroit debater, skilful at verbal fence and a formidable opponent in a battle of wits. He prided himself on the lucidity of his creation talk, and when he ended the story he invited questions from the class. There was a pause, no voice was raised in inquiry.

"'Why,' said he, 'doesn't any boy or girl want to ask any question?' Then he smiled and asked, 'Can it be that I have made it all so clear to you that nothing more can be told?'

"A pale faced mite of a lad wearing spectacles held up his hand.

"'Well, my lad, what is it? Go ahead and ask your question.'

"'Please, sir, why was Adam never a baby?'

"The superintendent smiled benignly as he tried to collect himself for an answer, but none came readily and to gain time he said:—'Now that's what I admire in bright boys and girls. That question, my lad, was well put.' And finding himself in a dilemma out of which he could not see his way he said:—'Now to learn how deeply the school is interested I'll ask whether any of you can answer Winthrop Worthington's question, "Why was Adam never a baby?"'

"A miss of ten years, the eldest in a family of eight, promptly rose and replied:—

"'Why, there was nobody to nuss him.'"

SALLY PRUE DEVELOPS A TASTE for ART

BY ELISE WILLIAMSON.

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"I'M goin' to get a guide book to this here Metropolitan Museum of Art. I allus says that pictures is jes' like preserves—yew can't make head nor tail of 'em if they ain't labelled!"

I turned upon hearing this remarkable statement to behold a little old lady who was herself loudly, though unconsciously, labelled "New England."

Her prim little figure was dressed in black alpaca. Her neckwear was of spotless white, and above it rose her delicate, sharp featured face. But the real personal touch to the old lady was her bonnet.

That bonnet was a delight—a bit of millinery that was a masterpiece of expression. It was self-assured —even aggressive. It was unyielding and orthodox. It had been created for its wearer and no other, and she wore it as a part of herself. It was fashioned of mourning silk and a bit of jet that stood up straight as a ramrod. I had thought the species extinct.

"Oh, most upright judge!" I murmured as I gazed upon it. "Little mercy would I hope from you if you knew my secret sin of this very minute. Here in the Metropolitan Art Museum, and with scarcely two coins to clink together and out of work!" The little old lady had in charge a limp female whom I felt sure she had piloted thither in perfect safety across the most crowded thoroughfares, for even the callous heart of a New York cab horse must needs have respected the authority vested in that bonnet.

"What an aid it would be to the policeman," I thought, "if only a pattern might be obtained!"

The check man suggested that he relieve the old lady of her umbrella and three parcels, so I left them, pushed through the little brass revolving gate and stood in the quiet rotunda of the museum.

I wandered about without a guide, just led solely by my instinct and taste. I came at last to a bronze group that puzzled me. It was utterly different from anything else. It made me catch my breath sharply.

It was the nude figure of a woman, one foot a-tiptoe, the other lifted as if treading upon air. The figure was slight, almost spiritlike, only very human, too. In one upraised hand was a cluster of grapes and in her face a wild, mad, insane joy. In the left arm she held an infant whose body and face mirrored the emotions of hers, but in its own infantine way—as the stars give light even as the sun. The baby hands reached for the fruit and the face was drunk with the unknown dream of desire. There was something unholy about it, and yet it was not coarse nor immoral, because it was real.

"What is it—what is it?" I thought. I had never heard of the MacMonnies Bacchante.

"It must be the sensuality of excess," I thought.

Just then the little old lady and her charge came along. The bonnet bristled with disapproval.

"I'm jes' showin' yew this because it's here," the old lady explained, "an' long's yew're here yew might as well see it all. But it's a slander to the sex, sich er thing. But the newspapers dew tell erbout sich carryin's on among them big rich folks thet they's no tellin' ef there ain't more trewth than poetry in it, jes' the same."

The limp female turned toward her in mild horror. "Oh, Cousin Effy! I wouldn't say that now. 'Taint kinder Christian."

"Well," replied the old lady tartly, "ef 'taint so why's it here then?"

The limp female vouchsafed no response. They passed on and the Bacchante laughed.

I climbed more stairs and came to where the paintings were. My heart beat quickly with a pleasure I had never experienced before.

I had never dreamed that pictures could hold a message for me, something that I could not translate into words, only just feel.

There was one painting of the sea, the fresh salt sea, with the sun upon it and laughing mermaids sporting in the waves. All of a sudden I knew that I, too, had seen these merfolk and known and loved them, only I had not the magic power of calling them up before others' eyes. I realized for the first time something of the marvel of art, and a strange longing for this magic power came to me like a faint wind and was gone. After that I seemed to move in a dream, drinking in the beauty of what I saw as a parched flower drinks in the rain.

There was, oh! such a tiny canvas beside these larger ones that held me long. I have since learned that it is called "The Questioner of the Sphinx."

The Man Appears.

There at the lips of that gigantic mystery, portrayed upon so small a canvas, a worn, ascetic figure bent listening. At the lips of the eternal silence the ear of faith!

I was glad that the old lady of the bonnet was not near. It is best sometimes to be alone. After a time I went on. At the end of one of the rooms hung a very large canvas, Bastien Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc." But I did not know this at the time. I only knew that here was something to bring the swift tears, here was a strange new beauty that I had never seen portrayed before, a beauty of the spirit alone, a white flame that burned within, making holy the rough outer temple. Oh! I can see now that figure of the Maid of Orleans, the heavy peasant body clad in coarse homespun and the face of her transfigured, blue gray eyes wide and gazing at the vision of things to be, listening to the voices of the three who spoke. The one is armor, the veiled one and that other one who wept.

The light of truth was now to be shed upon my ignorance. The omnipresent old lady and the limp female were there, guide book in hand.

"That's Johann of Arc," the old lady announced, looking critically over her glasses. As there was no response she turned toward her charge, who, perceiving that something was expected of her, coughed deprecatingly and remarked:—

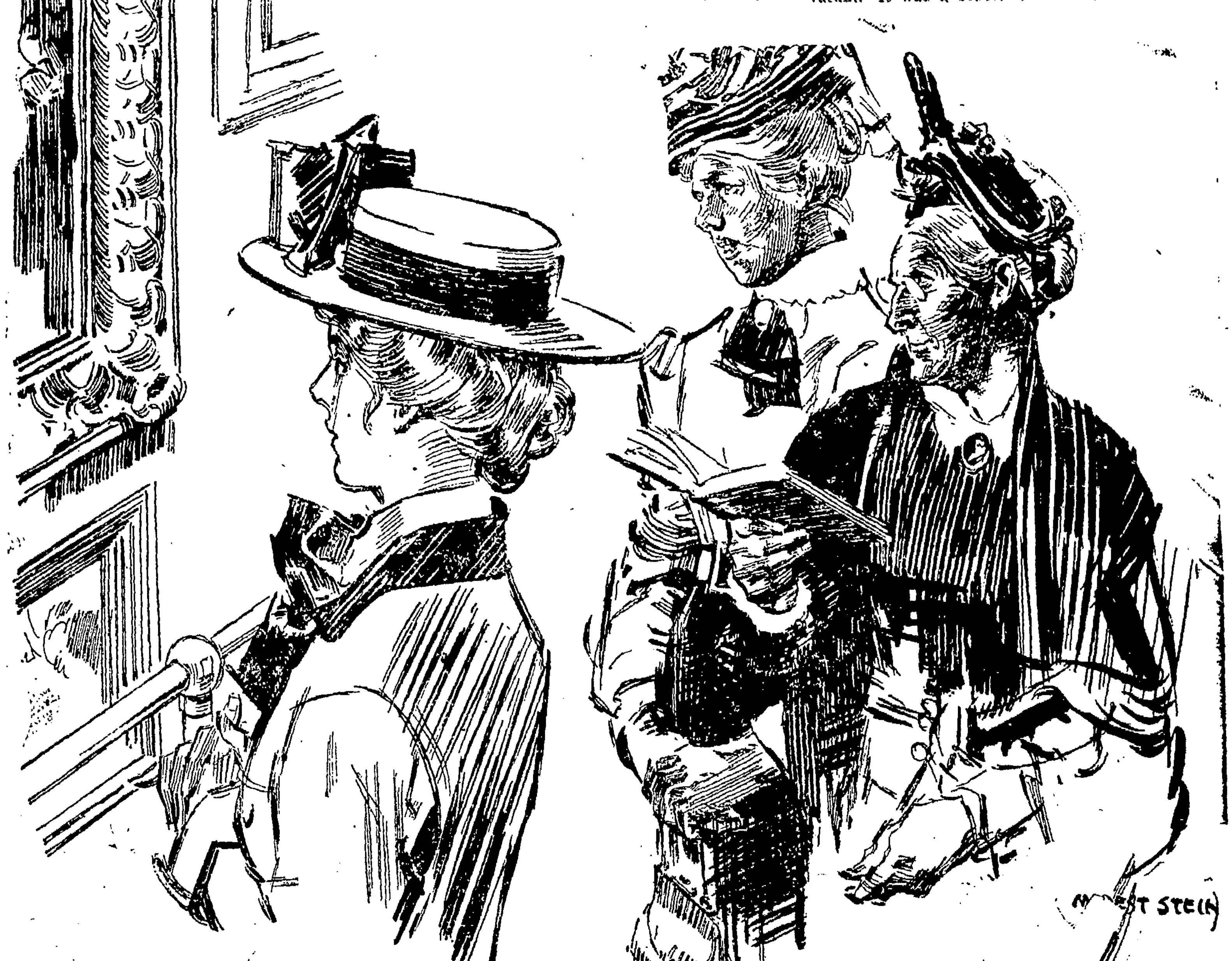
"She looks like she has lots of strength of character, Cousin Effy"——

"She's seein' things," said the old lady.

Oh! I did want to laugh. I turned away to find myself gazing into a pair of amused eyes. I smiled, because for the moment humor had vanquished personality. Here was a human creature who laughed with me. But a sudden warning flashed to my brain. I remembered not to smile into strange eyes. But were these eyes strange?

With the speed of light these thoughts came to me. My gaze fell upon the man's hands—long, slim, curiously white.

"The man from Mouquin's," said my heart. This man I had seen once before in Mouquin's restaurant. He had courteously returned to me a handkerchief which I had dropped. That was all. Yet I had never forgotten him.



The omnipresent old lady and the limp female were there, guide book in hand.

I am sure that now my face flushed. I turned again to the picture, but it was no longer "Jeanne d'Arc" that I saw. The very atmosphere of the place seemed surcharged with this one man's presence.

I moved leisurely on and though he did not follow I felt him near. After many wanderings I came upon a single group in marble. It was called "Mother." There was no need of explanatory title here. The chaste figure of a woman knelt, holding within the circle of her arms a babe asleep. Such adoration! Such utterly pure love! So might Mary have held her little Son, all unguessing of Calvary.

There were tears in my eyes. I put out my hand and touched the little baby softly; it seemed just asleep.

"You may awaken him," said a soft, mocking voice in a sort of tender raillery. The tone subtly implied the privilege of long tried friendship.

I did not turn, because of the tears, but I knew who stood beside me, and I trembled.

"Come," said the man from Mouquin's gently, "there is a picture that you have missed. I want you to see it."

He stood beside me waiting courteously, patiently. He said no more than that and yet I went with him. Why? I do not know. Ask the fishermen who hear the sirens sing why they go out to the reefs.

We went again through the galleries and I saw with his eyes beauty that I had not dreamed of before. He explained everything to me, made me understand what until then I had but dimly guessed. And always in that mocking, half scornful voice of his.

It did not seem strange to be walking there beside him. I had the queerest feeling of having shared some common past with him. It was like the memory of a dream. Now and then I would start at a certain tone of his voice as if something were almost recalled—what I could not tell.

His presence filled me with peace and at the same time a surging restlessness and a fear.

When the gong sounded for closing up time I could scarcely believe it was so late. We went out together.

"It is beautiful in the Park now," he said. "Shall we walk? Or perhaps you would prefer to ride?"

Such gentle assurance. I could not help but smile. After all, why not? The old rebellion against conventionality possessed me. I looked at him and laughed.

"If you are sure that it will not interfere in any way with your plans I should prefer to walk," I said.

We turned into the Park.

Suddenly I looked at him. "You remind me of some one whom I have known, but I cannot recall who it is."

He gazed down upon me from under lowered lids. "You remind me of some one whom I have never known, but I know quite well who it is," he said.

I retreated hastily.

"You know a great deal about art," I remarked.

"Perhaps," he smiled, "but not so much as you."

I was angry.

The Loved Art.

"I know nothing whatever," I replied with icy dignity. "You could hardly have failed to observe that."

"On the contrary, I observed that you knew more than I," he repeated, quite unruffled. Then his face changed to an expression I could not read. "Whereas I have only a carefully cultivated taste for art, the love of it is in your blood."

I was startled at the wave of bitter feeling that swept his voice, a wave crested with envy that broke upon his final words. Almost instantly his face became again masklike, enigmatical.

"So much for youth and the joy of fresh emotion," he said lightly.

I laughed, because he was certainly not old. Yet I remembered the bitterness of his voice a moment before.

"Why do you go with such people?" he asked me abruptly. He did not say what people, yet I knew that he referred to my companions on the evening when I had first seen him at Mouquin's.

Now, because I had realized that these people had seemed cheap in his eyes even as they had in mine I was accordingly provoked with him.

"They are my friends," I remarked stiffly.

"Oh!" he said easily, "that's unfortunate, because now I cannot relieve my mind concerning them; besides it must be beastly inconvenient to have friends that seem ridiculous to you."

I turned toward him fiercely.

"Oh, come now!" he said, laughing softly. "They were ridiculous, you know—cheap and absurd, with their would-be Bohemian airs. You saw it, too; I read it in your face."

"Well, I was their guest," I protested with heat.

"Yes," he agreed, "and that brings us back to the original question. Why do you go with such people?"

"Because I am lonely," I defended angrily, "and they are the only people I know." I regretted the words the moment I had spoken. He was silent for a while and then said:—

"You are a wise little one to know the reason why, and that is just the reason, I dare say. It is the loneliness that drives us to do many things, Little Wise One. It is because of the loneliness that I am here now talking to you."

His voice caressed as the sea caresses with the power to hurt withheld. What did the loneliness mean for him? Evidently not a lack of means. My woman's intuition prompted:—"There was some woman, perhaps, from whom he was separated."

A swift, fierce sensation swept me that made me acutely unhappy. It was gone in a moment, but it had left me startled. Surely I was not jealous? Of whom? Because of what? About a strange man whom I should probably never see again, I demanded angrily of myself.

What an absurdity! I was a little afraid.

"It is growing late. I shall have to be starting home now," I said, turning toward Fifth avenue.

"Yes," he agreed cheerfully, "it is a long way to No. 3— West Thirty-first street."

"How do you know where I live?" I demanded.

"Well, you see," he replied slowly, "perhaps you remember that night when you were returning from Mouquin's. Just as you had reached your boarding house a taxicab slowed up alongside the curb so that the man inside could light his cigarette, you see. I was that man, and I—er—just chanced to notice the number. As I was saying, it is a long way to Thirty-first street. So we had better find a cab."

"Now," I thought, "it is time to put a stop to this."

"I am going to catch the Fifth avenue stage," I remarked with unmistakable emphasis.

"What a lark!" he cried, with apparently unfeigned delight. "And we'll ride on top!"

I could not help but smile. It was too absurd. Then his face sobered.

"I say, Little Wise One, be reasonable. The loneliness is to blame. If you go home by yourself you will have to face it and so will I. Come on to Mouquin's and let's have a bite to eat and we'll listen to the music. Then we'll go below stairs and have our liqueur and listen to more music. Then you never will go to Mouquin's ever again without thinking of me. Come on! I'm better than the loneliness."

I thought of the boarding house. The musty, dim-lit stairs and the tiny cubbyhole at the top that was my bedroom. It would be dark and silent. There would be no music there, and oh! I knew how the loneliness would mock me. That fearful loneliness that I was beginning to dread.

This was a stolen day, it should be sweet on to the end. To-morrow might dawn cruel and exacting, with its stern problem of work to be found. But this hour was mine. Not the thought of anything should mar it. I suppose that I was mad.

"Yes, I will go," I said, "but I am going on the Fifth avenue stage."

The Night Beautiful.

I clung to some shadow of conventionality. The staid dignity of the stage coach seemed to suggest not such utter daring as a spin in a frivolous taxicab.

If he had laughed I should not have gone. But he did not even smile. I almost believe that he read my very thoughts.

We climbed upon the top and found the front seat vacant. It was a beautiful ride down the avenue. At Twenty-eighth street we alighted and walked across to Mouquin's. We were early, so a table was easily procured, not too far from the music, not too near.

An air of utter well being possessed me. Only I wished that I had been beautifully dressed like some of the women. But he paid no attention to them whatever, only to me. He ordered cocktails. I did not drink much of mine because I had not had anything to eat for hours. He did not urge me.

I do not remember really eating, though, of course, I did, but it was more the atmosphere of the place that I drank in—the sense of real companionship. I had not realized how I had hungered for it. The music was more potent than the wine to set my blood to dancing. And that most subtle of intoxications—the power to charm—was mine and I was exerting it.

We dallied over our meal with many light jests and much laughter. By common unspoken consent we had agreed to put aside all curiosity concerning what we did not know of each other.

When the meal was finished we sat listening to the music. I told him a funny story and he had been laughing, when, with one of those swift transitions of mood that made him so inexplicable, he said, speaking seriously:—

"This time to-morrow night I shall be far out at sea."

"At sea?" I echoed blankly.

"Yes," he replied, "I leave for India to-morrow morning."

The waiter put beside him the tray with his change. Mechanically I watched him gather up all but a five dollar bill.

"It is the last evening, Jacques," he said, "for some time."

Jacques' eyebrows went up in surprise.

"Monsieur goes? I will be sorry not to serve Monsieur."

"Monsieur" leaned toward me.

"Shall we go below stairs for our liqueur? The woman sings there at this hour."

We descended the narrow stairs and came into the room where I had first seen him. The table in the corner that he had then occupied was held in reserve. We took it.

The waiter, without instruction, placed before him a box of cigarettes. He ordered liqueur and the waiter departed. I watched those slim white hands remove the cigarettes from the box and place them in his own plain gold case.

One of the musicians, a woman, sang. Her voice was hauntingly sweet:—

"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now?"

The words of the song stung my brain and fell like sparks upon my heart. As on that first night I raised my eyes from his hands to find his gaze upon my face. I flushed hotly. All my body shook with a strange fear. What had he read of my thought? What had been my thought? I was not quite sure.

"Why did you think my hands cruel that first night when you looked at them?" he asked, and laughed. "What is to become of you, Little Wise One, when I am gone to sea. Maybe you will marry some one just because of the loneliness."

"No, I will not," I cried almost angrily.

"Why?" He seemed a bit surprised at my vehemence.

"Because I shall never marry. I do not wish to."

He laughed. "Oh! Now that's too bad! I was just about to suggest that you come along to India with me. We could find a parson before curfew rings."

I laughed a trifle nervously, but faced his eyes bravely.

"I should never, never marry you in the world," I declared.

"And why, may I ask?" he questioned, amused.

"Because," I told him, "I could never be free. No one could ever be free who [I stumbled over the word] loved you."

He was silent for a moment with lowered eyes. Then he asked, softly:—

"And does it mean so much to you, Little Wise One, to be free?"

"It means everything in the world to me," I cried, "I cannot live if I am not free."

The liqueur arrived and was set before us. The waiter departed. There was nothing said for a few moments and then:—

"Does marriage mean that to you—an utter loss of freedom?"

"I do not know," I faltered. "Love means a lack of freedom, doesn't it?"

After a little while of silence he leaned across the table and looked deeply into my eyes.

"Great God! I wonder if you could understand!" he said.

I did not know what it was I was to understand, and I did not urge him to tell me; I was afraid.

"What is going to become of you, Little Wise One, when I am out on the sea? The loneliness is a devil of hell," he said, "and you have blood in your veins and you want to be free. I do not want you to go out ever again with those people you came here with the other night. Do you hear?"

The Surrender.

I opened my eyes wide at his tone of authority, but I did not resent it.

He did not ask me to promise. He only told me what he did not want me to do and then he changed the subject.

It was twelve o'clock when we left. It seemed so natural when he beckoned to the chauffeur of a waiting taxicab.

"Drive up Riverside," he ordered.

We went up Broadway as far as Seventy-second street, then crossed to the driveway. The river lay to the left like a long black shadow. There was a sprinkling of lights on the Jersey shore. It was starlight overhead and there was a sense of brooding peace in the air.

We rarely spoke. I do not know what my thoughts were, if I thought at all. I seemed in a dream.

We came at last to Claremont. It looked like fairyland, with its summer garden and lighted verandas. The far off sound of gentle gayety drifted to us. I was afraid that he might suggest that we stop, but he did not.

We turned here and started back. A cool salt breeze blew upon us.

"Oh! From the sea!" I cried in delight.

"You love the sea, don't you?" he said.

"More than almost anything in the world," I cried.

He leaned near, but did not touch me.

"Come with me to India, Little Wise One. We would be together on the sea. You could be as free as the air. I swear it I would never try to hold you against your will. Marry me or not, as you please, only come with me."

I turned to him with frightened eyes.

"Oh, I could not do that! Do you not see? I could not marry you. I do not want to marry any one. And it would be wicked not to marry. Do you not see? I could not do that."

"Yes, I see," he said soberly. "You are a strange child."

I leaned back with closed eyes. Burning tears slipped from beneath the lids. I do not know why I cried.

We rode home to the boarding house in silence. When we got out he dismissed the cab. I gave him the key to unlock the storm door. We stepped into the vestibule. He unlocked the inner door and returned the key to me. As I took it from him his hand closed over mine.

I understood then why I had thought his hands cruel. The touch of them was a chain of fire that knew no mercy. It drew me to him. His arms were about me. His lips upon mine. I knew, for one brief moment, the glory of surrender. Then he pushed me roughly from him, but still holding my hands. His face was wild, like the sea in a storm, and he laughed the old mocking sea laugh, that was both tender and cruel.

"You have kissed me," he whispered fiercely. "You will never be free again. Never so long as you remember, and you shall remember so long as there is blood in your body. You little wild elf thing! You may marry whom you please, but you are mine, mine!

Then he grew strangely calm. He turned my two hands over gently and laid his burning face in the palms of them.

"Oh, Little Wise One, Little Wise One!" he whispered, and was gone.

I stumbled blindly up the stairs and opened at last my door. It was even as he had said. The loneliness stabbed me; that tormenting loneliness that is a devil of hell.

I crept into bed and lay staring into the dark. I seemed wholly cut off from all the past of my life. Even the happening of the hours just gone by, the meeting with the man from Mouquin's, what he had said to me, and the touch of his lips upon mine seemed more symbolic of what might be rather than something that had actually occurred. I seemed utterly alone. The horror of it shook me.

Then into that dark hour there stole the sense of a presence infinitely sweet and calm. It was my mother who came to me in my need. She seemed to gather me into her arms just as she used to do when I was a little girl and soothed my troubled spirit into rest.

So the terror of loneliness crept away, and though I knew it was there, lurking in the dark, there was also love, and we are never alone so long as there is love.

"Oh, God, teach me to be strong!" I prayed in my heart. That was the first real prayer I had ever made.

And so ended the first lesson.

and

Jim's Experiment

By Beth Bradford Gilchrist

THE five o'clock trolley from Putney dropped a boy at the Fairport station just three minutes after the train he had planned to take pulled out. This bit of tardiness left an unwelcome hour on the boy's hands. He took a turn through the waiting-room and tried to look quite at his ease while he wondered whether he would have the ill luck to run across anybody who knew him. In one corner a bronzed young fellow of his own age was trying to persuade a collie dog to beg for a cracker. The boy strolled over and looked on.

"That's a fine dog," he remarked. "Yours?"

"No, he belongs to the station, I reckon, or else strayed in. He is rather a beauty, isn't he?" And the brown-faced boy fondled the collie's head. "Going far?" he asked.

"New York."

"That's jolly. So am I. Been down for the summer in Maine, just going home. Same with you, maybe?"

The first boy shook his head. Then a great desire to explain matters overtook him. "No," he said, "I live over in the next town. New York's only the end of the land journey; I take the steamer there. I'm going to Panama." He tried to bring out the last sentence casually.

The brown-faced boy stopped playing with the collie. "Panama? I say, that is jolly! How are you going? I mean, is it just for fun or for work or—why?"

"My cousin's got a position down there, he's an engineer, you know. And he's invited me to go along."

"My, but that's great! I say, you're quite an adventurer, aren't you? I'd like to hear about it—if you care to talk, you know. My name's Gordon, Philip Gordon."

"I'm Jim Bradstreet. There's nothing much to tell. I meet Jack—that's my cousin—in New York and we sail to-morrow. It's hot in here. Come out on the platform, won't you?"

Gordon shook his head. "Got to keep an eye on the duds over there. Checked all yours? Or do you travel light?"

Jim Bradstreet flushed. "I'm not taking much. I'll get what I need in New York. Father doesn't approve of my going," he blurted out. "He wrote 'no' to Jack's letter inviting me to visit him down there and he doesn't know anything about this."

Gordon looked at the other boy seriously. "I see," he said, "you—you're running away."

Jim nodded.

Gordon smoothed the collie's head with slow fingers. "How'd it come about?" he asked.

"Oh, we argued it back and forth. Father threw in my face all the schemes I'd ever had and declared that in three months this would have gone the way of all the rest. Couldn't see this was different. He wouldn't hear of my leaving school—even for Panama. Said when I was eighteen I might decide for myself on China or Patagonia and he wouldn't oppose me, though he wants me to go to college. Said Panama would keep. I got wrathy. I've education enough, more than many chaps get; and besides I want to see the canal in the making. Father thinks I don't know what I want, but I'm old enough to decide for myself. It's my own life anyhow—he hasn't got to live it."

"He's got to see you live it," said Gordon soberly. "But how about your cousin? Will he take you along—now?"

"Oh, I'll have to explain things to Jack, but he's got sense, he'll understand my reasons, and he'll be able to stow me away somewhere, I guess."

"What's to hinder your father telegraphing your cousin right off to-night when he misses you?"

"He won't miss me. He won't know anything about it until he gets my letter after the steamer sails. Father and I don't see much of each other, we're alone except for the servants and I'm often off all night at some fellow's. He's too deep in his books—he cares more for them than he does for me." Jim spoke quite simply, without bitterness, but with conviction.

Gordon studied him attentively for a minute. "Is your father James R. Bradstreet, the writer?" he asked.

Jim nodded.

"Oh, I say," remonstrated the other boy. "My father likes his things," he added. "He says they're great."

There was a little silence. Philip Gordon was trying to imagine himself and his father in a like situation. "He will miss you," he said.

"He'll have his book, the new one. Oh, no, he won't really mind."

"I don't believe it," flatly declared the other boy. "Fathers always do. Why, mine— Do you know your father very well?" he asked abruptly.

Jim Bradstreet stopped fumbling with the bills and change in his pocket—his allowance had opportunely fallen due the day before, an ample monthly income—and stared at the questioner.

"Know him? Why, of course. We've lived—" Then he shut his mouth. When he stopped to think about it there was not a boy in Putney with whom he did not feel better acquainted.

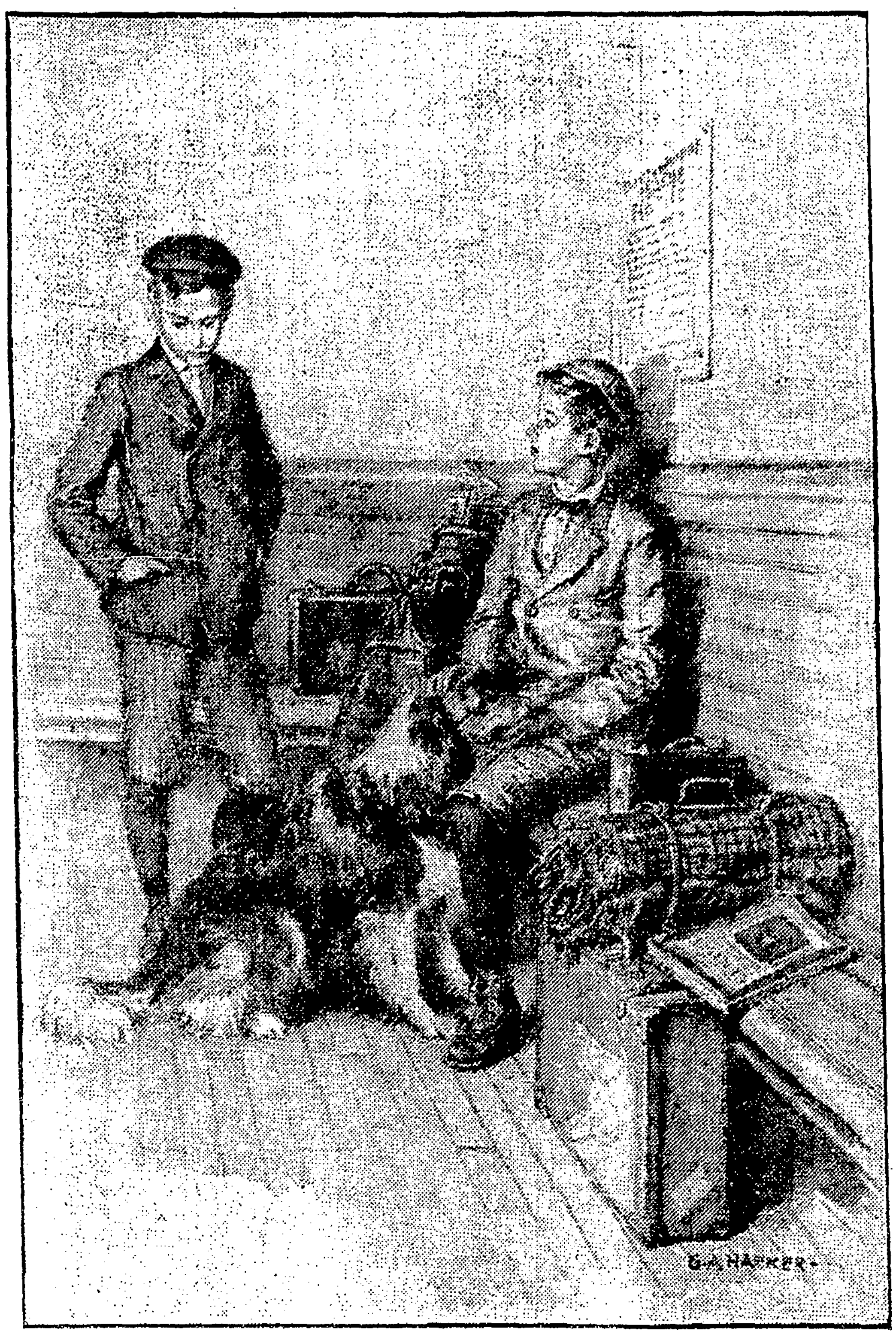
"Because," went on Gordon, "if you don't know him well, it seems to me you've been a bit hasty, not quite fair. Maybe he has his reasons and good ones. You ought to give him the benefit of the doubt just as you would to a fellow you didn't know very well."

Gordon waved his cap to a man who came hastily into the waiting-room. "My father," he explained. "Do you know, I used to feel about him just the way you do now about your father. That was before we got acquainted. Oh, but my father's great! He's the best friend I've got and the jolliest. See here, Bradstreet, I reckon your father's worth getting acquainted with, more so than most. I heard father say once when he'd finished reading one of his books, 'There's a man worth knowing.' Hullo, here's the train." Gordon began to collect suit cases, golf bags and the miscellaneous paraphernalia of summer sports. The tall man strode toward them.

Jim Bradstreet held out his hand suddenly to the brown-faced boy. "Good-by," he said. He swung out of the station, his head up, the light of determination in his eyes, and caught a passing car for Putney.

Twilight had fallen when he reached home. In the dusky garden he could see his father busy over his favorite rose-bushes. He looked big and strong and gentle, not at all a ferocious man, nor one likely to drive his only son to the desperate strait of running away.

But as for getting better acquainted with him Jim discovered it no easy task. One great difficulty lay in Mr. Bradstreet's utter ignorance of the purpose underlying his son's loitering in the hall, his frequent excuses for a trip to the garden when his father was busy there, his unwonted lingering over meals and his unusual talkativeness. When Jim entered the library with an awkward, "I think I'll study here if you don't mind," his father would nod a pleasant acquiescence and turn to his work again, leaving Jim to his books with a consideration for his son's study hours that would have quickly unsealed the boy's lips had he understood it. He did not know how his father watched him while he struggled over a tough problem in algebra or wrestled with a knotty passage of Cicero.



"THAT'S A FINE DOG," HE REMARKED, IS IT "YOURS?"

It had never taken Jim long to get acquainted with any of the boys he knew. He grew impatient of delay; had he given up Panama for this?

Two weeks had dragged their unsuccessful way through Putney, and Jim's ardor had dulled to a somewhat discouraged persistence when, turning a corner in company with a half-dozen boys one Saturday afternoon, he caught sight of his father swinging down the other side of the street, heading for the woods and fields on his usual Saturday afternoon tramp. An idea struck Jim.

"I say, fellows," he cried, "you'll have to excuse me this afternoon. Sorry——Good-by."

He sprinted after the tall striding figure.

As the rapid steps that overtook him brought his son's face alongside, Mr. Bradstreet stopped abruptly. "Why, Jim! What's the matter? Anything wanted—?"

"Oh, don't stop, father. Keep on, please. I just wanted to ask—do you mind if I come along?"

All that afternoon father and son tramped the country roads. Through the fields they pushed, explored thicket-tangled woods, investigated a swamp, examined the forsaken nests of a flicker and a humming-bird, and exchanged opinions on every subject that occurred to them from sermons to snaring rabbits. When they came up the maple-guarded path together five hours later, hot, dusty, tired, Jim's eyes were shining happily.

"It's been bully," he cried. "You're better company than any boy I know, father. I wish I'd discovered it sooner. May I go next time?"

"Every time, Jim," answered his father, heartily. "They have been pretty lonely, these rambles of mine. Come every time you like."

The words were simple but the man's hand rested for a minute on the boy's shoulder. Jim liked to feel it there. He spoke out in unstudied fashion the thought that was in his mind.

"Do you know, dad," he said, "I rather fancy we'd make a pretty good pair of pals."

Up-stairs, Jim, as he scrubbed his hands, was saying to himself, "Some day I'll tell him how near I came to being in Panama this afternoon."

That Saturday proved to be only the first of many, and on week-days Jim and his father were no longer strangers to each other. As the winter wore on, snow-shoeing, skating, skeeing kept them together for hours, traversing the white fields, skimming over the shining lake, flying in long leaps down the rolling snow-covered hills. Their confidence in each other's sympathy grew as the weeks passed. Jim brought to his father his boyish puzzles and often shared with him his day-dreams. And the man's mature sense imparted to the boy balance and steadiness and breadth. Sometimes as they sat in the library, each at work, Mr. Bradstreet would glance up and catching Jim's eye read aloud some sentence, his own or another's, that had struck his fancy, certain of the boy's interest if not of his full appreciation, and not infrequently glad of his fresh, youthful point of view.

So it came about quite naturally that one day his father spoke to Jim of the book he was writing. Mr. Bradstreet was reticent in such matters. He seldom mentioned his own literary affairs, and when he began to speak to his son about them Jim recognized it as final proof of a degree of intimacy his most daring fancies had failed to picture. In the pride he felt at becoming his father's literary confidant, he at first gave no thought to the book as a possible rival. But gradually, as with the wearing on of winter the book grew and added pages to pages and his father's absorption in it grew also, an old idea returned to Jim's brain, the feeling that he had expressed to Philip Gordon, a sense that what his father cared for the most in all the world was his work.

On day he overhead his father speaking to a friend of many years' standing. "It is the best yet, Melrose," Mr. Bradstreet said, touching with a gentle lingering gesture the pile of closely typed sheets on the desk. "I'd like to be remembered by it. I would willingly risk my reputation on this one book. Why, do you know," he laughed a slow laugh of humorous self-appreciation, "I am grown positively maudlin about this story. I am as timid over it as a hen over her one chick, and that a duckling! If anything should happen to it—but nothing can. You see it is my dearest possession."

The very next day Jim was sent by his father to return a book to an elderly invalid friend. In the course of conversation the old gentleman spoke to Jim of his father's new book and of the enthusiastic hopes the author had for its success.

"I've got to beat that book," Jim whispered to himself on his way home.

Spring deepened through a mist of young green into the fuller tones of summer and Jim and his father prepared to spend the long vacation together. Hitherto they had been much apart in the summer. July of this year saw them established together in a cottage that clung to the skirts of the bigger hotel perched above a translucent Vermont lake. Mr. Bradstreet found it easy to work there. He had been too deeply in the swing of it to leave the book behind, and for several hours each day he wrote steadily. Meanwhile Jim amused himself with the youth of the hotel and cottages. He was quite used to being pointed out to transient visitors as the "son of James R Bradstreet, you know, who is summering here," but the young people hailed him with no allusions to his father. Among his contemporaries Jim needed no references.

He was beginning to confess himself baffled and sometimes he felt he almost hated the story he had gloried in a few months before. He was not used to playing a secondary role.

Toward the end of August Mr. Bradstreet was called away suddenly and Jim was left for a day or two to keep bachelor's hall in their three-room apartment.

"Oh, yes, he will be back very soon," the boy explained to an interested group of ladies on the hotel piazza. "In fact, I expect him this very evening, Mrs. Gray. No, it was not sickness at all, Mrs. Bacon. Lonely, Mrs. Green? Oh, I'm coming on first rate, and there's a fishing trip that will keep me busy this morning. I see the fellows are waiting—if you will excuse me—" and Jim bowed himself off.

Mid-afternoon instead of noon saw the return of the anglers. From the point where they had struck into the woods they rowed swiftly, hungrily back toward the hotel landing.

"Hello," cried Ned Fellowes suddenly, "I wonder what's doing over there by the hotel?"

There were signs of unwonted activity about the hotel, men, women and children, guests and employees, could be seen running across the lawn. Several of the women carried pitchers and pails, the men were unwinding a coil of hose. From over the trees that shut out a view of the cottages puffed a delicate spiral of smoke.

The first boat turned a bend in the lake.

"Jiminy!" gasped the boy in the bow, twisting his head around. "It's a fire! Row, fellows, row! Don't let's miss it!"

"I say, it's yours, Jim," shrilled an excited voice. "It's your cottage!"

"Yes," said Jim quietly. "Keep her head steady, Bill." With long strokes he sent the boat ahead of the others, darting in a swift streak toward the hotel pier. Jim had seen at a glance the location of the fire, and there was room for but one thought in his brain.

At the landing he sprang out and raced across the grass and down the little stretch of shaded road. Smoke was pouring from every window of the cottage where were his and his father's rooms. The crackle of flames came to him as he ran; he could see forked red tongues licking at the roof. Now a broadside of fire burst through the windows on the south—his own rooms opened to the north. Two or three men played a futile stream of water on the roof, others strove to bring into action two more lines of hose.

Employees of the hotel urged the guests back out of danger; they made a cordon around the cottage.

"Keep back, please."

"Nobody else allowed inside."

"Can't let you through, Mr. Jim—it's a furnace in there—Here, stop that boy!"

The one idea had kept its place pre-eminent in Jim's brain as he ran. His father was gone, and his father's manuscript lay in his care. His father's words, "If anything should happen to it—it is my dearest possession," seared themselves on his consciousness. There was no envy now. It did not occur to him now to wish "to beat the book." He swerved a little from his straight course, passed the head waiter who had forbidden him passage, and darted into the burning cottage.

When Jim awoke to consciousness some hours later he felt rather than saw, for his eyes were bandaged, that there were people by the bed.

"Dad," he whispered tentatively.

"Yes, Jim," answered his father's voice close to his ear. "Here I am, my boy!"

Jim felt very tired and very uncomfortable, but anxiety welled up within him. "Dad, is the—did you find the book—all right?"

"The book is safe, Jim," said his father. And then suddenly his voice hurried on with a little catch in it, "Jim, boy, what did you think I cared for that wretched book compared with you?"

A warm feeling stirred at Jim's heart. He tried to move the hand that lay on the coverlet. It was big and heavy with bandages and hard to lift. His father understood the movement and laid his own on the poulticed fingers. Jim smiled, content, but still a little bewildered.

"It isn't a wretched book," he contradicted, weakly. "It's a bully one, the best yet, and—you said you'd like to be remembered by it."

"You are the book I'd rather be remembered by, Jim," said his father gently.

MANNERS

By Annie W. McCullough.

Now, Fido, stand and make your bow
To my new doll, as you know how.
She's come to live with you and me;
Her name is Gladys Rosalie.

Her nice new dress you must not tear,
Nor tousle up her pretty hair.
You are the biggest, so be good,
And treat her as the biggest should.

If you will act just as I say
We three can have good times at play;
But if you don't, I promise you,
There'll be good times for only two!

THREE "IF'S"

By Louise M. Berry.

"If I were as young as I used to be,"
Said dear old Grandmother pensively,
While a troubled frown crossed her placid brow,
"I wouldn't tire as I do now.
I recall the time when with all my might
I could work from dawn to candle light,
And it wouldn't seem hard at all to me
If I were as young as I used to be."

* * *

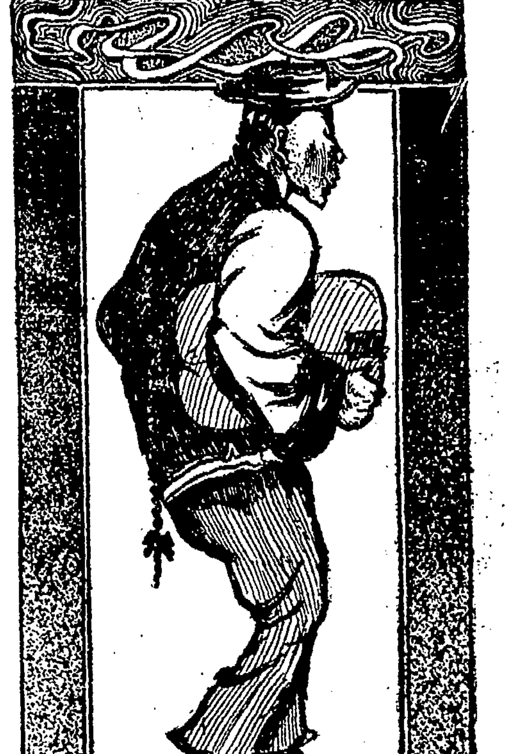
Then Mother laughed in a roguish way
And said to Grandmother with manner gay;
"If I were as young as I used to be
I'd have nothing to worry about," said she;
"No babies to care for, no house to run,
No object in life but a search for fun.
Yet for all life's pleasures I wouldn't exchange
My duties to-day, though it may seem strange.
Still, from many a care I would be free
If I were as young as I used to be."

* * *

Then there came an echo from little Jim,
Who seemed to think it was "up to" him.

And he solemnly said, "Oh, jiminy!
If I were as young as I used to be
I wouldn't have any sums to do,
Just lie in the cradle and say 'A-goo.'
I'd be dandled and played with from morn till night
And folks would all say I was very bright;
And everyone would be petting me
If I were as young as I used to be."

The Chinese Laundry Man.



Here's the Chinese-Laundry man,
Who does up the shirts on the cold-water plan;
And if you read backwards you plainly will see,
That the name of the Chinaman was Johnnie Hop Lee.

A GOOD REASON.

By Caroline M. Fuller.

"Why do you wear your
The kittens asked t
"I think the reason," he r
"Is simply force of